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MEMOIRS

OF

CHARLES MATHEWS.

VOL. IV.

ASIATIC
BOMBAY
BRANCH
CENTRE
SOCIETY

MR MATHEWS

MEMOIRS

OF

CHARLES MATHEWS,

COMEDIAN.

BY MRS. MATHEWS.

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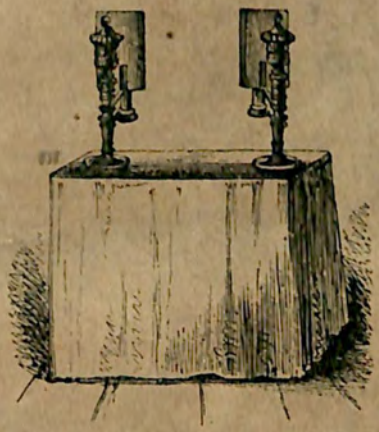

"A man so various, that he seemed to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome."—DRYDEN.

"Proteus for shape, and mocking-bird for tongue."

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CHAPTER I.

The Adelphi Theatre opened by Messrs. Mathews and Yates.—Account of the Performance.—Mr. Mathews in the Character of Caleb Pipkin.—Annoying Inaccuracy.—Mr. Mathews's Speech at the Theatrical Fund Meeting.—His "first real Illnes."—His love of Eccentric Characters.—Batt Owlett.—Imputed Irritability of Mr. Mathews.—His good Humour.—Origin of the "School Orators."—An importunate Beggar.—Impromptu.—Mr. Mathews's Performance of Monsieur Mallet.—Letter of Mr. Gyles on the great Success of the Adelphi Theatre in 1828-29.

On the 29th of September, 1828, the Adelphi Theatre was opened under the new partnership of Messrs. Mathews and Yates to a very elegant audience; Mr. Mathews acting two new characters, written for the occasion. The introductory piece was the production of Mr. Beazley, the well-known architect, and the other was by Mr. Buckstone, the popular actor.

The following account of this first night of an unusually successful season is worth preservation here :—

Messrs. Mathews and Yates—(great names; or, as Pope says, "unspotted names, and memorable long,") have conjointly undertaken the management of this delightful little theatre. The bill of fare is of a very attractive character, consisting of a piece entitled, "*Wanted a Partner*," and a laughable trifle under the name of "My absent Son." The first explains to the audience the circumstances under which Messrs. Mathews and Yates present themselves to their notice, and gives the former an admirable opportunity of putting forth some of his inimitable power of mimicry. Mr. Yates, it seems, left with the whole theatre on his own hands, wants a partner in the concern, who, it is stipulated, is to be no actor. Mathews accordingly presents himself in the different disguises of a Scotchman, a man of fashion, and a composer of advertisements; and at last, by appearing in his own person, effects the object of his visit, and Yates secures a partner. There is much fun about this piece, particularly in Mathews's imitation of Pellegrini, which is the closest and most ludicrous we ever saw. The last piece, as we said before, is laughable. Early, however, in the representation, two or three determined Michaelmas devotees in the gallery attacked it; and, though Mr. Mathews, acting under the greatest disadvantages, as all will admit who know his nervous temperament, made some good points in some rather original as well as good situations, yet he was eventually so completely disturbed by the partial annoyance as to quit his character, step to the front of the stage, and thus address the audience: — Ladies and gentlemen, I very much lament that on the first night of my management, I should have occasion

to address you. But I do so as much on account of the author as myself. I have known many of our best farces to be literally hooted from the stage on the first night, when they had not been heard out fairly; and yet, on being afterwards represented, they secured their station on the stage.

"If I thought the opinion of the audience was against the performance, I unhesitatingly say that, with all humility, we would bow to it; *but hear us out.*"

The piece then proceeded more quietly; but it had, in reality, an unfair hearing from the interruption of two or three voices.

Mr. Mathews's next new character was Caleb Pipkin in "The May Queen," in which his acting was most particularly humorous.

In "The May Queen,"* observes a contemporary writer, that inimitable actor Mathews contrived, as usual, to keep the audience in "roars of laughter" at his versatile humour — a dry humour that we have not seen equalled in our time. His "Caleb Pipkin" is a masterpiece of acting, true to nature. We know of no one at present on the stage, who could at all come near to him in the personification of this character. The song "The Humours of a Country Fair"† is unique of its kind; it ought to be called "Mathews's Humours;" for, at the present time, none but Mathews could give it as he does. It received, as usual, a hearty encore; but, like a wise man, who studies human nature, and knows that it likes variety, though he gave the same tune, he gave other words when he answered the encore.

It was amongst the most admirable features of

* Written by Mr. Buckstone.

† Written by C. J. Mathews.—A.M.

my husband's acting, and it was often remarked by critics as an instance of his peculiar delicacy of tact and feeling, that, though he frequently gave most faithful representations of the lowest life and the most vulgar pursuits, he never did so vulgarly; he never revolted the most fastidious of his hearers. In fact, he was never coarse while he imitated coarseness. It was like looking at one of Wilkie's pictures, delineating a scene in low life, where no idea is conveyed that the painter is himself a low man. This is the peculiar attribute of genius, which, take what form it will, never offends.

This remark strictly applies to Mr. Mathews's performance of the *Tinker* in "The May Queen;" a man in the commonest grade of life, in a state of half-intoxication throughout, the representation of which, nevertheless, was relished by every portion of the audience; while the description of a country fair, faithful in every particular, was, from his "*handling*" of the subject, made a source of general enjoyment.

The following letter touches upon one of his annoyances:—

TO C. T. HARDING, ESQ.

MY DEAR SIR,

I wish I could persuade you, amongst numerous friends, that I never did live at Highgate, nor is Holly Lodge at Highgate, but in the parish of St. Pancras.* It makes a difference of nearly a day in the delivery of a letter. But

* Holly Lodge, the seat of the Duchess of St. Alban's, and about a hundred yards from Ivy Cottage.—A. M.

for this mistake, you would have had by return an order for my rehearsal to-night. I enclose you an admission for Monday, with pleasure, Yours truly, C. MATHEWS.

I enclose my address, unaltered for ten years, and your cover, in order to show you the ceremony a letter undergoes that is directed *Highgate*. I would not care, but it happens a hundred times in the year.

These mistakes, in fact, vexed him very much; and with some reason. We frequently waited dinner for people who had sent a timely excuse for non-attendance; but owing to "missent" being found upon the letter, we did not receive it till the next day.

TO THE REV. THOMAS SPEIDELL.

DEAR SPEIDELL, November 19th, 1828.

I hope you will excuse my silence, but my mind has been in a state of agitation ever since I received your kind letter. We received a melancholy letter from poor Charles, written from his bed, to which he was confined by a third attack of fever, at Florence. This was written on the 22nd of October, and from that hour we have not had the slightest intelligence respecting him. I need not describe to you the state of our minds: you can, I am sure, enter into our feelings. One son,—and such a son! And then the distance, and the cruel suspense! I have been compelled to exert myself more than ever, but my poor sufferer at home is nearly destroyed by it. She is stricken to the earth.

Our houses are prodigious. The other theatres are doing as wretchedly as possible. We have had three successive overflows to "The Pilot," and thirty-fourth and thirty-sixth nights of "The May Queen."

God bless thee, dear Speidell.

Ever truly yours, C. MATHEWS.

TO THE REV. THOMAS SPEIDELL.

MY DEAR SPEIDELL, Nov. 23rd, 1828.

I am most happy to tell you that we, yesterday, received a letter from our dear Charles, who appears to write in great spirits, and assures us that he is perfectly recovered from the *small-pox*. So much for vaccination !* — for of all the victims I ever witnessed to that system of inoculation, I never saw such an example as Charles. He has been attended by two English physicians, who have no hesitation in pronouncing the disorder to be small-pox, — indeed said so from the first; but Charles thought the name would be more alarming to us than fever, and therefore practised a little deception. He now gives us an excellent reason for not writing; namely, that he was blind. If you are not satisfied with this reason, and will write to that effect, there are three others.

I assure you, my dear Speidell, that his charming letter arrived most opportunely, for another week of suspense would have nearly destroyed his mother; and I, who have been compelled, for my partner's sake, to mimic gladness when my heart was sad, began to be "off my feed" and sleep, in the latter of which I have much indulged all my life, and which is rather essential to a gentleman who acts in two pieces six nights per week.

You will, I am sure, be pleased to hear the following report from the only critic to whom I pay attention in the City of London,—namely, our Treasurer, made yesterday. "Last week produced the greatest receipts ever known in one week at the Adelphi." With many thanks for your kind expressions of interest and anxiety, in which my wife begs gratefully to join to you and Mrs. Jellico, and our

* He was vaccinated when an infant.—A. M.

request to Mrs. Chaundy* to dry her tears and rejoice with us, I am ever sincerely yours,

C. MATHEWS.

Billy† arrived safe, and I am perfectly reconciled to the blemishes in his knees. I think, by the spring, they will hardly be perceptible. I can never sufficiently thank you for all your care and attention to him. Billy, I am sure, is grateful too; and I have requested him to express it in every way but going on his knees. He says, he felt on his legs when he got installed at Handborough.

This year Mr. Mathews, as usual, attended the Theatrical Fund meeting, being the *only* public dinner at which he ever appeared, except now and then that of the Merchant Tailors' School, where he was educated. Notwithstanding his dislike to speechifying (whether by himself or others), he was doomed on this occasion again to attempt the following address:—

GENTLEMEN,

I am deputed by my brethren, I don't know why, to return you their thanks for the honour just conferred upon them. Considerable difficulty in choosing a speaker, I conjecture, must have occurred before I was applied to. I am at a loss to know what was the occasion of the alarm that seems to have been taken as to the task; but I was applied to at the eleventh hour, as it were. I certainly inquired why so *serious* a task should be imposed upon a *comic* actor, when there are so many persons who belong to the more dignified department of

* A long attached servant of ours, who had married an Oxford tradesman.—A. M.

† A favourite pony that had been thrown down by a servant. —A. M.

the drama, whose power would be more suited to the occasion, — I was told they had all individually declined. One of the principal tragedians, to whom a noble lord has referred, thought he was too *Young* for such an undertaking. Surely I have a better right to this excuse, for everybody knows I am but a *minor*. Mr. Keeley, though often seen to advantage, thought he should not be seen here. He was too *short*, he said, — I hope I shan't be thought too *long;* and Mr. Blanchard thought his voice too *weak* for the room, not having been used to speak in a larger space than *Covent Garden* for the last twenty-five years; and I feared that I should not be heard at all, having lately contracted my voice for the Adelphi; and having set up to be my own master, had some fear that it would be *infra dignitatem* to speak amongst his Majesty's servants. All would not do, — positively I must return thanks, — and, fearing your dreadful disappointment at not hearing a speech at all, I therefore prepared one, with which I had only intended to occupy one hour of your time. Judge then my mortification when I found that the health of the stewards was left to the very heel of the evening, and when every topic I had meant to touch upon was anticipated. I cannot flatter myself that a second subscription will follow my appeal, however eloquent. Therefore, as brevity is the soul of wit, I shall content myself with a very short speech, after having studied a very long one.

Gentlemen, if the stewards have really done their duty, and you think so, you have done no more than your duty in drinking their healths; but still, in common courtesy, they thank you, and I am desired to say so.

In the beginning of an unusually cold Lent, Mr. Mathews returned from town upon his pony, complaining of a severe *chill* all over him, and that his chest felt much affected by it. He be-

came feverish, and at last was prevailed upon to send for medical advice.

This was the first time in his life that his voice was seriously injured, or his lungs what he called *damaged;* and I have since remembered that his health never completely recovered from this attack, although he was restored, as we thought, at the time. He was unable to perform for some days, and remained in the house during the period of his indisposition; a great concession on his part, under every circumstance, and which ought to have warned me that there was a more deeply-seated cause for his confinement than a slight cold. Alas! it was the first outward intimation of the "ills that lurked unseen" in his apparently robust constitution. In a subsequent letter to a friend, he describes the nature of his sufferings, and truly calls this attack his "first real illness."

With regard to the imputed irritability of Mr. Mathews, I may say, that nothing but indisputable proof could convince him of intentional offence, and then he was depressed, not exasperated, after the first surprise. He felt more in sorrow than in anger when any persons deliberately disappointed his expectations, and acted in contradiction to their own professions; but the shock over, irritation ceased. He might be said to live without enmities, though no man was more cheated, ill-used, or injured by those

in whom he trusted. Of this he was not always insensible, and he sometimes complained, but never resented. Personal wrongs he overlooked, but he never could bear to see the objects of whom he had conceived a positively bad opinion; not from resentment, but an involuntary shrinking from meeting with a necessarily altered demeanour, persons with whom he had been previously cordial and friendly. He had not stern courage enough to look with severity in the face of those of whom he once thought better, and he therefore avoided them. So unconquerable was this infirmity, that when accident threw him unexpectedly in contact with a person of this kind, he had seldom the firmness to refuse, if claimed, the recognition which his sense of their unworthiness prompted him to withhold; and he never felt lasting resentment but to the actually unfeeling. He never could endure to keep discharged servants about him after their going was determined upon, and would rather suffer any sacrifice of money or convenience.

With respect to servants he was altogether very peculiar in his feelings. He was extremely timid of a new-comer; and when I expected men or women (strangers) in the house, it was always required that he should see them by some contrivance, without their being aware of his scrutiny, before I concluded to receive

their services. He would then say, "Ay, I like that face," or "I don't like that man; I shall feel uncomfortable to ask so *fine* a gentleman to do anything for me;" or "I shall be afraid to ask that sullen fellow for what I want."

He always took a liking to any one that seemed what is called a character: simplicity of manners was a sure passport to his good graces, and I often admitted and retained very stupid and troublesome people, in consequence of his dislike to what he termed *fine* servants. I have known him in some moods refuse to dine at a friend's house, where he was very intimate, because he could not bear to encounter on that day the high-bred servant who waited behind his chair.

On the plea of liking *characters* about him, he kept a man for a long time, in the quality of dresser at the theatre, whose self-importance was his best recommendation; he unconciously amused though he as often teazed his master by his peculiar manner. Like all blockheads, his gravity was profound; he was fond of "adding weight to trifles" when he could; and all this was very diverting to his employer when no anxiety was likely to be touched upon. Above all, he loved a "misery;" would rather than not, have a grievance to relate; his face was doleful and the expressive "title to a tragic volume." His master christened him *Batt Owlett*, from his love of the dismals, which were in general elicited by the most trivial causes.

For example:—One night, while my husband was under the most intense anxiety about the state of Charles's health, (who was then extremely ill in Italy,) and painfully alive to every look or word that might seem to relate to the sufferer, he went to perform at the Adelphi, in "The May Queen," with spirits unusually depressed: "*Batt*" met him at the door of his dressing-room, with face elongated and eyes cast down, and addressed him in a hollow impressive tone with, "*I'm sorry to say*, sir, that I have some *very unpleasant* news to communicate to you!" —"Good God!" exclaimed his master, sinking upon a chair; "tell me at once, don't keep me in suspense."—"Well then, sir, *I'm sorry to say*—I can't find your *tinker's hat* any where!" The next night he met his master with less of *misery*, but with a brow which *meant* suspicion in its worst form: and Mr. Mathews was thus saluted by *Batt*,—"Sir, I have something *very extraordinary* to tell you."—"Well?"—"You will be *surprised* to hear, sir, that by a *very strange* coincidence I have found your tinker's hat!"

The predecessor of this "gentleman" (as he always styled himself) was a person with a perpetual cough, (a sound Mr. Mathews held in the greatest horror,) yet, because the "Patch was kind," he could not bear to dismiss him. In fact, it required a dependant to commit some flagrant act of insolence or dishonesty to incur his serious displeasure. In all cases where any subordinates

were determined to attach their persons and *dis*-services to him, he had not resolution to shake them off in the ordinary way. Such was his nature, "Fine by defect and amiably weak."

With regard to temper, Mr. Mathews's characteristic irritability has been so often spoken of, that persons knowing him only by report must have set him down as one of those of whom everybody had reason to be afraid. This was a mistake: good-nature was the prominent feature not only of his disposition but behaviour; as a proof, all those who partook of that quality, understood how to meet his peculiarities and nice feelings, and found no difficulty in his society. But he felt so acutely every absence of propriety and tact, in natures coarser than his own, that he wanted presence of mind to hide the immediate effects of such discoveries, and winced under the wounds which his better taste and feeling received. I never heard a really good-tempered person—a good-natured person I ought to say, for the terms differ materially—who ever accused Mr. Mathews of being otherwise.

He seldom expressed irritation but his unintentional drollery convulsed all present with laughter, which sometimes added to his vexation, but more frequently restored him to good humour, when I explained to him the ludicrous sense into which his phrases were capable of being turned. He would then join in

the laugh, and adopt my view of them, and not unfrequently have they been turned to account professionally. For instance, the "School Orators" arose out of one of his fits of impatience, caused by the reiterated invitations of a gentleman to attend the *speech-days* at his boys' school; a *bore* which annoyed him excessively; and which one day induced him to describe such a scene to me by standing up and giving a specimen of the boys of various ages speaking their several speeches. At this I laughed so immoderately, that gradually his severity of feeling relaxed, and he good humouredly enlarged upon the theme, which I declared he should present to the public. I mentioned this to Charles, who put together some verses (for a song) as a vehicle for his father's characteristic imitations of the boys' speeches, and which had as great an effect upon the stage as they had produced upon myself. Indeed, he generally at these moments made very happy hits. I remember once when we were at Epsom races, sitting in the carriage on the course, a very importunate and revolting-looking cripple, to whom we had the day before given money, assailed my husband whilst he was earnestly engaged in conversation with a gentleman, who had entered the carriage for a few moments. The importunity of the beggar was not to be weakened by the assurance that "we had nothing for him," and that we had relieved him "yesterday." It was unavailing all,

and Mr. Mathews, full of anxiety to finish what he had to say to the person in the carriage before the next race began, and finding his persecutor determined to continue his clamorous interruption, was now worked up to the highest pitch of exasperation. Finding the tiresome intruder begin again to renew his solicitation, my husband, in a transport of anger, suddenly dragged up the *jalousie* in order to shut out the nuisance; and, as the man at this moment once more adjured him to "Pity the poor *lame!*" he was in turn desired, in tones faithfully resembling his own, to "Pity the poor *blind!*" Even the beggar laughed, who was shrewd enough to perceive the joke.

He had always great presence of mind in these cases. I remember, amongst many impromptus of the kind, one night in Liverpool, while performing at his table, a tipsy and riotous sailor in the gallery interrupted and annoyed him all the first part of the evening with his remarks and grumblings at the style of amusement, which of course he could neither understand nor relish. The audience were fretted, and the general enjoyment upset. In one part of the entertainment, Mr. Mathews had to represent an astronomer lecturing on the heavenly bodies for the instruction of a pupil, and while holding up a telescope, he had to say, — "There, that's Jupiter, and that's Venus;" his persecutor, quite tired

of this, again interrupted him with some coarse remark in his gruffest tones. Mr. Mathews, who still kept the telescope to his eye, turned it immediately towards the spot where his pest was seated, and, as if in continuation of his instructions, added "and that 's the *Great Bear*."

The following remarks on an admirable drama by Mr. Moncrief, founded upon the popular incident of *Monsieur Mallet*, first introduced by Mr. Mathews in his "Trip to America" ought perhaps to find a place here.

We remember to have been so much touched, by Mathews's narrative in one of his "At Homes," at Monsieur Mallet's misfortunes in respect of his letter, that as soon as we saw a drama announced, founded on that story, we determined to see it as soon as it appeared. Mathews's representation of the old Frenchman was as beautiful a piece of acting as we ever beheld. We use the word "beautiful" quite advisedly, for the pathetic part of the performance completely bears away the palm from the ludicrous. There were in many circumstances, traits —nay, whole passages —as powerfully and deeply *touching* as we have ever seen given by any tragedian. It may seem fantastic to use the word "tragedian" in speaking of Mr. Mathews; but, in that division of tragedy which belongs to pathos, we have, from various occasional indications, long been conscious of his excellence, although we never had an opportunity of seeing it so continuously. There is far more scope for it in this piece than in the anecdote, admirably as he recited it. In that he gave only the prominent points; he has here opportunity to add all the details of feeling, which he does

with a skill and delicacy nothing short of admirable. We had heard it mentioned that the strange English in which these passages were expressed, caused laughter to subdue the rising of the softer feelings. We confess it had no such effect upon us; nor had it upon the audience generally, as was quite apparent from a very visible indication of impatience occasionally at one man in the gallery laughing *mal à propos*. There is, indeed, a reciprocal intelligence between the most general and deeply rooted affections of human nature, which, provided their emotion is adequately conveyed, makes it signify but very little what the means of communication may be.

The interest of the part of M. Mallet by no means depends on the letter. The uncertainty which its non-receipt produces, of the fate of his daughter; the gnawing anxiety which arises from that certainty; his retrospect of his own course through life, and of the misfortunes occasioned by public events wholly beyond his control; his feelings at his loss of rank and fortune, and at his exile; his pride at having, amidst the wreck of all else, "retained his honour;" his alternate rage at what he esteems ill-treatment; and the self-humiliation of an unhappy heart succeeding it; and, at last, his ecstasy at his daughter's restoration to him, and his gratitude to him who has afforded her protection and kindness in her distress, coupled with his prideful joy at being restored to his country, his possessions, and his rank: all these are embodied by Mr. Mathews in a manner which renders *the whole* as perfect a moral picture of the order of character which the combination of such feelings would produce, as it is possible for our imagination to conceive.

Mathews is a general, good, *running*—no, not exactly

a running, but a perpetual commentary on the times,—so that, if you had been absent from town some three or four years, you would only need to visit Mathews "At Home" in the Adelphi some three or four times, to learn all the rarest jokes, cries, slang, bulls, blunders, and humours of the whole interval. Though one and the same, Mathews is ever new. It is a gratification to us to find that the melancholy anticipations, founded on the lameness of this inimitable actor, are to all appearance no nearer being realized than when he amused the world with his versatile talents "*Before Breakfast.*"

TO H. B. GYLES, ESQ.

Ivy Cottage, Kentish Town,
March 30th, 1829.

DEAR GYLES,

Pardon, pray; my pen has been in my hand perpetually since I received your letter. In brief, I have played six nights weekly till Lent. A dilatory author has thrown me into consternation for our forthcoming entertainment, and I have been obliged to work double tides, night and day. Anxiety, anger, and great fag, threw me into illness, which commenced on Ash Wednesday, and lasted me ten days; during which time I could not write or read, with a maddening headache all the time; no food for seven days; nor could I act one whole week. At last I crawled out, for the sake of my partner, and conquered my first real illness. I am now, thank God! perfectly restored, and am better than ever. Most triumphant success to the present moment at the theatre. Great season, which will close on the 11th April. "May Queen" forty-eight nights; "Mallet" above forty. I have gained more

real reputation by the latter than by all I ever did in the legitimate wildernesses. All ranks agree about it; and, certainly, it is one of the prettiest pieces ever produced. Mallet, almost serious, perfectly tragic in some scenes, is the very finest part I have ever had. I have nightly been cheered with applause; and at the end of one scene as regular a blowing of noses and display of white pocket-handkerchiefs, as any of the tragedy lads ever elicited. I wish you could see it. I am sure you would be surprised to see me break out in such a new vein. You will be pleased, who had your fears as to my speculation, to hear from myself that the season has been the best since Yates has been in it—infinitely beyond my hopes, and that we have not had one night since 29th September under our expenses; of this no theatre in the metropolis can boast but ourselves.

Thine ever,

C. Mathews.

CHAPTER II.

Mr. Mathews and Mr. Yates "At Home" at the Adelphi, in 1829.—Programme of the Spring Entertainment.—Popularity of the Performance. — Mr. Mathews's provincial Tour with Mr. Yates. — Letters to Mrs. Mathews. Travelling Adventures. A Fearful Accident. Providential Escape. Arrival at Exeter.—Trip to Paris.—Mr. Mathews's Performance there.—Criticism in "The Figaro."— Return to England. — Engagement of the celebrated Elephant, Mademoiselle D'Gelk. — Letter to Mr. Harding. — Mr. Mathews in Edinburgh — his Speech at the Anniversary Dinner of the Edinburgh Theatrical Fund.—Letter to Mrs. Mathews.—Troublesome and fruitless Communications. — False Report of Mr. Mathews's Death.—Letter to him, partly accounting for the Report.— Letters to Mrs. Mathews.

In the spring of the year 1829 Mr. Mathews, in conjunction with Mr. Yates, performed his first entertainment at the Adelphi. The whole of the table parts, were, as usual, by himself; but he was relieved by Mr. Yates in the dramatic acts, who undertook that series of rapid change of dress and character, originally introduced and made so popular by Mr. Mathews, whose increasing lameness rendered such locomotion most painful to him. I here introduce the announcement of this entertainment.

ADELPHI THEATRE.

The public is respectfully informed that Messrs. Mathews and Yates will conjointly be "At Home," and deliver their annual Spring Entertainment on Thursday, April 30th, and Saturday, May 2d, 1829.

The evening's amusements to commence with Mr. Mathews's new Lecture, in two parts, on peculiarities and manners, entitled the

SPRING MEETING.

PART THE FIRST.

Exordium.—All Abroad for an Home.—Thoughts foreign to the matter. — Resigning sway for want of a subject. — Legitimate by special desire.—Lost in space.—Advice gratis.—Hint for a New Company.—Never *really at home* before.—Propriety of becoming a Proprietor.—Embarkation in the Adelphi.—Trip proposed.—Sporting Calendar.—Chapter of Entertainments.

Song—*Spring Meetings.*

Travelling Companions.—Introductions.—Doctor Callender, Physician or Musician, and Optician, Magister Coquorum and Travelling Oracle, Director of Wills and Regulator of Powers, Inventor of Tewahdiddle, Wow-wow Sauce, and Dog-sup Wiggy's Way.—Mr. Rattle, Auto-biographer in Embryo.—Reminiscence Writer and Recollector that will be. — Humanity Stubbs, always saying one thing and never meaning another.—Starting from Bumpus's.—Tale of a Bull.—The Doctor and the Hounds.—Hunger and Hydrophobia.—Bark both ways.—Provisional Theatre.—White Hart.—Bob Merrington.—Theatrical Landlord and Actor of *taste*.—Baddeley's Twelfth Cake to wit.—Long Debates and no News.

Song—*London Newspapers.*

Caution to Cooks.—Oh, the D—l! well, I never.—Dinner in dubio. — Poached Eggs and Peristaltic Persuaders. — Journey resumed.—Trip by Steam. — Kettle *versus* Cattle. — Turnpike Adventure. — Mr. Mobbit on his legs. — Patriotic Oration. — Rumfords and Registers. — A *grate* difference. — Steam at a stand still.—Passengers be Wallsend-ed.

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* By Mr. Moncrief.

Song—*Doncaster Races.*

At the end of the First Part Mr. Yates will deliver a *vivâ voce* Report, never before reported, of the unprecedented case of Breach of Promise of Marriage, Fladdigan *versus* Bathershau, as tried the first sittings of the present Home Circuit, to wit before Lord Chief Justice Punbury, elucidatory of

Love among the Lawyers, or Courting in Court.

Parties to the suit—" It is the cause! it is the cause!"

Mrs. Judith Fladdigan, — a *melting* Butter-woman, of long *standing* in the market-place, Dublin, Venus of the *Pats*, a fresh victim to Barney's soft impressions,—*Plaintiff.*

Mr. Barney Bathershau, — a Green Grocer of St. Stephen's Green, lately transplanted from the Groves of Blarney, " more honoured in the *Breach* than the observance " of his promise,—*Defendant.*

Counsel—" Brief let me be."

For the Prosecution, — Mr. Philip O'Blossom, the *crim. con.* Cicero, with an indignant *Philip*pic against the *Cupid*ity of the defendant.—Specially retained.

For the Defence, — Mr. Dennis Demosthenes O'Daisy, " making the worst appear the better reason," with the *common plea* of palliation to the plaintiff's declaration.

Witness—" Bear witness, gentlemen."

Mr. Patrick Shane,—an impartial witness subpœnaed by the *partial* party, deeply wrapped up in the importance of his own evidence and a rug cloak.

Judge and Jury—" Now on to judgment."

On the Bench behind the Bar.—Mr. Chief-Justice Punbury labouring to prove Justice a *jest is.* — On the benches before it an unlimited Jury.

The whole put on the Roll and brought into action by Mr. Yates.

PART THE SECOND OF

MR. MATHEWS' SPRING MEETING.

Newmarket.—Walking over the Course.—A Stable Story.—Stubbs's Tale of a Tail, or re*tailing* extraordinary. — Return to

London.—Roadside Adventure.—Mr. Moritz, the jilted German; or Sentiment in despair: a killing story.—"Werter and Whilemina." — Trip to Woolwich. — Patrick and the Peas; or Irish Notions of marrowfats.

Song—*The Ship Launch.*

A Melancholy story.— Crooked Billeting.—The Inn out.—What *have* you got?— The Scotch Lady redivivus; "Should auld acquaintance be forgot;" anither little anecdote; a Kirk Story, "fifthly, my brethren;" a Friend from the North.—New Mail-coach adventure.—Company up or down.—A Luckie story.—A Passenger too many.

Song—*Lord Mayor's Show.*

The Ship Inn. — Rattle and the Chambermaid. — Making Mems for Memoirs.—Love for Publication.—Cupid in a Chapter.—Concerting measures to encourage harmony.

Song—*The Country Concert.*

Arranged by Mr. Jno. Barnett, from the author's selection.

With additional orchestra expressly for this occasion, all playing at sight. Leader, Mr. Mathews.—First fiddle, Mr. Wood.—Tenor, Mr. Boardman, from Bristol.—Double bass, Mr. Size.—Flute, Mr. Handaside.—Grand Finale.

To conclude with, for the first time, an entirely new grand pantomimical monopolylogue, with an entirely new scene, new music, properties, tricks, dresses, and decorations, which have been several hours in preparation, founded on an undeciphered Legend never before made public, entitled,

Harlequin and Mr. Jenkins; or Pantomime in the Parlour.

First and last scene,—Interior of Jenkins' Folly, the enchanting residence of Mr. Jenkins, with a beautifully romantic parlour-window view of the street and neighbouring houses,—magical appearance of the gas-lights, and mysterious rising of the moon.

Mr. Jenkins,—proprietor of Jenkins' Folly, a private Pantaloon and an amateur conjuror, formerly in the tea and China trade, projecting a pantomime, and practising the Ombres Chinoises for his own amusement,—Mr. Yates.

Miss Rosetta Zephyrina Jenkins, — his daughter, heiress of

Jenkins' Folly, and Columbine of the China closet, concocting crackers and fizgigs *à la Hengler*, amusing her leisure hours with patch-work and Mr. Harley Quin,—Mr. Yates.

Mr. Harley Quin, —a young Bologna caper merchant and colourman of Wandsworth, up to a trick or two,—Mr. Yates.

Mrs. Pantalina,—Mr. Yates.

Monsieur Frogueville Parisian Pierrotquier, — inhabitant of the mystic jar, wishing to enchant Mrs. Pantalina,—Mr. Yates.

Molly Thrulliblubber, — from the lower regions, a *fat*uous being transformed into a mountain of flesh, cook to Mr. Jenkins, and professor of the culinary mysteries,—Mr. Yates.

Joe Merriman,—formerly imp of the ring, slave of the knife-board, and footman to Mr. Jenkins,—Mr. Yates.

Ted Trot-ter-dog, — guardian spirit of the stars, nightly protector of the Jenkins dynasty, and parish watchman, from Donnybrook, victim in the fatal combustion of the China closet,—Mr. Yates.

To conclude with a grand blow up, intended for the eruption of Mount Vesuvius.

The present year's entertainment was one of the most popular of the series.

TO H. B. GYLES, ESQ.

DEAR GYLES, (J.C.K.T.)

Now be a good fellow, and let me hear from you. Charles has had the small-pox at Florence. All faith in vaccination is over.* We were a month in horrible suspense about him.

The Adelphi goes on steadily, and really well. I am suffering from the failure of my banker notwithstanding, my private account of between three and four hundred pounds.

Truly,

C. MATHEWS.

* We were not at this time aware that vaccination required periodical renewal.—A. M.

At the close of a most prosperous "At Home" at the Adelphi, Mr. Mathews made a short professional tour in company with Mr. Yates.

TO MRS. MATHEWS.

Plymouth, July 20, 1829.

Two days of pouring rain, head of the carriage up! very wretched fires at night. I always meet with adventures; but certainly we have met with the most singular in the annals of posting. Our post-boy lost his way on Saturday morning, and drove literally upon a wild plain, in some parts of which no tracks of wheels could be seen, and no carriage had ever been before. At last, with our tremendous heavy carriage, we stuck fast; and if we had not all simultaneously called stop, and jumped off, we must have been upset. My mind had misgiven me for some time that we were not in a turnpike road, I mean before we came to turf; but, after a few damns from us, the rascal confessed that he had never driven the road before, and had only gone to his place on Thursday night. He was too proud to ask his way, and there we were stuck fast! We had to walk in a swamp, and at the moment we alighted a most desperate shower came on. It was like a water-spout. The circumstance of the landlord sending a boy ignorant of the road, and his undertaking the task, made it so provoking, that no temper could endure it with coolness. The original stage was only seven miles, and we were two hours and a half performing our route! How many miles we made of it, Heaven knows. A trace snapped in two in an effort to extricate the carriage, lightened as it was by our leaving it; and if we had not luckily had a remarkably long strap that fastened the seat behind, we could

not have got on at all. However, we did find the turnpike road at last, and our accident was only food for laughter afterwards; not one of us caught cold, though no one so subject as Yates. His escape is wonderful; for he was drenched, and up to his knees in white clay, running after shepherds to inquire our way out. Yesterday repaid us for all: not one shower, and we travelled through fifty miles of garden, magnificent, rich, beautifully variegated scenery, arriving safe, sound, and well. To-day gives promise of fine settled weather,—not a cloud,—and *I* acknowledge it to be warm. Dr. Taylor and his wife surprised me by writing me a note to call upon them. He has changed air for his health, but looks very poorly. We have got a snug lodging (no easy affair at this time), and all is right.

C. MATHEWS.

Mr. Mathews's next letter gives an account of a still greater disaster, indeed a fearful accident.

TO MRS. MATHEWS.

Plymouth, July 23rd, 1829.

I have been basking in the sun to-day. I hope you have the weather as fine as we have had. I have not seen such a day for years. We have been on board a hoy belonging to the superintendant of the Victualling-office, whence I write. I am *perfectly* well. I should not probably have written to-day if I had not seen a Plymouth paper, in which they have recorded one of my extraordinary escapes. I feared it might be copied into a London paper, and you would be needlessly alarmed. The fact is as they have mentioned, excepting for "an hour" read ten *minutes*, as I had just finished the concert song, and was bowing to the

andience, when the roller of the drop fell on my head and perfectly stunned me. I was certainly insensible for some time; three medical men were on the spot before I was removed from the place where I fell, and one of them instantly bled me, during which time I recovered.

C. MATHEWS.

The following is the paragraph alluded to by Mr. Mathews:—

Accident to Mr. Mathews the comedian.—A letter from Plymouth, 21st July, says, "Messrs. Mathews and Yates arrived yesterday and commenced their performances last night to a brilliant, crowded, and highly fashionable audience. Of course Mathews was '*At Home*,' but in that part of his Home called '*Spring Meeting*' the curtain unexpectedly fell and struck him on the head, which rendered him insensible for an hour and a half! Medical aid was immediately procured, and he was bled, by which means his visit to his 'long home' was fortunately (for us) protracted. This inimitable comedian and excellent man is so far recovered as to resume his performances to-night."

TO MRS. MATHEWS.

Plymouth, July 25th, 1829.

As I anticipated, the London papers have heard of my accident, the Courier making it out that I lay an hour and a half insensible. The accident, at all events, has not left a trace behind, excepting in the arm in which I was bled. I am in every respect well, as I always am at, on, or near the sea. Dr. Taylor positively agrees with me that

mine is not a cough. It is only phlegm, and of no consequence at all; even of that I am much better.*

We shall finish about the 17th of August, and I shall be ready, allowing for nearly three days' journey to London and a short time at home. I should say, I can start for Paris on the 23rd. From the moment of my recovery I only thought of my most providential escape; for the blow I received, one would suppose, would have killed an ox. The next day I was no worse, excepting a bump and a slight cut in my head. I have now perfectly recovered — never better. The accident was thus occasioned:—the man, who was at the drop in the flies, waiting the signal to let it fall, prepared, but the windlass broke, and the curtain therefore came down with a run.

C. MATHEWS.

"Beautiful weather!" Summer unclouded. This is only the third door on the right hand from Paradise.

TO MRS. MATHEWS.

Exeter, July 28th, 1829.

Your kind letter gave me a mixture of pain and pleasure. I need not say how much I was affected by your very feeling expressions of alarm on my account. It was a piece of extra ill fortune that the *Times*, so fastidious in admitting any article into their columns that is not considered of actual importance to the world, should have inserted the fatal paragraph.

* It will by these affections be seen that his "cold" was not conquered, and that he still retained in a moderated degree the disorder which exhibited itself, for the *first time*, on the Ash Wednesday of the present year.—A. M.

I write merely to announce my safe arrival; but it is the fate of travellers (in such mountainous countries) that move slowly, to be hurried when they stop. Be assured that I am perfectly well, and that no inconvenience whatever remains from my accident. All is going on well and prosperously. Again, I repeat, I am quite well and in spirits, and be assured I never will forget the affectionate expressions contained in your dear letter.

C. MATHEWS.

TO MRS. MATHEWS.

Exeter, August 12th, 1829.

We have returned here for the assizes, and play three nights this week. Two houses out of three will have all the fashion of town and country. Lady Morley was determined to make up for breaking our chair by introducing me to about fifty of her acquaintances, on the Grand Stand at the races. Out of this grew a pressing invitation from Mr. Bulteel, who was at our house with Lord Auckland and his sisters. I went there on Saturday and stayed till Monday.

I am remarkably well, but very home sick.

C. MATHEWS.

Late in August Charles travelled from Italy, in order to spend a few weeks with us; and after a few days' stay with me at the cottage, I proceeded to join his father at Boulogne, who was announced jointly with Mr. Yates, to perform there. They carried their design into execution with great

success and afterwards we all proceeded together to Paris. There the same result followed their performance that had attended it everywhere else. The effect upon the Parisians may be gathered from the following remarks, the theatre being fairly divided between the natives and the resident English.

From the first moment I saw the comedians of France I always thought my husband's style of acting peculiarly French, and I often remarked of Potier, in the year 1821, how much he reminded me, in eccentric old men, of Mr. Mathews in the same line of character. In this case no imitation could have occasioned the resemblance, for Mr. Mathews had never seen Potier or France until the year 1818, when he had ceased to be a regular actor in the drama.

I will here introduce the French notice of Mr. Mathews's performance at Paris :—

M. Mathews est un homme de bonne compagnie, qu'il ne faut point comparer aux bouffons vulgaires que vous connaissez, et qui, sous le nom de physionomanes, font grossièrement en caricature des mœurs populaires et des célébrités de notre société. Il a du goût, de l'esprit, de la verve, de l'originalité. Son talent se produit sans peine ; c'est un comédien fin, comme Potier le serait s'il était Anglais. Il est plein de naturel et de gaieté, sans recherche et sans affectation du trivial. Je voudrais vous esquisser son portrait de manière à vous faire comprendre combien son extérieur est en harmonie avec son génie particulier. Il parait avoir près de soixante ans ; il est

d'une taille moyenne, point grosse, point maigre; boiteux de la jambe droite, non pas avec dignité et dissimulation, comme M. de Talleyrand; non pas de mauvaise grâce, comme M. Roger; mais assez facilement, comme Lord Byron: sa physionomie, dont la mobilité est étrange, a une expression raillieuse qui la rend agréable; son visage est profondément sillonné, moins encore par l'âge que par les habitudes de contractions en sens divers que le mime donne à ses muscles. Il y a dans cette figure du Denon, du Duc de Choiseul, et surtout du Marquis de Chauvelin.

C'est sous le costume d'un *gentleman* que M. Mathews s'est montré à Favart: il ne l'a modifié que trois fois; pour représenter un vieux professeur de Londres, une femme d'Ecosse, et un Flamand qui s'efforce de parler Anglais. Le jeu de la physionomie, le langage, l'accent, la prononciation, le geste, ont fait le reste. C'est dans un cadre ingénieux que M. Mathews a placé les parodies de toutes les choses et de tous les hommes qu'il voulait nous faire connaître. Il a raconté sa jeunesse, et nous avons eu une mise en action très-piquante de la première partie des mémoires de sa vie.

Nous avons vu et entendu successivement l'enfant, l'écolier, les premiers concours publics où l'élève se montre timide et maladroit, la charge des orateurs du collége aux exercises universitaires; Macklin causant avec le jeune Mathews, qui veut entrer au théâtre (cette scène est admirable de comique et de vérité); un petit-maître Irlandais, M. Trombone, Kemble, Bensley, Ghost causant avec Hamlet, à peu près comme M. Verbois cause avec sa danseuse dans la scène de *l'Artiste*, jouée par Perlet; Wilkinson, directeur de la troupe comique de Yorck, où M. Mathews se fait engager; tous les chanteurs

du Club du Rossignol ; et vingt autres personnages que le conteur a rencontrés dans ses voyages, ou avec qui il a eu des relations dans sa carrière dramatique.

Cette biographie pittoresque est fort intéressante ; on ne souffre point pour le caricaturiste qui reproduit avec une incroyable facilité tous les caractères, tous les tics, toutes les habitudes de parole et de corps qu'il veut rendre. Son masque et sa personne entière sont comme une cire pour laquelle la pensée est un moule qui changerait de forme à volonté.

Le récit de M. Mathews est un peu long ; mais peut-être nous a-t-il paru ainsi, parce que nous avons perdue une foule de traits et de finesse qui peuvent frapper les Anglais seuls, mais que nous sommes tout disposés à croire excellens, les ayant entendus joyeusement applaudir par tous les compatriotes du célèbre comique. Ce qui a paru le moins agréable aux spectateurs Français dans la narration de M. Mathews, c'est l'intercalation de refrains chantés qui terminent plusieurs scènes parlées, avec lesquelles ils semblent faire une disparate bizarre. Et pourtant cela differe-t-il beaucoup de notre vaudeville ? N'avons-nous pas des chansons où s'encadrent des monologues, ce qui nous paraît très-bien ? Nous tenons cela des anciens, comme les Anglais : ne le trouvons donc pas mauvais à Londres, puisque nous l'aimons à Paris.

At the close of this engagement the partners repeated their performance at Boulogne, previously to their return to England for the re-opening of the Adelphi Theatre. Mr. Yates having gained his partner's slow leave, engaged

the celebrated acting elephant (*Mademoiselle d'Gelk*) for the ensuing opening; and, fortunately as it turned out, for the success of that part of the season, when another female actress of great popularity made a strong opposition to the minors, — Mademoiselle d'Gelk and Miss Fanny Kemble shared the town between them, —each the greatest in her line.

C. T. HARDING, ESQ.

(With a MS.)

Kentish Town, January 2nd, 1830.

MY DEAR SIR,

I have to apologise for my long silence, but I really have not had time until last week to read over the numerous pieces which have been presented this season. If I could have anticipated events, I certainly might have prevented a great deal of trouble on your part. It was my determination at the end of last season not again to act regularly at the Adelphi; for this reason, Mr. Reeve was engaged. I could not quite declare my resolution to you and other authors,* because I wanted to see the success of our season. Miss Kemble (for there is seldom more than one great object of attraction before the town) compelled us to engage the elephant. Here was a lucky and a lasting hit, which determined me to retire, and even accept coun-

* Mr. Harding was the author of a very successful piece produced at the Adelphi the first season of Mr. Mathews's purchase into that theatre, entitled, "*He's no Conjuror;*" in which Mr. Mathews sustained the principal character.—A. M.

try engagements.* Thus, I say, if I could have dreamed of the great attraction of our great lady, I could at once have declared to you the utter hopelessness of producing your piece, even if approved. We have been obliged to postpone the production of many accepted pieces.

By the by, I must say, I think you have chosen an unhappy subject, totally devoid of interest, and certainly not dramatic. I suppose it is the name of a ballad; one, however, of which I never heard. "Black-eyed Susan" has probably suggested it; but I think these titles bad. An author assumes that the public are acquainted with all ballads, all old legends, &c. I say, audiences in general are anything but readers, therefore novels are bad foundations, and songs worse. Many of my friends have asked me the meaning of "*Billy Taylor*." One wrote to me from Devonshire surprised at the run of a piece with such an unmeaning title, and asking what it meant? Now, I never heard of "Nancy of Yarmouth;" certainly she is a person of no interest. The piece is also too long, especially the cobbler's part.

I regret very much that circumstances have prevented my paying you and your production, those attentions which it will at all times give me great pleasure to show you. I am, dear sir,

Yours very sincerely,

C. MATHEWS.

Mr. Mathews performed in Edinburgh again this year, and was present on the 30th of January, at the anniversary dinner of the Edinburgh Theatrical Fund.

* He would not consent to appear during the elephant's performances.—A. M.

The Lord Provost, on proposing the health of Mr. Mathews observed, that—

They had lived in an age as fertile with events and as great and wonderful incidents, as any to be found in the pages of history. Since the conclusion of the war, the invention of man was going on at a rapid rate; and, from what he had lately seen, he considered it impossible to say when it would stop. Among other wonders, he had brought the brute creation to imitate the actions of man. They had lately so far instructed an elephant, that she was nearly able to perform the parts of all the comic actors of the Adelphi theatre. He was very glad at this invention, as the labours of the elephant had given release to the greatest lion Britain had ever produced, the inimitable Mathews, and enabled him to pay them a visit.

Mr. Mathews then rose, and returned his warmest thanks for the highly flattering manner in which his health had been drunk; but—

"Being unaccustomed," as he observed, "to public speaking, and still less with being so heartily laughed at in good earnest, he knew not very well how to proceed. When he said he was unaccustomed to public speaking, he meant that he was unaccustomed to speak after dinners, for he never before attended a public dinner, except one, and that was for the Covent Garden Theatre Fund. Albeit, unused to the 'melting mood,' he would endeavour to be serious for a few minutes. He would enter a little into the history of his own profession. He regretted most sincerely that the great personage to whom allusion had been made* was not present to inform them

* Sir Walter Scott.

on this subject. His presence was greatly wanted; and, though the table was full, he was sure he would receive a hearty welcome, even at the eleventh hour. It had been well asked in the Edinburgh Review, why the best men refused to write for the drama? If the great author had been present, he should in all likelihood have asked him the question. It had been stated in the Edinburgh Review that in ancient Athens a fund had been raised for the encouragement of public amusements; it had been seized upon under peculiar circumstances: a great outcry ensued, because the Athenians considered the protection of public amusements of more importance than the war they were then so successfully carrying on. He hoped that the inhabitants of Modern Athens would show a similar love for the drama, and set a noble example to the rest of the kingdom. They had been already told of the nature of the fund — it was for the support of those who had been unfortunate, and whose means of subsistence by their profession had fled. They had, doubtless, neard much of the vice and immorality of the stage; they who had been misrepresented and grossly calumniated, had not the means of defending or vindicating themselves. Their assailants asserted whatever they thought proper; their statement went forth to the world without contradiction or explanation. What would be thought of a court of law which would permit only the evidence on one side? The green-room affords no such opportunities for loose practices as is generally believed. Indeed, if there had not been females present, he would have said the green-room was the worst place for an intrigue in the world. *Faux pas* in private life were generally kept a profound secret; but, when they occurred among actors, they were noised abroad, and received

every possible sort of publicity. He would maintain, however, that there were fewer instances of immorality among actors than in any other profession; while he could name many who, after a virtuous, modest, and honourable career on the stage, adorned the highest walks of life. He need only name the Countesses Derby and Craven, and Lady Thurlow. Some people pretend that the stage has been stationary, that it has not partaken in the progress of refinement; but this is maintained only by those who read the plays most esteemed in the days of Charles the Second. The stage is the real picture of life and manners, and these plays are an accurate representation of the dissolute life that was led in those days. It would be needless for any actor to state to these sadducees that matters were now greatly changed. Though the doors of the theatre stood open, they would not enter and judge for themselves, and how could they be convinced? In some minds the prejudice against the theatre was strong even at this day. He recollected well, when Covent Garden Theatre was burned, a clergyman publicly used these words, 'Here is a triumph, my brethren, the triumph of the Lord over the devil and his angels.' But, let them look at Boswell's Life of Johnson; the doctor was a sincerely pious man; he cherished a most warm respect for Garrick. Was it to be supposed for a moment that so religious a man would have entertained such a friendship for a player, if there had been anything in his calling with which he was displeased?

"The Lord Provost had been pleased to take some notice of a female he had under his protection. His lordship, by some mistake, had compared her to a lion, but he could assure them she was no lion, but a harmless female, who had all the softer attributes of her sex.

He wished they would all go and *pay* her a visit. He had a house large enough for the whole company, and he would be very happy to give them all accommodation."

TO MRS. MATHEWS.

George Inn, Glasgow, Feb. 1st, 1830.

Here I am safe and well, with my old friend the snow to greet me. Never did I look out from this said hotel into the square in which it is situated without a Siberian prospect. There has been no winter in Scotland —no skaiting—the first snow in Edinburgh the day I arrived, the day I acted, and none since. "It 's all over," said they, when the thaw arrived on Friday 22nd. "No," said I, "not till the 31st," and sure enough. The first snow of the season *here* came yesterday,—it never ceased from morning till night.

Thanks to the Marquis of Bute, I was franked here, and so we arrived in great comfort in five hours and a half. Well, my house was great on Saturday, the best of the season—180*l.* which makes my clear receipts 372*l.*—You never can know how great this is. It is more than 500*l.* four years ago. As the theatrical families die off there are no successors to take their places; and, in ten years, they will all be preached out of amusements. Fanatics have no such power elsewhere. I am astonished and delighted. Braham opens there to-night.

C. MATHEWS.

TO * * * * *, ESQ.

Ivy Cottage, Feb. 7th, 1830.

MY DEAR SIR,

Thanks for your anecdote; but I have so much,—too much for my new Entertainment, — that I have been obliged to reject some, and it would be a bad compliment to my author to accept other matter. You are not aware, I dare say, that the knock and ring story is mine, though I dare say it has occurred often. I have already tried it, without success. It is a "Rejected Address." The fact is, that it is not droll, and I must give my opinion as you asked it. Your introductory matter to a story, with only one point, is unskilful and would be fatal to the effect.

Very sincerely yours,

C. MATHEWS.

The foregoing reply to a communication with one of Mr. Mathews's *left off* stories, is one of many cases which occurred every year of the same nature. Letters were sent from all parts of the world, proposing to him matter of his own, long since familiar, (some at great cost from abroad,) which much annoyed him. He remarked, that out of the numerous suggestions sent to him in this manner, (even when original,) he never found one from which he could extract the least advantage or amusement. Very few people have a just perception of what is absolutely requisite to produce a humorous result.

Just at this time a paragraph in Galignani's Journal, announcing my husband's death, alarmed all our friends abroad. Some of their kind condolements reached me when I was confined to my bed by illness, and unable to reason under the surprise of the news, which only served to augment my disease. I could not recollect how impossible it was that such information could travel to France before it reached me from Scotland.

Galignani, to his great credit, finding the error into which he had fallen, and hearing that Mr. Mathews had a son in Italy, humanely wrote to him to explain the mistake, and thus counteracted the sad effects of the report upon his feelings.

The following letter from a very intimate friend will in one way account for the report:—

TO C. MATHEWS, ESQ.

DEAR MAT.

I have received your letter, and it is the only epistle from the dead to the living which ever contained a remittance of 356*l. and sixpence.* Before I congratulate you upon your success (which is great in my opinion) allow me to express my astonishment at your return from the shores of Styx. Perhaps you are not aware that the liege subjects of his Most Christian Majesty Charles X. had provided you with a *Lettre de cachet* to those inhospitable shores; but, most true it is, you dislike to be

roused from sleep at an early hour—so do I. Imagine then my surprise at being accosted one morning by James while comfortably reposing in my bed.—"Answer, if you please, sir." I rubbed my eyes, turned round, raised myself up and perused a wretched nervous scrawl from Mrs. Mathews, requesting that I would read the inclosed and tell her what it could mean, and entreating that I would let her know the worst. I was frightened, unfolded the enclosure with a trembling hand, and read a letter of condolence to her from Lady B——, at Paris, on your irreparable loss. I looked at the date, was satisfied of the untruth of the story, and wrote to convince Mrs. Mathews of the *impossibility*. Her nervousness had conquered her geography, and she forgot that Edinburgh was not in the road from London to Paris. I felt for her, but laughed at the nonsense. I easily guessed at the foundation of the report, viz. Monsr. *Yet* had been knocked down by the elephant; this fact had been converted into a death on the other side of the Channel, and as Messrs. les François had lately been accustomed to couple Monsr. Matthieu and Monsr. Yet—they forgot the latter, and killed the former. Pray don't die any more, for these little events are very troublesome in our narrow circle.*

I shall do what you require with the money remitted.

I think that you are doing extremely well, and as to diminution of attraction! nonsense! I told you in my letter from Rouen, that so long as you would play the part of *rara avis*, you would be as much sought after as the black swan.

* The origin of the mistake was afterwards found to have been in an account written by Mr. Yates to a correspondent in Paris of the death of his *father*, which word was translated by his foreign friend into *partner*.—A. M.

TO MRS. MATHEWS.

Liverpool, February 15th, 1830.

I arrived yesterday, having posted here with Clarke and wife. Lewis immediately put your letter into my hands. I need not say how delighted I was to hear of Charles's safe arrival at Rome.

I cannot but lament that I never go from home but you have some unnecessary alarm. When you heard from me that I was well at Dr. Belcombe's, on Thursday the 14th, how could my death and the news of it have had time to go to Paris and give time for reply (dated 18th) and have reached you by the route of Paris? I am sure I ought to be pleased to hear such charming things said about me.

This is a busy day. I have cut the Waterloo, in consequence of my health. I am nervous at not calling for claret, or wine, or something at such a house as that, and I panted for quiet after two inns;* I am therefore in a nice lodging close to the theatre, in the house with Clarke—very snug. And now the truth—I was very bad on Friday again after my work, but with great petting, abstemiousness, warm-bath, and a huge pitch-plaster on my chest, I have rallied, and to-day I really feel comparatively well. I act to-night and feel quite capable. I am in good spirits, which you know is half the battle. Liston can tell you in what a pretty mess Preston was.—

* At this time he had left off wine as an experiment. There is no doubt that his internal sufferings were greater than he acknowledged to those whom he feared to afflict. —A. M.

Horrible! People all starving! Oh! never mind one failure, I cut and run,—he stood it four or six nights. "*Beauty* weather."

CHARLES MATHEWS.

TO MRS. MATHEWS.

Chester, February 25th, 1830.

I am sure I need not say what a gratification you had prepared for my arrival here. You can enter into my feelings without my describing them. Our dear fellow's letter was like himself, all warmth, all generous, and all amiable feeling. I am sure such letters are enough to reconcile one to death itself. I did not know till this event that I was so highly estimated. You must be prepared for an aditional quantum of vanity.

I arrived here to dinner yesterday, after crossing the Mersey per steam, — a delightful and not a "teagos passig."* God bless the good people of Liverpool! they thought it quite enough, I suppose, to show me they had not forgotten me by making me a good benefit, 160*l.* This brought me up with a wet sail. Friday was the worst night as to weather since I left home, — ruined all hopes; Sunday and Monday snow almost all day. I did not *hope* even at the benefit. I have now to add 200*l.*, clear of all expenses, to what I have remitted; and with circus, Ducrow, elephant, &c. I assure you it is wonderful. You ought to have been on the spot to estimate it.

* These, and other ill-spelt words frequently quoted, are taken from an illiterate letter in our possession, which had much amused us and our friends.—A. M.

On Sunday I proceed to Manchester, play here to-night and Saturday; the prospect is good. I hope the weather with you is improved, as it is here. To-day is the first day of spring—beautifully clear and warm. For the first time since I left home I have basked and walked. It has quite renovated me. I was on the Walls here, *à la* York, three hours by myself, lounging and studying.

CHARLES MATHEWS.

The letter above alluded to was from Charles, and recounted the first effects of the sad intelligence of his father's death upon him, and all that followed the certainty that it was erroneous, —his feelings, affection, &c. Indeed, this unaccountable report produced so much interest, such gratifying evidences of regard from every quarter, that my dear husband knew by anticipation all that has attended his actual demise.

CHAPTER III.

Re-opening of the Adelphi Theatre.—Mr. Mathews's Comic Annual for 1830. — Description of the Performance. — Mr. Mathews's Farm-yard.—Rural Disasters.—Address on the close of the Performance at the Adelphi.—Letters to Mrs. Mathews. — Netley Abbey — an ironical Hoax.— Letters to Mr. Gyles. — Hydrophobia. — Arrival from Italy of Mr. Mathews's Son.—Severe Illness of the latter.—Mr. Mathews's Fondness for Birds and other Animals.—The little Bantam.— Letter to the Rev. T. Speidell. — Letter to Mrs. Mathews. — Letter to Mr. Mathews from the late Mr. Godwin. — Study for his last Novel of "Cloudesly."—Power of destroying Personal Identity.—Wonderful Instance of this in Mr. Mathews.

On the 26th of April, 1830, the Adelphi Theatre was re-opened. The following is the bill of the entertainment, in which Mr. Yates this season took no part:—

THEATRE ROYAL ADELPHI.

The public is most respectfully informed, that on Monday next, April 26th, 1830,

MR. MATHEWS WILL BE "AT HOME,"

And have the honour to present an entirely new Entertainment, in three parts, called

MATHEWS'S COMIC ANNUAL FOR 1830.*

With humorous cuts and other embellishments.

To be published April 26th (Boards), Adelphi, Strand, (packed in Boxes) Four shillings.

* By R. B. Peake, Esq.—A. M.

PART FIRST.

Chapter 1*st.*—Reasons for undertaking the Editorship.—Parting with Partner.—Reviewers.—Mrs. Neverend.

Chapter 2*nd.*—Mr. John Downright Shearman, retired master tailor.—Monsr. Vindrin.—Mike Earwig, a whispering waiter.—British Justice.—Police-office.—A Skip.

Song—*Zoological Gardens.*

Chapter 3*rd.*—Embellishment, Portrait of Mr. Sadjolly.—A hale Valetudinarian.—His sons, Master Dicky Sadjolly and Master Jeremiah Crackthorpe Sadjolly.—Youthful Rivalry.—Turn over a New Leaf, &c.

Chapter 4*th.*—Mr. Shakeley.—Nerves.

Song—*The Cork-cutter's Festival.*

Trip to Scotland.—The Rev. Mr. Muckledrawl.—Saunders, a Caledonian carpenter.—Working to Music.—Whistling.—Second Embellishment, Mr. Dispepys.—Double-bedded Room.—Living Nightmare.

PART SECOND.

Chapter 1*st.*—Embellishment, Mr. Lavolta.—Habitual Risibility.—Mr. Sadjolly's visit to London.—Affection of the Spine.—French Housemaid.—Brushing up a tongue.—Visit to Mr. Polish the dentist.—The two Boys' teeth.—Mr. Lavolta with a laughable Toothache.—Mr. Polish's relaxation.—German Air, never heard in this country.

Song—*Harmonic Dentist.*

Chapter 2*nd.*—Monsieur Vindrin.—Lost Snuff-Box.—*Les petites Allouettes.*—French sense of Honour.

Chapter 3*rd.*—Lieutenant M'Craw.—West Indies.—Honourable Kingston Native and Creole Assembly.—Digression.

Song—*Irish Berrin.*

Chapter 4*th.*—Hic jacet.—Cook's Voyages.—Mr. Dispepsy's *encore.*—The Herefordshire prize Ox, 4684 lbs. 10 oz.—Raffle.—How to win a great loss.—Mrs. Neverend's last words.

Song—*Vauxhall Gardens.*

Mr. Mathews's reading and introduction to the Afterpiece.

FINALE.

Mr. Sadjolly.—Mr. Lavolta,—The Boys.—Vindrine.—Earwig.—Mr. Mathews.

PART THIRD.

Will be presented as a Pictorial Embellishment to the Comic Annual.

A Monopolylogue to be called THE LONE HOUSE.*

Dramatis personæ, enacted by Mr. Mathews.

Mrs. Dora Dunbird,—Deaf Housekeeper.

Andrew,—Butler, groom, gardener, and cook to Sir Chevy Melton, when the respective servants are absent.

Jeremiah Abershaw, Esq.—Prior to his elevation.

John Sheppard, Esq.—Antecedent to his suspension.

Dramatis personæ, represented by Andrew.

Ap Leeks,—Sir Chevy Melton's Welsh gardener.

Bechamel,—his French cook.

Capt. Grapnell, R.N.—Friend of Sir Chevy Melton.

&c. &c. &c.

On this performance a contemporary makes these remarks: —

The tip-top parts are capitally done—*Charles* does them;—the secondary parts are capitally done—*Charles* does them too;—the low parts are magnificently done—*Charles* does them too! If then thou art mirthfully inclined, O reader! go see honest *Charles*, and he will "fool thee to the top of thy bent." If thou dost think because gravity regulates the motions of the earth, it ought to regulate the motions of its inhabitants also, listen to *Charles*, and he will show thee that cakes and ale still hold their savour, and, *maugre* the march of intellect, "that ginger is yet hot in the mouth." Art a lover of the sensibilities? dost like to smack the lemon

* By R. B. Peake, Esq.—A. M.

in thy punch? *Charles* has tales to tell thee that will make thy right eye weep while thy left smileth. Finally, has thy tailor cut thee? or thy banker stopped payment? has thy friend carried off the mistress of thy heart? or Doctors' Commons sent home the wife of thy bosom? If thou wouldst forget thy loves and debts, go, we still say, to *Charles*, thou wilt find his "quips and quiddities" more sovran than even "parmasitty for an inward bruise."

We visited this *puer mille artium*, this player of many parts, a few evenings ago. The rogue has this year baptized his packet of whims and oddities a "Comic Annual," a proper title for the offspring of one who is himself a comic perennial. The text, we have heard, has been furnished by *Peake;* but whoever supplied the text, *Charles* supplies the sermon. The frame is superbly gilt, but *Charles* is the Teniers that it holds. The setting is rich — but *Charles* is the many-coloured opal that it encloses; the print and paper are beautiful, but *Charles* is the head-piece and the tail-piece and the frontispiece, and the whole piece, for without *Charles* it would be no piece!

We might attempt to describe the characters of the "Comic Annual," but how are we to describe the acting? We might tell of a certain *Miss Never-end*, who speaks in monotony, who despises colons and semicolons, and never in her life could be induced to make use of a full stop. We might speak of a *Squire Sadjolly*, whose heart is wasted, whose lungs are worn out, whose liver is shrivelled, whose stomach is in tatters, whose guts are twisted into fiddle-strings, who has a palsy on one side, an apoplexy on t'other, whose vertebræ are as loose as the individual joints in a dish of ox-tail soup, whose carcass is only held together by buttons and button-holes;— a gentleman who rides forty miles a day, swallows con-

tinents of beef, lakes of gravy, and rivers of port, because neither labour nor excess can make him worse than he is. We might add to these the portly gourmand *Mr. Dyspeps*, whose person and the bow-window of the inn at Southampton are so nicely fitted to each other; who soliloquises on pie-crust, and is puzzled beyond measure to find himself restless after a piddling dinner of six pounds of meat gleaned from a dozen of dishes, and washed down with only four bottles of wine. We might stroll to the *Zoological Gardens*, with an order to pay our shilling, and learn from honest *Mr. Swallow* how, by dint of digesting tenpenny nails and marlinspikes, the ostrich has been turned to an Iron Grey. If we did not fear to trust ourselves alone, like old *Shakely*, we might trundle in an omnibus to the glorious feast of the *Cork-cutters*, and lay before our readers a report of the expressive lapses, the magnificent *aposiopesis*, the Ciceronian "hems" and the Demosthenian "hahs" of the eloquent chairman; or we might "Wherry it in a werry nice wherry—wery" to *Vauxhall (quasi dicat Vox all)*, in the amiable company of *Mr. Acid*, who takes out his children of an evening "to make them happy," and, in order to keep them so, snubs them ten times a minute, and beats them a hundred times an hour. We might do all this, and after we have done it, our readers would have somewhat of the same notion of the "Comic Annual" that they would have of the *Jerry Abershaw* of the Monopolylogue that follows it, by an inspection of the skeleton of the worthy in Brooke's Museum. We must content ourselves, therefore, with general description, where particular description is impossible.

Mathews is now ten years older than he was when he was first "At Home" to visiters; and, as *Master Dicky* says, *so are we.* This is the sum total of the difference

between his appearance when we first saw him and when we saw him on Wednesday; or rather, we should say, his last appearance is superior to his first; — at every successive trial he improves in power and dexterity. When he came out as the High Priest of Momus, his canonicals had not got their proper set — he was not so completely "at home" as he now is. His exhibitions were like a fine painting fresh from the easel — the varnish was too glittering, the tints were not sufficiently mingled; time has now given the finished touches to the designs of genius. Ten years ago Mathews was a new-pulled pear, sweet, juicy, melting, but smacking of the tree which it had so recently left; he is now the same fruit, by keeping mellowed into excellence. Were we to attempt distinctions where everything is so admirably good, we should say that the speech of the President of the Cork-cutters' Society is the best part of the "Comic Annual." It is, indeed, one of the richest pieces of what we may call chaste farce,—chaste we mean, in the exquisite acting of Mathews, who will seldom, even in his most grotesque delineations, be found o'erstepping the modesty of nature.

Mr. Mathews's Entertainment is one in which mirth may be found without malice,— wit without gall. It suggests no impure images, it wakens no vicious desires. Mathews is morality in motley; and whether he excites his audience to laughter, or melts them to tears, his humour and his pathos are not more calculated to lighten the spirits than to warm the affections.

Another critic observes :—

The "Comic Annual" is stuffed with wit and eccentricity,—with "pun ambiguous and conundrum quaint." The picture of *Mr. Sadjolly*, a huge Devonshire squire,

who fancies he is but the shell of a man, that his interior or kernel is consumed, that he is, in fact, all but dead, while he rides at the rate of forty miles a day, and eats and drinks everything that comes in his way, on the ground that it cannot make his condition worse, is excellent. *Dispeps* too, the bloated epicure, whom we behold, *ipso facto*, tumbling in bed, and unable to sleep from the united effect of an inordinate feast and the recollection of certain inimitable pie-crust, is as vigorously graphic a delineation of the ridiculous as ever distended the sides of a laughing assembly. The songs were all spirited and successful, especially that which described the "Cork-cutters' Feast," and the "Irish Berrin."

The Entertainments concluded as usual with a *monopolylogue*, the subject of which is an attack upon a lone house by *Jerry Abershaw* and *Sixteen-stringed Jack*, who are repelled by the ingenuity of *Andrew*, the only servant in the establishment with the exception of a deaf old woman, *Mrs. Dorothy Dunbird*, the housekeeper. All the characters are of course performed by Mr. Mathews: by dressing up a quantity of figures and busts, and playing half-a-dozen instruments at once, he makes the thieves believe there is a large party in the house; and, when they at length break in, he frightens them out by personating a *gardener*, a *cook*, and a *sea captain*. The personation of *Abershaw* and *Sixteen-stringed Jack* is one of the cleverest things that has been seen lately. The latter represents that animal which was called a Blood some half century ago; and is, we believe, intended to convey a notion of the style of Edwin,* who obtained great celebrity in such characters. As a piece of acting it is unequalled.

* Whom Mr. Mathews had never seen, and therefore had no idea of imitating.—A. M.

In the course of my husband's rural pursuits a farm-yard was suggested to him, the only gain from which was an annual loss. Still it was a source of interest to him in his few leisure moments, which I could not strenuously persuade him to relinquish, though at the same time it occasioned him much more vexation than satisfaction, as the following letter will in part show.

TO H. B. GYLES, ESQ.

DEAR GYLES, May 31st, 1830.

I would not write to you till I could get a frank, and then I conceive you have no right to grumble — short or long, interesting or otherwise. Well, I studied Cobbett's Cottage Economy and Mordaunt's Practical Treatise, and went swaggering down to my spoony, as I thought him, and found fault with everything (as per book) that I found wrong. In the midst of this — lo and behold! I discovered a box with a hundred eggs, all ready to be carried off, while he had set three or four hens on old ones. Was not that pleasant? The consequence was we marched him off directly; and the next consequence, that we have had fourteen chickens from about six hens. I have lived upon pig, — roast pig hot for dinner one day, cold another; and we have four put up for porkers. I have built another pigsty, "with a southern aspect." My rabbit warren is complete, and I have had it raised with loam, and turfed over and bricked under, and—and—and —all that. If you have any advice to give before I stock, now is your time. The commencement I look upon to be more than half the battle.

I have done very well at the Adelphi; the boxes especially have kept up right *arnest* well. I went to

the races, and it poured with rain every day,—and that was pleasant,—and it has poured ever since,—and I am not in a good writing humour, for my head is achy, and I am hoarse,—and I was knocked up once, as you read, —and I fear I shall again; so you must content yourself with a short letter. Do you get the papers regularly? I have not missed sending one, excepting, perhaps, a supplement. But what interest you *can* have in reading "Want places," and "for Calcutta—Edinburgh—Leith—Pickles—Money Wanted— Macassar Oil — and Wright's Champagne," I can't make out. If everybody stipulated for the supplement, the mail bags could not possibly carry them. You did not condescend to tell me if you had ever *received* a paper or not. The song is capital. You have heard me speak of Johnny Winter, the York tailor; he died last Sunday at the age of ninety, and has left me 12*l.* a year,—that is, I have no occasion to pay him that sum any longer,—and now I can't say any more. In fact, what is the use of writing to a man to whom I send printed news every day. Love to your wife and picaniny, Massa Augusta and Missy Alexander.

Ever thine truly, C. MATHEWS.

At the close of his performances at the Adelphi Theatre this season, Mr. Mathews addressed his audience in nearly the following terms:—

Ladies and Gentlemen, it is customary on such occasions as the present to acknowledge the patronage which has been bestowed upon the efforts of the performers; but I really feel myself so much exhausted that I can say little, beyond the simple word "farewell." At a time when, from what causes I will not pretend to determine, there is not so strong a disposition to encourage

theatrical entertainments as formerly existed — at a time too, when the market is overstocked with foreign produce, I feel much gratified, and, indeed, I may say, even more astonished than gratified, that so humble an article of home manufacture as that which I have been able to offer you, should have met with such distinguished success. I wish it to be understood, that in the allusion which I have just made, I speak not for myself, inasmuch as this is the period when, probably, under any circumstances, my season would have closed, but I speak in behalf of those who have large and expensive establishments to maintain. This is the thirteenth season in which I have had the honour of appearing single-handed before you. The entertainment which has been offered you this evening has been repeated forty nights. It is usual on such a night as this to return thanks in the name of the whole company. Here we are unanimous; and, in the name of all whom I may represent, I respectfully bid you "farewell."

Mr. Mathews then retired amidst enthusiastic applause. The house was quite full.

The Adelphi having once more closed, my husband again journeyed to the provinces.

TO MRS. MATHEWS.

Southampton, July 20th, 1830.

This place is so full of hospitalities, and "junkettings," and "what nots," that I have but very little spare time, and therefore you must be satisfied to hear that I am in excellent health and spirits, and "so no more about." I have just returned from a beautiful sail to Netley Abbey, and am going with Dottin six miles to dinner. Nothing but invitations and kindnesses, such as we hear of in Ireland. I have always a drawback in the longing I have for you

and Charles to be with me when I have such enjoyments; not that the tossing to-day would have suited you exactly. I rose at half-past eight, with the intention of popping over to the Isle of Wight to breakfast with my old *play-fellow*, Mr. Nash,* but missed the steam-boat by five minutes. Great rage,—much vexed,—so went to Netley instead. Beautiful superb ruin! I have enclosed you a great curiosity for Charles; it may be valuable to him. Opposite to the entrance is the south wall of the church, clothed with an exuberance of ivy; through which are seen the apertures of the windows, no longer decked with storied glass. Here I picked up,—fact, on my honour,—discovered it myself—this!† Henry the Third is said to have founded Netley Abbey. This specimen of the arts in those days (if, as I suspect, it has actually been preserved till accidentally brought to light) must be interesting to all lovers of the arts, and particularly to all architects.

Every seat in the boxes, for three nights, was let when I came into the town; and if the pit and gallery could be filled by any mortal, it is said I should do it; but those times are passed. All the first people flock to me. Last night 58*l.*—52*l.* of which sum was in the boxes. I shall get above 100*l.* by them, and, in these times, that is not to be sneezed at.

So my 15,000*l.* is not to be paid till October, "I see by my paper."‡ What does B—— say to our being kept

* "*Play*-fellow," a double allusion to Mr. Nash having acted with him in the Swansea theatre in 1796; and, secondly, to that gentleman's whimsical impression that their ages agreed.

† An absurd drawing of a house, the work of some child.

‡ A newspaper report respecting the purchase-money of his share of the Adelphi Theatre. I do not remember to what transaction the next observation alludes.—A. M.

out of our money three months longer than necessary. To be sure, such a sum is worth waiting for. Tell the Count, if he does not stay till I come home I shall think he only comes to see you. If you write to-morrow, or even Saturday, tell me (if Charles knows) whether Mr. Nash is likely to be at Cowes till Sunday.

The Dottins always desire remembrance, and always regret your absence.

CHARLES MATHEWS.

The next letter was addressed to me at a friend's house in Herefordshire, where my husband had left me for a short period. It contains a little ironical hoax upon me for having unconsciously omitted an enclosure in my last letter, which I mentioned as having sent.

TO MRS. MATHEWS.

Leominster, Aug. 14th, 1830.

The inclosed 10*l.* note pay into the Ross Bank. I send it without a moment's delay.

I got to Hereford very comfortably. If I had not given up the idea of horse-keeping on my journeys, I would give any reasonable sum for Polly. She's a darling—all I had to do was to prevent her distressing herself; for, whatever I may think of men, I always treat a hired horse more tenderly than my own. I had put down the head half an hour (to save pretty Poll) before the storm came on, and had much difficulty in getting it up to save myself. Such an inn! — such provisions! Oh! you would have been wretched. I was *worrited* up at half-past eight by an *old* Owen,* in the next bedroom, and found

* *Owen* was a young groom of ours, who had a consumptive cough, which distressed his master very much.—A. M.

my drunken landlady had given my sitting-room for old O. and daughters to breakfast in. I have dismissed my attendants,—one to his organ, the other to take his ease at his inn. Mr. Bennett refuses to let me any theatre. He will have half of every house or no go; therefore I go to get the Town-hall in person. Was there ever such a conspiracy against a public man getting the reward of his talent?

Since writing the above, I recollect I did not *get* 10*l.* here, and therefore cannot send it. Such an affair—no boxes to the house! Poor Crisp "*thought* there would be a great gallery,"—ha, ha, to *me!* Highest price 2*s.*; we had 15*l.*—fourteen of which was pit (or boxes)—really genteel people. So we go no further together after Ludlow.

And so you have nothing to do but hoax me? I actually looked all over the floor for Charley's letter, as I hope you will do for the 10*l.* note.

Tell Owen there is a large deal box in Neptune's apartment, corded; if he will open it he will find my tickets; let them be all taken out, and some sent to Barret and the printer. I perform at Abergavenny on Friday.

CHARLES MATHEWS.

The next letter accompanied a box of fire-works for Mr. Gyles's children, and a commission in the form of a large christening-bowl.

TO H. B. GYLES, ESQ.

Ivy-cottage, Kentish Town,
October 16th, 1830.

MY DEAR GYLES,

I hope you will find everything to your mind, and that the fireworks will go off well. We may thank God for

once having rational hope at any rate, of fine weather, and I hope, as well as you, that neither rain nor anything else may *damp* your festivities. Mind, if you don't like the punch-bowl, *I do* very much, therefore there's no *pul-cumsion*, as I heard an Irish boy say.

Mr. Curry or Corry called upon us at Cheltenham, and lent us a book all about the Kilkenny actors; and as I never heard you say you had one, I made some extracts, about a certain friend of mine, whose uncle robbed the stage of a valuable member, if I have any knowledge of the materials wanting to make an actor. I have sent you the observations upon your histrionic efforts, in case you have not got them yourself.* Corry rejoiced at your retirement.

I cannot doubt that you have the same brilliant weather that we have here. I am cheered by knowing how important it is to our poor boy, who cannot yet walk alone. I hope by about this day he will commence his journey.† Mr. Ward, whom I love for his antihydrophoby-boy-bobi-cal principles, half promised to procure me some small bantams. If he does, and that very little fellow we saw going to market one day, with a red comb, *comme ça*—if you think him *comme il faut* and *comb*-atable—and would say, "Come here, my little cock," and "go there, my little cock"—he shall never be killed, tell him, *upon my honour*, and shall be fattened and kept, and I'll be at the expense of a seraglio for him.

* Mr. Gyles had been one of the Kilkenny private actors, and possessed great comic abilities. He succeeded to an estate on the death of an uncle; and, as Mr. Mathews says, the stage was robbed of a good actor.—A M.

† This allusion to Charles's helpless state, and his expected return from Italy, will be explained fully in the next letter.—A. M.

O, talking of hydrophobia, my poor Falstaff, my dear companion of sixteen years and more, that I treated with such *horse*pitality, went mad. He had been turned out (*I* certainly did *that*) all the season. I had ordered my servant to take him in, but he was not to be had. On Saturday night previously to my return he began biting himself, and certainly, to all appearance, went mad. He was taken to the veterinary college, where he expired half an hour after his arrival. A boor, who gardenizes and milks, was so anxious to tell me of my misfortune that he met me at the gate on my return home, and said, in breathless haste, "O, sir, Jack is dead! I took him to the hospital, and here's a guinea for his carcass!" Can't you feel for me? All this I could have borne, but the idiot at the college hinted at the bite of a dog, though he had no evidence whatever to produce, and from that hour I cannot mention my misfortune without undergoing the annoyance of, "Oh! I suppose he was bit by a mad dog!" I give it up now, and when asked where my old horse is, say, "Oh! gone to college."

God bless you,

MAT.

It will be pretty clear by the preceding remark, that my husband was a sceptic on the subject of hydrophobia.

TO H. B. GYLES, ESQ.

DEAR GYLES, London, Dec. 15th, 1830.

I hereby acknowledge the receipt of your letter, per three-penny to-day. You have been a long while about it, and hardly deserve an answer; therefore I won't be put off, so I won't. I *will* have the smallest bantams

in the world. Where is the one we met one day in Ross-market.

I was on the point of writing to you, if I had not heard, to tell you of the arrival of our poor dear Charley. You may fancy his sufferings, when I tell you that at the time we heard from him at your house in August he had been then confined two months, and lost the use of his limbs entirely in that month, from which time he has not been able to lift his hand to his head, walk even on crutches, or turn himself in bed. Do you not marvel? Do you not laud him for unheard-of resolution in returning? "Will after-ages believe it?" His leeches (well may they be so termed in old plays) at Venice, condemned him to four months more solitary confinement; told him that if he moved it would be certain death. Well, said he, I will rather die on the road, with the *chance* of seeing my parents and beloved home once more. He bought a carriage, ordered his Italian servant to put him in, as he would have ordered his own trunk, and in that helpless, forlorn, wretched state, undertook a journey of one thousand four hundred miles, which he accomplished in nineteen days; the post takes fourteen or fifteen.* It was the most afflicting sight I ever experienced, to see him lifted from the carriage. The only evidence of the body being animated was the sound of his dear voice, offering up thanksgivings to God for having granted him strength to reach home. He is already somewhat better, and all the doctors promise a perfect recovery; but do not promise it under some four or five months.

Love to your wife, and be assured of the unalterable friendship of MAT.

* He travelled in a carriage in which a bed was constructed.—A. M.

This dreadful visitation of Charles's was produced by a fever, some said *malaria*. On his return home, a consultation took place, and Doctors Paris and Johnston agreed in their opinion upon the occasion, that the youth, good constitution, and excellent habits of the patient would restore him, without the aid of medicine; and so it proved. He was a cripple, however, full twelve months, and an acute sufferer the greater part of the time.

But to return to the paragraph of the foregoing letter, in which Mr. Mathews says, "I *will* have the smallest bantams in the world." It was always diverting to see the craving he had for collecting animals and birds, and, indeed every living thing. He had so many pets in this way that it seemed extraordinary how he found time to notice all. He generally had two piping bullfinches, always a parrot, sometimes a cockatoo, often a gull, and a lark; he had also gold and silver fish, a magpie, a tortoise, two dormice, a tame hawk, and that rare talking-bird a Mino. This last he had taught to speak. Then a variety of dogs, cats, rabbits, &c. too many to enumerate. All these contributed in turn to interest and employ his attention; but he loved bantams, and "would," as he said, "have the smallest in the world." One was at last procured, the most perfect little creature I ever saw, — the most beautiful that could be imagined. The first morning of his arrival he was associated

with others of the same class, in a Lilliputian spot laid out for them apart from the common herd of fowls; but he contrived to give his companions the slip the very first day, and whilst at breakfast in a room leading into a conservatory, we were surprised to see this little strutting fellow come in and tamely walk about the room as if a thing of custom with it. This delighted my husband, and he showed his delight like a child; he strewed crumbs and fed his little favourite, who retired voluntarily when satisfied, and we saw no more of him that day. The next morning at the same period, to our increased surprise, our little visiter again marched in and received his reward, allowing us all to take him up in turn, and feeling perfect confidence. This conduct actually had the effect of making my husband rise every morning as soon as the little curiosity crowed the breakfast hour, when he was sure to be *true to time.* It really was curious to observe the tiny being perform this duty morning after morning, and live, as we ascertained, the rest of his time in total reserve with his own species, picking up his share of their provision, but in a manner apart from them, and retiring to roost near the house in a branch of ivy, nestling himself in its thickness, instead of *perching* like a fowl.

One morning we were as usual expecting "Count Boruwlaski," as we had called him from

his diminutive size (he was a short period after his accustomed time); my husband was just going to look after his little guest, when lo! in he marched bleeding, with one wing nearly off and dragging upon the ground. He seemed to say, I have escaped from the murderer to come and die amongst my friends. The poor little creature had evidently been attacked in his roosting-place by a rat, and escaped with this severe hurt.

Aid was called in, and soon our poor little favourite's wing was bound up, and he proceeded to gather his customary crumbs of comfort, and notwithstanding every attempt to wean him from his chosen bed of leaves, he continued to occupy it at night. Sad to say, after a few days, just as his wounds had been successfully medicined, the ruthless invader again assailed him; and when we sought the little victim, only a few of his feathers remained to tell his mournful end! My husband's spirits were so upset at this domestic tragedy that he neither ate nor spoke the rest of the day, and at night his audience suffered in proportion. The moment he returned he went again to the fatal spot, as if still in hopes to find his little favourite, and retired to bed silent and depressed, without his usual reading.

It is very rare when favourites of this kind die in an ordinary way. Tamed and apart from their kind, their instincts are weakened, and some shocking and premature end generally overtakes

them, though they may still be said to *die a natural death*, as I heard Mr. Colman once observe to be the case with Madame Sacqui when she *fell off the rope* and was said to be killed.

TO THE REV. THOMAS SPEIDELL.

Kentish Town,

MY DEAR SPEIDELL, January 19th, 1831.

Rather than allow another day's delay in reply to your kind letter, I will write a hurried answer in preference to none. Briefly,—Charles returned, the most exaggerated case of paralysis on record — a voice only to indicate that the corpse was animated. Streatfield could not magnify it. An attached *gem* of an Italian servant brought him home, like a portmanteau or any other piece of goods. In spirits good, but even crutches would not support his enfeebled frame. I had four medical men; they all agreed that it was the remains of *malaria*, and that he would recover without their aid. Judge our surprise and delight and gratitude to God.

This will satisfy you, I know, and you will excuse a longer detail. I really hope and believe he will be able to dance by the end of February.* His mother is now well, and has borne herself like a true woman (not in the worldly sense). I need not say how her time has been devoted; and the sufferer always felt faith that home and mother would restore him. The leeches at Venice

* This sanguine feeling was not justified by the result; Charles was carried about in the arms of his servant, for many months after this, and had not discarded his crutches five months after the above account.—A. M.

had condemned him to winter at Venice.* He called his servant: "Nanini," said he, "put this body into a carriage and convey it to England." Resolution, eh? We all desire heartfelt thanks for your attention, and love to Mrs. Jellicoe.

Ever sincerely yours,

C. MATHEWS.

TO MRS. MATHEWS.

Bath, January 28th, 1831.

I am remarkably well, though last night I worked like a horse,—two hours at "Table," "May Queen," and "Before Breakfast." The night I arrived I went to see Kean, who was playing to empty benches. From the weather,—and beginning on January 1st, I was altogether in despair; but I am more than content. It is a great gratification to me to find myself supported by the people whose opinion alone is worth listening to. The upper orders follow me. Had you heard the croaking about the state of property here, you would think highly of what I have done.

C. M.

In the year 1807 or 1808 Mr. Godwin called upon Mr. Mathews. He entertained a great admiration of him in public, he said; and not having any mutual friend to introduce him, he had ventured upon the present mode rather than not become acquainted with him. From this time they met occasionally. Mr. Godwin had often witnessed

* Charles was six months in bed at Venice, and nearly the same period in England.—A. M.

Mr. Mathews's power of personation; "Mr. Pennyman," amongst the rest; and just before Mr. Godwin's last novel, "Cloudesly," was published, he addressed the following request to my husband:—

TO CHARLES MATHEWS, ESQ.

No. 44, Gower-place,

MY DEAR SIR, February 14th.

I am at this moment engaged in writing a work of fiction, a part of the incidents of which will consist in escapes in disguises. It has forcibly struck me that, if I could be indulged in the pleasure of half an hour's conversation with you on the subject, it would furnish me with some hints, which beaten on the anvil of my brain would be of eminent service to me on the occasion. Would you condescend to favour me in making the experiment?—the thing will not admit of delay.

I am, dear Sir, with great respect yours,

WILLIAM GODWIN.

An early day was appointed, and Mr. Godwin dined at the cottage. He was anxious not to shame probability in his work, and requested to have his memory of the past refreshed as to the power of destroying personal identity. Mr. Mathews, of course, satisfied him upon the point by several disguises. Soon after he had convinced Mr. Godwin that he might venture to assume such a power of deception possible in his own plot, a gentleman (an eccentric neighbour of ours) broke in upon us just as Mr. Godwin was expressing his wonder at the variety of expression, cha-

racter, and voice of which Mr. Mathews was capable. We were embarrassed, and Mr. Godwin evidently vexed at the intruder. However, there was no help for it; the servant had admitted him, and he was introduced in form to Mr. Godwin. The moment Mr. Jenkins (for such was his name) discovered the distinguished person he had so luckily for him dropped in upon, he was enthusiastically pleased at the event, talked to Mr. Godwin about all his works, inquired about the forthcoming book, — in fact, *bored* him through and through, — at last the author turned to my husband for refuge against this assault of admiration, and discovered that his host had left the room. He therefore rose from his seat and approached the window leading to the lawn, Mr. Jenkins officiously following, and insisting upon opening it for him, and while he was urging a provokingly obstinate lock, the object of his devoted attention waited behind him for release. The casement at length flew open, and Mr. Godwin, passing the gentleman with a courteous look of thanks, found, to his astonishment, that *Mr. Jenkins* had disappeared, and that *Mr. Mathews* stood in his place!

Mr. Godwin returned home satisfied, and soon after finished the last volume of "Cloudesly," wherein may be found the result of his visit,—the *last* we were destined to receive from this remarkable and interesting man.

CHAPTER IV.

Mr. Mathews's Kindness to Lee Sugg. — Letter from Mr. Mathews to Mr. Fawcett on the Subject of the Garrick Correspondence. Letter to the Rev. T. Speidell. — "Comic Annual" for 1831 at the Adelphi Theatre. — Performances of Mr. Mathews and Mr. Yates.—Account of the Entertainment. — Letter to Mrs. Mathews: travelling by the Railroad: an inquisitive Companion.—Letter from Mr. Horace Smith to Mr. Mathews: Immortality of Jokes: Joint Stock Cholera Morbus Company: Effect of Parliamentary Elections on the Drama.—Charles Mathews, Junior, and Carlo Nanini.—Illness of the latter — his Death. — Effect of this Event on Mr. Mathews described in Letters to Mrs. Mathews. — Letter from Dr. Belcome on the Death of Nanini.

MR. MATHEWS's last act towards his ancient foe and frequent persecutor, the improvident Lee Sugg was, as may be gathered from the succeeding letter, one of benevolence; and, in justice to the writer, I transcribe his final acknowledgment of his friend's good feeling and kindness to him. I think Lee Sugg's death took place in the course of the present year.

London, February 5, 1838.

MOST HONOURED SIR,

Last evening your kind favour came to hand, and believe me sincere when I assure you that I have not words

quantum suff. to express my gratitude, not only for your very liberal subscription towards relieving my necessities, but for the very prompt and humane manner in which you accomplished the good work — *good* it must be, since by your bounty you will enable myself, my wife, and daughter this day to do a deed we have not been enabled to do for many a long day previous, namely, to sit down to a good meal's victuals. We will all of us do ourselves the honour of drinking to the good health, uninterrupted happiness, and long life and prosperity of the donor, Charles Mathews, Esq., to whom we are all of us most grateful.

I have inclosed to Mr. Yates your kind note. There is an old proverb, "Beggars become bold by being obliged." We have none of us seen any amusements this Christmas, —not even the old *entertainment* of roast beef and plum-pudding on Christmas-day. May we feast one night at the Adelphi? Honoured sir,

Your grateful humble servant,

LEE SUGG.

The following letter is strongly characteristic of my husband's generous feelings. The early part relates to the "Garrick Correspondence," recently published, a volume of which he had lent to his friend.

TO JOHN FAWCETT, ESQ.

DEAR FAWCETT, Ivy Cottage, March 7, 1831.

I write to relieve you from your fidgets, and also to afford an addition to your treat, by forwarding to you the second volume of the Correspondence. Was it not a treat? Did I say too much? Glorious Garrick! Putting an extreme case, that a large property, which had been fifty

years in Chancery, could only be awarded to the claimants by the decision from evidence, whether Garrick was a generous or a parsimonious man, would not this correspondence completely settle the question in favour of the former quality? So much for contemporary biography. Davies, Murphy, and others, have all endeavoured, but with affected candour in their statements, to leave an impression of his meanness, vanity, and various other despicable qualities. Here we have *evidence* clear as noonday sun to the contrary. And observe the comments on the characters of his future biographers (or libellers) from the great and good: I allude to the various observations on Murphy and Davies, — two wretched actors, whose vanity induced them to believe Garrick alone prevented their success. Yet even these men, whilst he was alive, repeatedly add their testimony to the universal admiration he excited.

Look at the repentance of those who quarrelled with him; observe the death-bed recantation of proud Mossop, an open foe to David, whose enmity he repaid by relieving his distresses: he dies calling on God to bless him. I am sure you will have felt the same glow of delight at the elevation of our art by the publication of such a work, and also at the peep into futurity, when children's children will benefit by the exertions of Garrick and Fawcett, for the medal,* dear Fawcett, would never have been yours, if your name had not deserved to be enrolled with Garrick in one of his great efforts. Your names will be entwined, and those yet unborn will be taught to bless the men who devoted so much of their energies to promote such a glorious cause. I do not say

* A medal had been presented to Mr. Fawcett, in acknowledgment of his services as Treasurer to the Theatrical Fund of Covent-Garden Theatre.—A. M.

this in flattery, dear friend; believe me it is sincere. I have said it a hundred times when you were not present, (and I am quite confident I do not state too much,) that I do not think there is on record an instance of so successful issue to an association, with such an accumulation of property, as that now forming the Covent Garden Fund, by the exertions of an individual. Therefore, *mon cher* compatriot, console yourself at all times, during temporary calamity like your last confinement, or other visitations of Providence, that you will have the blessings of your brethren to cheer you in your retirement.

You may keep both volumes of the Correspondence until your return to town; but observe, I am particular in their being returned in the same spotless state. If a single spot of grease, for example, should be found on the cover of either, it would bespeak a carelessness on your part not consistent with your character; it would also betray a departure from the rules of Louis Canaro, or the immortal Pitt of Brighton.*

Shares in the Joint Stock Cholera Morbus Company are at a discount; the great unpaid will beat the paid humbugs out of the field. The sixteen lollypop-eating girls in Marylebone workhouse have finished the affair. We have bills all over London, "Wanted, a Case of Cholera." Oh! oh! *John* was always a credulous fellow, but this beats all.

God bless thee, dear Fawcett. I and mine say all kind things to thee and thine.

Ever sincerely thine,

C. MATHEWS.

* "The *immortal P. M.*" a medical adviser, whom Mr. Fawcett greatly lauded.—A. M.

TO THE REV. THOMAS SPEIDELL.

Chester, August 2, 1831.

My dear Speidell,

Though I could not manage to give you *a benefit* on my way to Liverpool, I think I shall patronise you on my return. The fact is, Charles, and mamma, and I spent nine days in the neighbourhood of Southampton, and I found a remarkably good conveyance from thence to Liverpool *via* Cheltenham, by a coach called *Hirondelle*, which is converted into *Iron Devil*. I therefore did not get into your track at all. I am going for 3 or 4 days to Wales, to visit M. Owen Williams, M.P. for Marlow, and an anti-Reformer. The probable time of my visit to you will, therefore, be the week beginning with the 15th of August.

You will be pleased to hear that dear Charles surprised his mother and me by meeting, or rather running to us, without a stick, as nearly well as possible, on the 4th of July, after spending a month at Wooton-under-Edge. I have no doubt, by the time I return, to find him as well as ever. Thank God for such a blessing! C. Mathews.

Direct to Craig y dor, Anglesea.

Mr. Mathews, with Mr. Yates, opened the Adelphi Theatre on Monday, April 18th, 1831, with the following announcement:—

MR. MATHEWS

Will have the honour to publish the Second Volume of his

COMIC ANNUAL,

In one Part, embellished with new designs and humorous cuts.*

Exordium.—Dr. Johnson's Preface to his Dictionary.—Recipe, "How to prepare an entertainment for a large party."—

* By Messrs. Peake and Charles J. Mathews.—A. M.

First Sketch.—Fat Mr. Waglington.—Hunting in a single-horse chair.—Pleasures of the Chase.—Mr. Waglington's poesy.

Song—"*London Exhibitions*—1830-31."

Nathaniel Nagg, a grumbling footman. — Mrs. Euphemia Blight, one who depreciates friends' relations.—Mr. Littlemiff.—Rights of Man.—The curses of Street-music. — General Postman. — Dennis Croagh, a Lover of Law.

Song—"*Armagh Assizes.*"

Country Manager's distress.—Master Scuggs with the scarlet fever.—A substitute for Young Norval (with a beautiful figure embellished by Shakspeare and Shield).— Shop-board disquisition and *sheer* critical opinions on the Poets of Ireland and Scotland. Historical subject.—Lieutenant-general Sir Hildebrand Hookah's dictation to three aides-de-camps at one time, with whole-lengths of Major Mangoe, Captain Jungle, and Ensign Hectic.—The Result.—Padding to the Bank.

Song—"*The Omnibus.*"

After which will be represented, for the first, second, and third times, an entirely new monopolylogue entertainment, in one act, with new music, scenes, dress, &c. called

Yates in Italy, or the Beautiful Bar-maid.

Madame Pompeydoor, — Locandiera of the Aquila di due Testa (Swan with Two Necks), at Portici, a French landlady with a knowledge of the English language,—*Mr. Yates.*

Lord Phidias Crackstone,—a celebrated virtuoso member of the Dilettante and Traveller's Club, making excavations in Herculaneum and Pompeii in search of the antique and beautiful, Professor of the "Unique leg," hitherto without a *fellow,* and proprietor *in toto* of the matchless *foot,* a great stickler for correct proportions,—*Mr. Yates.*

Signor Thomaso Jacksonnini, — an Anglo-Italian, formerly of Alley, now Ballerino Principale at the Teatro San Carlos at Naples, taking steps to mend his fortunes, and favoured by Catterina,—*Mr. Yates.*

Signora Catterina,—ward of Madame Pompeydoor, "La Bella Ostessa," the beautiful hostess of the Swan with Two Necks, attracting travellers to her bar by an indescribable fascination and undeveloped attraction; courted by Lord Phidias, Sir Stur-

geon, Captain Cloudesly, and Beau Flamington, but attached to Jacksonnini by the ties of Rossini and a fine calf,—*Mr. Yates.*

Sir Sturgeon Garrett, — Ex-Mayor of Wandsworth, an amateur legislator in search of a new system of punishment for the improvement of the lower orders,—*Mr. Yates.*

Fra Diavolo,—genuine as exported from Terracina, in search of the exposed and seizable,—*Mr. Yates.*

Terence Gossoon, — an Irish cicerone, attached to the crata, and other propensities,—*Mr. Yates.*

Beau Flamington, — a retired dandy, *ci-devant* leader of the haut ton, seeking the Baths of Portici to amend a pecuniary decline,—*Mr. Yates.*

Captain Cloudesly Ogle, — advocate for the non-intervention system, practising diplomacy on a small scale,—*Mr. Yates.*

The monopolylogue will conclude with the *Engine*-nious *dénouement* of the characters making the house too hot to hold them.

To conclude with a novel entertainment, a Diapolylogue, to be called

*Nos. 26 and 27, or Next Door Neighbours.**

Mathews and Yates will sustain the following dramatis personæ:—

Tim Wasp,—a pertinacious cobbler.

Mr. O'Rapparee,—an Irish member of society (involved).

Poker,—returning officer for the King's Bench.

Phelim M'Quill,—clerk to the London Expectoration Office.

Miss Mildew,—a faded virgin white, beside herself.

Mrs. Bankington Bombasin, — an imaginary proprietress in mourning affairs, and head deranged.

Mr. Capsicum,—a Trinidad merchant.

Cleopatra,—his Negro nurse.

Miss Capsicum,—in love with O'Rapparee.

Old File,—last of London watchmen.

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* The whole of the above piece was omitted after the first night, except the character of "*Tim Wasp,*" one of Mr. Mathews's finest representations, and which was detached from the drama.—A. M.

Mr. Cæsar le Blond,—a black Adonis.

Properties,—a little dark-coloured pledge of affection, &c. &c.

Of Mr. Mathews's portion of this entertainment I subjoin the following account by an eye-witness:—

Mathews is one of those inimitable fellows who find none other *inimitable;* and who, in the perfection of the mimic art, appear only once in an age, happily to contribute to the harmless mirth of mankind; and, as we are assured by medical professors on the virtue of laughter, to improve health by the dispersion of bile and spleen. Descended in a right line from Foote, he may take the motto which his ancestor placed on the panel of his carriage, when he set up a third, after having been obliged to put down two, "*Iterum, iterum, iterumque;*" for such is the endless course of his entertainments. Year after year he returns at spring with the swallow (this time with a companion, for security, although he alone has often made a summer), and is as cheering, fresh, and exhilarating, as ever. Nor time nor change seems to affect his powers, and we may say of him, as Shakspeare does of another fascinating character.

"Age cannot wither,
Nor custom stale his infinite variety."

We have annuals in abundance, but, none can compete in amusement with Mr. Mathews's "*Comic Annual,*" the second volume of which is just published. The literary part, as it respects entertainment, is infinitely preferable to its rivals (indeed we never met any one yet that ever read an annual through, the binding being too gay, or the letter-press too dull to be handled long); and, as to the plates, even the *plates,*—if Mr. M. started for them, taking into consideration the living pictures he crowds into his *annual,* — the colouring, expression, and masterly

execution, he would beat the whole field hollow. The present "At Home" does Mr. Peake—whose rich humour overflows and fertilizes so many quarters—great credit. Whatever the medium—entirely fresh, or re-cooked with a new garnish — makes very little difference in the pleasure of this peculiar feast, for it mainly depends on the versatile powers of Mr. Mathews, who is "everything by turns, and nothing long," which gives all he does one of the most delightful qualities of wit, and is the most delightful quality of everybody and everything else—that of never being tiresome. The conclusion, by Mr. Peake, is a sort of farce, called "Nos. 26 and 27; or, Next Door Neighbours" (as they generally are); the *dramatis personæ* of which consist of thirteen characters, all represented by Mathews and Yates; and the ball is kept up in a manner perfectly astonishing. When Mr. Mathews takes part in such a game, it needs no words from us to convince the town of the excellence of the sport. *Miss Mildew* in *white*, by Mathews, is the well-known woman walking about London, like Lot's wife after she was turned into pure salt: and *Miss Bankington* in *mourning* is equally the notorious lady all over black, except her face, which is in colours, who may be seen constantly at the Bank, in fruitless search of *Mr. Abraham Newland.** They are perfect *fac similes*. But, Mr. M.'s *Tim Wasp*, a *cobbler*, is the richest *morceau* of the group,—which, by the by, is never grouped, though it seems as if it was. "I 'm a sort of parliamentary rabbit,"

* This character was taken from a poor lady, who, under a mental delusion, daily visited the Bank in expectation of a sum of money left her by the person whom she mourned, which she believed unjustly withheld from her. This introduction was, I think, naturally objected to by the audience, as touching upon a calamity, and was not, in consequence, repeated, though admirably personated by Mr. Yates.—A. M.

says he, "and," (pointing to his stall) "there 's my burrow!" a very lively picture of our cobbling representation. On the whole we may affirm, with *Miss Euphemia Blight*, (a sketch full of living truth*) that this annual is "*by comparison, and on an average,*" inferior to none yet published. We hold it to be one of Mr. Mathews's best volumes; and, perhaps, as much for matter as for manner. What is weak in it, he strengthens and enriches; what is old, he makes new; what is common-place, he exalts; and, what is coarse or vulgar, he refines and rarefies into absolute elegance, without losing sight for one moment of the truth of outline, and the identity of colouring. What we mean is, that Mr. Mathews, — more, perhaps, than any actor on the stage, — has the taste to soften down what is offensive in real life, while he brings it before us apparently without change or disguise. He has the faculty of being himself while he assumes the likeness of another. You see the man of education, while you recognise the portrait of finished vulgarity which he presents.

Again Mr. Mathews will be found in the provinces at the close of another prosperous season "At Home."

TO MRS. MATHEWS.

Manchester, July, 1831.

Here I am, safe and sound; and, if I do not at last try a balloon, I think I never shall exceed the speed of my journey. I arrived at Cheltenham at eight on Thursday night. Mr. Neyler, of the Plough, immediately recommended me his coach to Liverpool, as the best and fastest in England, with the penalty of getting up in the night to

* And from a living original. This character was part of Charles's contribution to his father's entertainment.—A. M.

be ready for it. However, I managed it; and not only was called, but LIFTED up at five.* At a quarter before six we started, and at eight I was in Liverpool that same Friday night — one hundred and thirty miles in fourteen hours. It was marvellous travelling certainly.

Slept soundly; at ten was invited to machinery, to put Thursday's travelling out of my head for ever. † I refer you for a description to the public prints; I don't attempt it. That and Paganini must be "seen to be believed." Suffice it that we were whisked through the air without a shake, or any noise, and hardly any perceptible motion, thirty-four miles in one hour and twenty minutes. It is perfectly delicious, and worth travelling from London to witness; and you have not consciousness of greater velocity than the fastest coach-travelling, until you pass a carriage on the opposite railroad.

Did you observe a smartish officer in the Cheltenham coach? ("I'll be *bound* you did.") Well, when he found that I was disposed to read, he evidently determined I should not. He was one of your sociable people. I shall briefly tell you, and leave you to imagine the rest. He told me he had been absent from England six years, was in arrears of news eight months, and fairly gave me notice

* I perfectly remember Mr. Mathews telling me that, fearing on this occasion to oversleep himself, he had given particular instructions to *boots* when he went to bed, to rouse him effectually the next morning, adding, "and, if you see me inclined still to sleep, don't leave the room; *lift me out of bed* rather than fail to wake me." The man was punctual to time; and, finding his patron not willing to get up, he obeyed his instructions to the letter, and literally seized the sleeper, and lifted him at once out of bed, and placing him, spite of his anger and struggles, upon the floor, where he persisted in keeping him, until assured past doubt that he would "sleep no more."—A. M.

† This was his first journey by a railroad.—A. M.

that he expected me to supply the deficiency, and his gratification was to be in the way of catechism. He asked me five hundred questions at least. "Why did the Tories go out? Will the Whigs remain in? Is the King popular? Is the Queen likely to have an heir? Why did the mob break windows? Who is Lord Mayor?" The last question was too much; and, while he inquired of the coachman "who lived at the large white house in the park," I feigned sleep, &c.

C. M.

Brighton, 10, Hanover Crescent,
14th July, 1831.

DEAR MATHEWS,

Your missive was received yesterday, and by the afternoon "Times" I forwarded to Ivy Cottage a box of Neufchatel cheeses, which I hope will prove ingratiating.

You rather surprise me by saying that our solemn friend R's joke is an old one; for I should have thought that *any* joke from him must be a novelty. I am sorry to hear that he talks of publishing; and, still more so that he means to attempt the facetious. Did you find him jumping over chairs, like the German, as a first lesson in vivacity? Depend on it, that for one man who shows his wit by publishing, twenty show theirs by not publishing; and I beg you to consider my unwritten works as far better than those I have committed to the press, — a concession that will not cost you much. I quite agree with you that the real or affected horror of an old joke is a fanatical prejudice; and I don't see why we should treat them worse than *Piron*, the French wag, did, who, on encountering them, invariably took off his hat, exclaiming, "Always happy to see an old friend." Surely second-hand sense is better than original nonsense; and we have

all of us remarked that in your "At Homes" the oldest jests are the most successful with the audience. Nor is this at all wonderful — for jests, like tunes, would not live to be old, if they were not good; and, as boys become youths, and youths men, and men tumble into their second childhood, every ten years brings forward a class to whom the most antiquated witticisms are new; and it is mere selfishness to deny them *their* laugh, because we have had ours half a century ago. Wit, in fact, is immortal. Half of Joe Miller may be traced to the facetiæ of Hierocles, or to the professional jesters of the East — the originals of our Court fools. I am glad to learn that "shares in the Joint Stock Cholera Morbus Company are at a discount;" and that the panic in London has entirely ceased. I agree with you that it was a disgraceful humbug; but its *most* disgraceful feature was the *unfeeling nonchalance* with which certain magnificoes comforted themselves by maintaining that it only attacked the poor! I have just been scribbling a poetical attack upon those who presumptuously cry,

> What, though the hand of death be thus outstretched,
> It will not reach the lordly and the high,
> But only strike the lowly and the wretched.
> Tush! what have we to quail at? Let us fold
> Our arms! and trust to luxury and gold.
>
> They do belie thee, honest pestilence!
> Thou 'rt brave, magnanimous, not mean and dastard;
> Thou 'lt not assert thy dread omnipotence
> In mastering those already over-master'd;
> By want and woe trampling the trampled crowd,
> To spare the unsparing, and preserve the proud.

And, at the same time, as you will perceive, I have attempted to vindicate the cholera from an imputation of cowardly unfairness. You will see the remaining stanzas

if you think them worth seeking, in the forthcoming New Monthly, or its immediate successor. Talking of poetry, you and Henderson are both wrong as to the etymology of the word *verse*, though I am well aware that when a *pun* is concerned nobody is to be "*au pied de la lettre*." The Latin word *versus*, as you well know, signifies a turning; but you may not probably be aware that the term originated in the old form of writing, called Boustræphedon, or ox-turning, because it went alternately forwards and backwards, like an ox in a plough. The Hebrew mode, from right to left is, I believe, the most ancient of all.

The "Old Turtle," whom you left lying flat on his back at the Old Ship, is waddling about again, pig-tail and all, and will be delighted (as what Brightonian will not?) to welcome you back to your old quarters. There can be no doubt that the drama suffers from the bustle of these elections, and from the universal excitement occasioned by the reform question—for the *real* stage is now more interesting than that of Thespis; and people go to the hustings, or to political meetings, instead of the pit and boxes. The licensing act, which banished all political and personal allusions from the theatre (for this was its *bona fide* object, not the pretended purification of the morals,) has deprived it in some degree of its masculine vigour, and imparted to it rather too much of a milk-and-waterish character. Perhaps this is the least of the two evils. Only imagine what a stimulating and powerful engine the drama might have become in the hands of a modern Aristophanes, supposing them to be as unshackled as those of his predecessor. That the theatres in such a case would have been crammed there can be no doubt; but, I fear they would only have become arenas for party contests, and that lampoons and political virulence would supercede the legitimate drama.

I retort your Germanified compound, and subscribe myself "all-in-one-breathutterably" yours,

HORATIO SMITH.

It is necessary, in order to understand some of the subsequent letters, to explain that, when Charles quitted Venice a helpless cripple, he was accompanied by an Italian servant, one who had never been in service before, and who had, during the four years he attended upon him, conceived such a devoted attachment to his master, that, when Charles determined to return to England, Carlo Nanini declared his readiness to attend him, merely to see him safely there, and then rejoin his wife and children in Italy.

This interesting being after his arrival soon became extremely attached to Mr. Mathews and myself, and was so delighted with England, that but for the conscript law, which forbade his boys their freedom, he would have summoned them and their mother to this country and settled in it for the rest of his life. This could not be, and so he agreed only to remain while his services were valuable to his "dear Signor Carlo;" then pay a visit to his family for a few months, and afterwards return to us for three years more. To those who saw Nanini, I need not describe his excellent qualities,—his talents, his graceful manner to all, and especial devotion to our family. He was beloved by everybody in proportion as they knew him, and he was made known to

everybody; my husband was extremely attached to him. Although his origin was of the humblest, he was in effect a gentleman. He had the most perfect tact, with a most extraordinary capacity, possessing in himself much talent and humour, with a most remarkable perception of it in others. He scarcely knew a sentence of English, yet understood everybody's meaning. He was beloved by the servants; and such was his mildness, that he never excited envy or anger from those who were not equally taken notice of. They seemed, indeed, tacitly to admit his superiority. He had been with us nearly a year. Charles, whom he had carried about the house for nearly six months after his return to England, had in November become sufficiently restored to proceed to Brighton, and Nanini was of course to accompany him there; but it was observable on the day before the journey that something ailed him, and after a struggle he consented to remain at the cottage until he was better, when he might follow his master. From that moment he visibly declined, and took to his bed at the end of a week. I grew alarmed, although the apothecary declared his complaint to be of no consequence and that it proceeded from cold. I felt dissatisfied, however, and called in Dr. Paris, who immediately declared him to be in a dangerous state. Notwithstanding this, his first prescription relieved the sufferer.

Another week had nearly passed, when one morning at daybreak I was summoned to Nanini's bedside. He had said that his eye-sight was leaving him, and begged to look at "*Madame*" for the last time. He then took a most affecting leave of me, thanked me for all my kindness, left affectionate messages to his "dear Signor Carlo" and Mr. Mathews, and closing his eyelids dropped his head upon my arm, and appearing to sleep, resigned his spirit without a pang!

On the first positive intimation of his immediate danger, I had sent an express to Brighton for Charles. Alas! a second was soon after despatched to tell him that his journey would be unavailing, and that his servant and friend had left him for ever.

I had, agreeably to the expressed wish of Nanini, to have his mysterious disorder ascertained, caused a *post mortem* examination to take place, and Mr. Mayo discovered the cause of his sufferings and death to have been an *insidious inflammation*, — which no human skill could have reached, even had the nature of his illness been known during life. It was supposed that the cause of his death had existed for more than six months, although it was not materially felt, or not acknowledged, by the sufferer until the crisis, which came on only a fortnight before he died.

On the first intimation of Nanini's precarious state a neighbouring friend wrote to prepare my husband for the fatal result, to which I added a page with some particulars. To this letter the following is a reply.

TO MRS. MATHEWS.

Lincoln, Nov. 18th, 1831.

I should have written yesterday had not your promise of writing again on Thursday induced me to wait. I am so thoroughly stricken to the heart by the melancholy intelligence in your last, that I cannot rally. Neither reading nor any other pursuit can divert my mind from the all engrossing subject. I shall never think of it without a pang during my life; but in a miserable inn, the hulk-like mirth* and shouting of some hundreds here for a county reform meeting; and having to perform to-night, I must not trust myself to dwell upon the subject. I have never been more truly afflicted, and my audience (only a few, I am sorry to say,) suffered by my having opened the letter before the performance. Had it been in your hand-writing, I had determined to keep it unopened till next morning; but a strange hand and no post-mark induced me to open it, and sadly I was repaid for my curiosity, though I had anticipated the worst.

Believe me, my heart bleeds for you.

C. M.

* It was his usual method of describing a state of forced and boisterous excitement to compare it with the desperate mirth of convicts, to drown their care.—A. M.

TO MRS. MATHEWS.

Boston, November 21st, 1831.

On my arrival here last night, I found both your letters, much to my relief, for when the third day passed I conjectured some additional blow to my peace. I shall not trust myself to write upon our irreparable loss. It has cost me pangs enough, and I feel it my duty to think of any or every subject rather than that. I sobbed over your letters last night until I was ill. My feeling for Charles, and the picture in my mind's eye of the funeral, and the poor boy's grief, upset me. But, as you say, he is happier than we are, that 's certain. God's will be done!

I am at Boston, in *England*, I believe; but the resemblance to the American of selfsame name is perfect in one thing. It was there I encountered the severe frost. I had to walk half a mile after dark, supported by my manager, first, over frozen barges and boats, and then we slid to the inn. The canal and river were so frozen here that we were *soothed* by the assurance when we started, that we should be impeded by the ice; luckily the boat from hence went at eight, and we at eleven o'clock, therefore they "broke the ice" for us.

I am delighted poor dear Charles has gone back to Brighton. If I had been cheered by your saying, "I am going with him," it would have sent me to bed in a tranquil state. How he could consent to go without you will yet be explained. You ought not to have remained. It was a duty to yourself to have quitted home for a time.

I don't think I shall get home until about the 3rd or 4th of December. Get thee to Brighton, and let me find

you there. I love and adore you for your kindness and devotion, and more for your suffering for Nanini.

C. M.

The next letter from Dr. Belcombe, as well as some of those which follow, will prove the deep interest my husband was known to feel at the loss described.

TO CHARLES MATHEWS, ESQ.

Minster Yard, York, Nov. 22, 1831.

My dear Mathews.

You may indeed trust to the sympathy of your friends here. I read your letter to my wife and daughter, and there was not a dry eye among them. We little expected that you, who had gladdened us so much, should so soon announce so mournful a tale. Believe me, we all feel most sincerely for the loss you have sustained, and can enter into your feelings, which do honour to humanity. You interested me much in "glorious Nanini," from your description of him; and yet I was sometimes *base* enough to think there must be some deception in him,—something wrong after all, which would eventually be discovered. Such are the suspicions of human nature; and one ought to be ashamed of oneself for admitting them. You have a great consolation in knowing that you made him happy while in this country, *and as to his death being caused by it!!*—

I have a patient whose case is similar. She is now dying, without any more decided symptoms of disease than Paris discovered in Nanini—gradually sinking; and yet there is no change of climate here, and the difference of living between poverty and wealth she had long been

accustomed to. There is some link wrong in the great chain of life, something unapproachable by us *great physicians*, though we are unwilling to acknowledge that can be, and therefore lay the blame upon anything tangible we can get hold of.

H. S. BELCOMBE.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY
LIBRARY
OF THE
BOMBAY
BRANCH
OF THE

MR MATHEWS.

Engd by H. Bourne from an Original Picture by Maguerier

London Published by Richard Bentley 1838.

CHAPTER V.

Mr. Mathews and family at Brighton.—His performances at the Pavilion.—Letter to Mr. Peake: illiberal exclusion from the Beef-steak Club. — Letter to Mr. Harding: Mr. Mathews's habit of drawing characters from life.—Letter to Mr. Gyles, containing a summary of Mr. Mathews's feelings and circumstances at the commencement of 1832. — Letter to Dr. Belcombe. — Letter from Mr. Horace Smith to Mr. Mathews: Pauperism in the provinces. — Mr. Mathews's Comic Annual for 1832.—Critical notices of this entertainment.

In December, Mr. Mathews joined Charles and myself at Brighton, — his refuge and solace under mental as well as bodily suffering. He was heart-sick, as indeed we all were, at the loss of poor Nanini, and we felt the comfort of a release from home and social claims. Here we could do as we liked,—be alone or otherwise, which I take to be one of the greatest benefits derived from such a place, where the mind is wounded or the body delicate.

My husband felt the beneficial effects on both in a few weeks, of which the succeeding letter, written after experiencing the exhilarating effects of the sea-breeze upon his constitution, will give evidence. I will introduce it with the following notice which appeared at the time.

"Mathews entertained the company at the Pavilion last night with selections from his various entertainments, which his Majesty, and the Princess Augusta in particular, relished highly. This great master of the comic art was afterwards honoured with the society of Lord Errol and Lord Burghersh at his supper-table in the palace."

TO MR. PEAKE.

Brighton, Dec. 26th, 1831.

DEAR PEAKE,

Merry Christmas and a happy New Year to thee and thine.

On Friday, William, No. 4, invited me to the Pavilion. I worked at the two annuals for three hours without a yawn—party (almost, if not quite) exclusively of nobility. Everything went off capitally, and royalty in the best of all possible humours. It was really good fun, and I felt it so. I am in high force,—sound lungs (alas! not limbs), capital spirits, and should be quite happy; but I never can be as long as Richards lives, and is stout upon the point, *as he told me*, that I am excluded by my profession from being a member of the Beef Steak Club. Will this be believed in 1845?

Yours ever,

C. MATHEWS.

Although in the preceding letter to Mr. Peake he adverts in a playful mood to his non-admittance as a member of the Beef-steak Club, he *felt* it in a more serious manner; and the plea, I think, annoyed him more than the exclusion itself; for, as he often visited it, (as often, indeed, as he felt disposed to accompany any member,) he never

could be satisfied at not being a member himself. Certainly it does seem extraordinary that such a plea as Mr. Mathews's *profession* should have been assigned as a reason for excluding his name from being enrolled in a society where his presence was universally courted and hailed with pleasure. No other profession shared this invidious objection; lawyers, authors, painters, nay, *managers*, were freely admitted as members, and why not a first-rate actor? In this liberal and enlightened age it is hardly conceivable that a *gentleman* in one profession should not be as much honoured in such a club as the member of any other; and I could never understand why we should not respect a man who acts well as much as one who paints well. Each "holds the mirror up to nature." With regard to the theatrical profession itself, I am not competent to say anything that can raise it more than the encouragement the highest of our intellectual and moral authorities have already done. Next to the pulpit, the British stage is the best school for general improvement; for, as it has been well observed, "we are there humanized without suffering; we become acquainted with the manners of nations, acquire a polish without travelling, and without the trouble of study imbibe the most pleasing, the most useful of lessons."*

The members of this club were individually

* Aaron Hill.

persons who patronized the drama, and respected, even courted my husband, there, as well as in their own houses; they therefore denied him and themselves a gratification, in order to maintain some ancient prejudice, which had become a *rule*, and these very persons who selected their *motto** from the writings of a "poor player," were persistingly adverse to admit one of the most respectable of his *craft* into their brotherhood. "Will this," as he asks, "be believed in 1845?"

TO C. F. HARDING, ESQ.

Ivy Cottage, Jan. 27th, 1832.

MY DEAR SIR,

I have great pleasure in complying with your request. The three books you will find directed for you at the stage-door. I have been twelve years at work with my entertainments, and during the time I have *never once* been furnished with an anecdote or character from books. I could explain my system to you, and assure you I have a much larger share in their construction than the public are aware. No *invention* as to character has ever succeeded. Tate Wilkinson, Macklin, the Scotchwoman, *cum multis aliis*, have never been committed to paper. I draw from life, and embody extemporaneously in many instances. Not *one* line of the adventures of a dramatist could I turn to account. I have not yet failed; and, though you may think me vain for the declaration, I have

* Over the fire-place where the steaks are cooked, in the *room* where the members dine, the appropriate words from Shakspeare, "If 'twere done, 'twere well 'twere done quickly," give good council to their *cook*.

never been mistaken in my opinion as to what will succeed; I am equally sure of that which would fail. I thank you equally for the loan of the books. Take my advice, if you present your burlesque to Mr. Yates, do not mention my name. Mrs. Mathews thanks you for your note.

Very sincerely yours,
C. MATHEWS.

The following letter will be found to contain an affecting summary of the writer's feelings and circumstances at this period :—

TO H. B. GYLES, ESQ.

Kentish Town, Feb. 1st, 1832.

MY DEAR GYLES,

You begin in your last by talking of my "resolute silence." If I had an opportunity of explaining in person instead of writing, which I abhor, I *do* flatter myself I could justify myself in your opinion, and you would only wonder that I am disposed to write at all, when I am not compelled. I was absent from home until the last fortnight, from the beginning of October. I have been making a Yorkshire tour. On those occasions I am compelled to forbid all letters being sent after me: my wife opens, and answers all that are really material. On my return, I found my home deserted; affliction had sat heavily on my wife, and she and Charles had fled to Brighton. I had notice of it only in time to prevent my going home. This was in December. I passed through London without coming here. My poor wife had suffered two severe blows during my absence: my brother-in-law destroyed himself and a considerable part of my property at the same time; and the attached friend, rather than servant, of my son,

sickened, lingered, and died in our cottage! My son was too ill to bear the afflicting intelligence. She knew my attachment to the glorious kind-hearted Italian, and that I should be unfit for exertion if I were aware of his danger. She therefore contented herself by doing all that could be done to soothe him. She shared the nursing, night and day with the female servants, clinging to the adage, that while there is life there is hope, until the fiat of the physician dissipated all hopes. Charles was sent for, but too late. He only had the melancholy satisfaction of following to the grave one of the most interesting of all human creatures that ever lived,—one to whom he owed his own life,—and who volunteered, when Charles was more helpless than an infant, to leave his native country, wife, and children, to "*render him*" (to use his own words) "into the arms of his beloved mother." I state without hesitation that our boy *must* have died had he remained in Italy; and *he* states as distinctly, that had not the lamented Nanini accompanied him, he never could have dared to venture home in a paralytic state, not to be understood as to extent, or believed without witnessing it. You cannot wonder, then, after three years' knowledge of one of the most faithful of mortals, and feeling, independently of his fun, his various talents for a companion, who had watched Charles nightly and daily for one year of the time when he could not lift his hand even to feed himself—what must be the agonizing recollection that he probably lost his life in preserving ours, — for *we* only lived in the hopes of the recovery of our dear Charles, who arrived apparently a corpse at our gate, voice alone giving indications of animation. But he is gone, and we have not yet recovered the blow. Nothing in my recollection ever affected me more. Charles forced his mother from the house, where everything, ani-

mate or inanimate, reminded her of the melancholy scene she had witnessed, and wisely took her to Brighton, forbidding the servants to forward any letters to her, or to acknowledge any had arrived, as he determined she should not be worried by any cares. Letters of friendship, business, applications for "orders for two for this evening," bills, invitations to dinner, new farces, translations of melodramas, petitions from beggars, and circulars from tradesmen, therefore, shared one common fate. You had, therefore, only neighbour's fare; and your first went into your second, and your second went into a *hole*, and there remained until I returned. You may suppose what a scene was then presented. I have been writing ever since; my eyes ache, my arm aches, and I have had plenty to make my heart ache. Are you answered? Am I excused? My wife begged me to excuse her, as she says she must have appeared "very unkind as well as rude." So much for defence. You little thought how hard you would hit me in one part of your letter; you brought bitter tears into my eyes, and made me exclaim, "I prithee do not mock me!" "*Retire!*" indeed, — "evening of life," — "repose." These friendly wishes as to the means came at an unlucky period. You may guess at my expenditure in living; you may guess that sometimes theatres may be unprosperous; you might—(but who *thinks* on such subjects, when determined to make a neighbour rich or poor?) — you might try and sum up what Charles's stay in Italy,* and illness, apparently most fatal, in a foreign country, with foreign leeches to fee, cost me; the cost of a carriage with bed inside; posting twelve hundred miles, &c. When you have made a calculation, *I* will inform you in addition, that a distillery company cost me 800*l.*

* Four years.—A. M.

last year; that ******'s bankruptcy cost me 500*l.* the year before; that on the same day of the autumn of last year I had ascertained on the spot the entire loss of the large sum I had embarked in Welsh iron and coal, &c.; then my brother-in-law's suicide. (I have had my trials, my dear Gyles, I assure you.) The interest I received from him was no trifling portion of that income, which for seven years to come I cannot gain from the Adelphi. All these staggering blows so nearly floored me, that I began to look about me for all that was available in property. Though a trifle, I looked over Mr. Brough's affair. If you are in a condition to do it, I wish you would purchase it back. It would assist me now, I assure you. In a letter of yours, dated February 1826, you say, "however, you shall have no trouble about it, and I hold myself accountable to you for the uttermost farthing." As to the old lady's dying before me, I have no faith.* It is now six years since that was written: I am not ashamed to say that it would serve me now.

Have you heard that Charles, on crutch-sticks, lingered on Ross Bridge in hopes of seeing you emerge from your cottage, and was contemplating a surprise, when he was informed you were at Cheltenham? this was last June. You never mention poor Neptune. I hope he is safe. Charles, I am happy to say, now for the first time exhibits signs of returning strength; Brighton has enabled him to throw away his stick.

Remember us all kindly to your wife and yourself, and all yours; and be assured, notwithstanding our apparent neglect, that I am,

Most sincerely yours, MATHEWS.

* The aged person on whose life the bond in question was granted—she outlived him.—A. M.

TO DR. BELCOMBE.

Kentish Town, Feb. 20th, 1832.

My dear Belcombe,

On my arrival here from Brighton, to which place Mrs. Mathews wisely fled upon the death of poor Nanini, whom she literally nursed to the last, I found a bundle of letters that would have alarmed the prime minister's secretary. Briefly, without explaining why, for her health and peace, her nerves having been shook to the centre,—orders were given that no letters should be forwarded to Brighton. I cared not one jot about the Adelphi, for reasons hereafter to be explained, and was sure no person from whom I wished to hear would be ignorant where I was; but it seems one was doomed to fidget me above all the rest. My wife returned home before me; for William the Fourth, as you might have read, made me Punch at the Pavilion. Well, when I came, the work had commenced, and my madam, to save me some labour, had opened various epistles. One, I believe, only was mislaid; and as I profess that my servants cannot, dare not, destroy a scrap of paper, I have only pronounced the word *lost* till now. The joke, however, is, that after describing the contents of the letter, which were, that "a gentleman who had met me at Dr. Belcombe's (an officer evidently, as he gave his address *some* barracks) had written to me about a melo-drama for the Adelphi;" I asked if it was Addison? and she said yes. I believe that was the name of a good-humoured, rather *embonpoint*, and very pleasant fellow, who cut a good joke — I mean a (*blackguard*) joke about Lundy Foote. Now, do understand this by *instinct*, for I am writing in a gallop, and get me out of a scrape. I always answer a letter, let it

come from whom it may, and cannot bear to rest under the suspicion that I should be guilty of such rudeness; but, as it is clear I never have received the letter, I could not answer it. Will you take the trouble to explain for me, if he is still in York, and entreat his pardon for my seeming rudeness, and request a repetition of his application to me.

I have despatched a barrel of oysters to you, which I hope you will get safely; and I owe you a guinea, which haunts me in my sleep. I have got one nice print for you from a painting of mine, the best Liston that has ever been taken; but it is not worth so much. If you have any York friend coming to town that would take charge of a flat piece of paper,—I never roll prints,—I will send thee that. By the by, tell the Yorkshireman that charged two guineas for Tate Wilkinson, if he can find some more flats, Mr. Parker, of Hull, will sell him a cargo at 2*s.* 6*d.* each. That is my fever; I am an Elwes when I think of it. What is his name? I must send him a cat before the hares are forbidden to be sold. The Joint Stock Cholera Morbus Company are chop-fallen — shares are at a discount. Oh! what a humbug! I am ashamed of my countrymen. I should like to go somewhere for six months where no English paper was to be found. Don't you observe that the —— has turned round. The company bought them first, and now the merchants have made the editor take "toother soide." Ha! ha! Oh, how I laugh! Would you believe an individual who informed you that Sir Robert Peel had cut his throat?—and that I had a large party in *Highgate Vale* on Tuesday last, when I only dined with my wife, and have had no party since June?—and twenty other lies in a month.

Mrs. Mathews is well, Charles is well, I am better than ever. We are all well but the coachman, who is not *so*

well. He "thinks he has the cholera;" Charles says it is the *horse*-collar-a. All us to all you. If I dare, I would give my love to Mrs. Belcombe. God bless you.

Ever sincerely yours,

C. MATHEWS.

P.S.—If the oysters are not sweet, and the carriage unpaid, tell me that I may blow up the *fishmonger*, and make him *flounder* in his *place*. A trick has lately been played me of this kind.

TO CHARLES MATHEWS, ESQ.

DEAR MATHEWS, Brighton.

Our friend delivered your little parcel, for which my good wife desires her best thanks. Harris is quite delighted with the day he passed at Ivy cottage, and can talk of nothing but you and your family, whereat I am by no means astonished.

Pray tell Mrs. Mathews that the stanzas she admired are quite at her service, and I accordingly copy them on the other side. They have not been published, — indeed they scarcely deserve it; but if she like to place them in her small album, they will, or, at all events they ought, to feel honoured by the quarters assigned to them. Next time you come to Brighton, we will drive over, if you wish to see pretty scenery, to Henfield, where I will show you the most picturesque-looking natural bower you ever beheld. It will, of course, be immortalized, when I tell you that it suggested the trifle which your better half was pleased to eulogize.

Surely you are quite wrong in stating that the pauper-

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ism and misery by which you were so much shocked in your late tour, are the natural consequences of the great wealth of England. Not at all. The more wealth in a country, the greater competition of consumers, and consequently the higher wages for producers of all sorts; a tendency which can only be counteracted by a poor population, so redundant as to balance the superfluity of wealth, and occasion a competition price of labour. The improvident marriages of the poor are the real causes of all their evils. On your next visit you must take a few lessons from my good friend Ricardo, who has inherited the mantle of his brother, the celebrated political economist.

Our theatre is in an awful state of depletion, and so it is likely to remain until we get some new stars and lions. Nothing draws in its present state. The company is really not a bad one. Perhaps it would be better if it were; for at present it just reaches that respectable mediocrity for which a Brighton audience has no relish.

Believe me, dear Mathews,

Yours faithfully,

HORATIO SMITH.

Best regards to Mrs. Mathews and "Sweet Jenny Jones."

Written in a Natural Bower at Henfield.

How sweet beneath a sky serene
To steal to this sequester'd bower,
To feel the calm and holy scene
Its influence on my bosom shower,
And sitting on the fragrant sod
To dream myself alone with God.

When tinkling rills, and lowing herds,
And passing winds with voice sonorous,
And tuneful leaves and warbling birds
Pour a devout rejoicing chorus,
And flowers that Nature's altar wreath,
A perfumed prayer in silence breathe.

While gladden'd thus by earth and sky,
Shall man adore *with trembling sorrow?*
No:—with congenial soul will I
Her cheerfulness from Nature borrow,
And offer to the Throne above
A happy heart and grateful love!

The following announcement will give the particulars of this year's entertainment at the Adelphi:—

2nd May.

MR. MATHEWS

has published the Third Volume of his

COMIC ANNUAL FOR 1832.*

Embellished with numerous cuts, eccentric portraits, and various head and tail pieces.

PART FIRST.

Preface. — First Sketch.—*Bachelor Winks.*—Cold Bath and overflowing House.—Suspicious Character.—*Mr. Anthony Silly-lynx* and his Hibernian housekeeper.—Infanticide.—Gross mistake.—Turn over a new leaf.—Song, *Morning Lounges.*—Portrait from life.—*Bob Tenterhook.*—Yorkshire genius.—Intellectual Ironmonger.—Black-letter Brazier and talented Tinman.—Advantages of cultivating the mind.—*Mr.* and *Mrs. Masculine.*

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* The joint production of R. B. Peake, Esq. and Charles J. Mathews.—A. M.

—Effects of eating a hot supper, and of reading the Sporting Journal. — *Sir Griffith Jenkins.* — Welsh Fox-hunter. — Song, *Fox Chase.*—Bachelor Winks in jeopardy.—Melancholy Barber. —A Shaving clause. — American acquaintance, *Mr. Joshua Brandywine Crackit.*—Embark for France.—Dieppe packet.—Scenic embellishment.—*Two in a berth* (not twins).

PART SECOND.

Portrait, a Dutch original.—*Mrs. Oberflachlich.*—Art *versus* Nature. — Perfection in petticoats. — School for Daughters.—Song, *Modern Education.*—Itinerant traders.—Love in a Fish-basket, and a Heart in a Hare-skin.—Street Cries.—Interesting dialogue between Mrs. Hogsback and Mary Briggles.—Coming to a stand.—Song, *Hackney Coach.*—Original sketch from the ocean.—*Tom Piper,* a cruising chronicle.—Mr. Dozy and his watch-dog Busy.—Visit in Lothbury.—Lots of bargains.—Song, *Auction Mart.*

PART THIRD.*

A monopolylogue, to be entitled the

EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE.

The introductory drop of the ocean painted by Mr. Tomkins; the section of the interior of the Lighthouse painted by Messrs. Tomkins and Pitt; the dresses by Mr. Godbee.

Dramatis Personæ.

Donald M'Quaigh,— } Two Lighthouse Keepers, whose
Adam Child (aged 90,)† } turn it is to be relieved.

Sally Grogrum,—an esteemed bum-boat woman.

Bat Owlet, } the two light-keepers who come from
Tom Merryweather, } Plymouth on duty.

Cockswain of the shore-boat,—with a speaking-trumpet.

The whole of the characters to be represented by Mr. Mathews, &c. &c.

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* By R. B. Peake, Esq.

† One of the finest, most interesting, and pleasing representations of extreme old age imaginable.—A. M.

Of this entertainment I subjoin the following critical notices.

With one of Krâsicki's Polish fables we may say,—

"A mimic I knew,
To give him his due,
Was exceeded by none, and was equalled by few.
He could bark like a dog,
He could grunt like a hog.
Nay, I really believe, he could croak like a frog.
Then, as for a bird,
You may trust to my word,
'Twas the best imitation that ever was heard."

And Mathews is the man. The "*omnium satietas*" touches not him, and the histrionic or mimic art affords no such example of repetition without satiety. This *ver æternum* has a twenty-horse multiplying power; he is not, as a lady of our acquaintance expresses it, "an individle," but legion. The bill of fare is very unlike that which travellers meet with,—a mockery of appetite, keeping the promise to the eye and breaking it to the stomach.

The first and second parts consist of such eccentric game as Mr. Mathews has picked up or hunted down in the course,—his own course, and the course of the year. No one, perhaps, ever had such a nose to find, or eye to hit shots of this kind; and we are quite sure that no one was ever so successful in bagging or *pocketing*. He does not confine himself to a single covey, but picks the best birds out of many—counties, arrondissements, and United States (so called because they never agree), and the consequence is a preserve of rare sport—to use the words of his dandy sportsman, "remarkably so."

The songs, "Modern Education," and "the Hackney Coach," are very good, especially the "Fox chase" with its *patter*, which is in humour and truth perfect. As a

spice of the jests in the "Hackney Coach," it is said of the horses, that their only joy is *wo!*—and a gemman ordering Jarvey to drive to the devil, he says, "No, your honour, not unless you promise me the *back-fare.*"

Mathews is the very Hogarth of acting. His story is not without its moral. Every twist of his mouth, every twinkle of his eye, speaks volumes. Nor does he "o'erstep the modesty of Nature" in any respect, except in the allowable licence of grouping together a variety of eccentric points of character, making more frequent opportunities for displaying them than is, perhaps, commonly met with on the stage of real life. The authorship of the piece is attributed to Peake, conjointly with young Mathews, and we consider it an additional feather in a cap which was not before undecked with plumes.

The first character is that of *Bachelor Winks*, a prim, demure, and priggish gentleman, who had occupied the same set of chambers in the Temple for seven and thirty years, and who has one set form of speech for every occasion,—"Really," "Bless me!" "Never saw such a thing in all my life." Say to him, Mr. Winks, the wind's easterly to-day.—"Pon my word, so it is, really,—never saw such a thing in all my life." Ask him whether there were any news; whether his answer was in the negative or affirmative, it was sure to be accompanied by the eternal, "Never saw such a thing in all my life." What would Solomon have given for such a man? He surely would never have declared "there was nothing new under the sun," if he had but had the pleasure of Mr. Winks' acquaintance. We are under the necessity of omitting the very laughable story of the "cold-bath," and pass on to *Mr. Anthony Sillylynx*, the suspicious gentleman, a character which is drawn most admirably. He is one who fancies that the whole world is leagued in a conspiracy

against him. He never keeps a servant two months,—nor even then without applying for a search warrant to ascertain whether he had not stolen or secreted any of his property. He at last gets an Irish housekeeper, *Mrs. O'Haggerty*, whose imperturbable good-humour is proof against all his suspicions. One morning she went out to market, and he, according to his usual custom, began to pry into her table drawers, work-box,, &c. if haply he could discover anything which might justify the eternal suspicions by which he is tormented, when he lights upon a paper containing the following memorandum in her own hand-writing, "Cut off my poor boy's head, September 14th, 1808." Upon reading this he is struck dumb with horror, and is about to fetch a constable for the purpose of apprehending her, when she enters to inquire, "What his honour would like for dinner?" and a most admirably sustained colloquy takes place; she proposes "calves-head;" but the very mention of a head makes him shake with terror. He endeavours to pump her about her family. She says, she buried her first son years ago. "Oh!" says he, "you did bury him then?"—"Yes," replied she, "I laid his head under the cold stone." The bachelor starts at this confirmation of his suspicions, and begins to wonder what she has done with the body. The good lady then proceeds to talk of her second son, whom she intended for a priest, him she sent to Maynooth College; "but," said she with a sigh, "it was of no use."—"Why so?" said Mr. Sillylynx. "Why; because he had no head at all, my jewel!"—"That's the very one," says Sillylynx, "after all." He then shows her the memorandum, and asks her what she cut it off with? She replies that she snipt it off with the scissors. "Bless me!" said she, "your honour's angry with me, I fear."—"Angry with you, woman! what can you say

after you have acknowledged to the crime described in this memorandum."—"Crime is it? Crime your honour says,—Lord! if that memorandum puts you in such a flusteration, what would you have said if you had found this?" (taking up another and reading it.) "September 20th, *cut off my own head.*" Sillylynx looked aghast; his reckless tormentor, however, continued.—"But, pray, what has your honour done with the lock of hair that was in that paper?"—"Hair!" said Sillylynx opening his eyes, "it wasn't you son's *head* then that you cut off after all?"—"Lord! no, your honour; nor my own either,—it was but a lock of his *hair.*" This dialogue, which was admirably sustained, and of which we have given but a summary, drew down shouts of laughter.

We are next introduced to *Mr. Robert Tenterhook*, the son of Mr. Hosias Tenterhook, a respectable ironmonger at Halifax, who gave his son so superior an education as quite to unfit him for companions with whom he could have no one feeling in common. Whilst compelled to stand behind the counter to retail tenpenny nails his spirit is soaring in the highest regions of imagination, or engaged in the contemplation of the immortal works of a Cicero, a Milton, or a Shakspeare. No wonder then that the haggling of some rude boor to the interruption of some train of never-to-be-recovered thoughts, should prove a subject of serious annoyance; or that he should tell a man who would presume to d—n Milton to go to some less intellectual shop, for he would not serve him with a single article. This character is rather too *outré*,* but the audience nevertheless made themselves exceedingly merry with the misfortunes of the "victim to the march of intellect." A song, with dialogue descrip-

* Nevertheless taken faithfully from nature.—A. M.

tion of a fox-chase, follows; the whole of which, though rather too long, is admirable.

The portrait of a *Dutch original*, as Mr. Mathews was pleased to style it, we have a shrewd suspicion is a likeness somewhat nearer home. There are two or three mammas of our own acquaintance, whom we should have almost taken our corporal oath, had sat for this picture. Since the old Scotchwoman we have seldom had anything more rich. *Mrs. Oberflachlich* was born in Holland, —at twenty married an Englishman, with whom she resided in England twenty years more, at the end of which time she found herself husbandless and childless. She returned to Holland, captivated Mr. O., and in a few years found herself surrounded by a *large small* family of daughters, whose education it was her pride to superintend. At the period of Mr. Mathews's visit she was sixty years of age, and presiding at the lunch-table. Mathews, by one of those magical transformations for which he is so celebrated, introduces us to the good lady *in propria persona*. She has a world of simplicity, yet she is worldly without knowing it,—constantly impressing upon her daughters the propriety of *studying* to appear *natural*, she makes them unusually artificial,—and whilst pretending to an absence of all vanity, by a singular phraseology she shows that she considers herself an example of every virtue under the sun. She says, that Mr. Mathews finds her and her daughters all in the *family way*, eating their lunches. She finds fault with Emily for being dressed too primly, and tells her to let her frock fall negligently off one shoulder, in order, as the good lady expresses it,

"To snatch a grace beyond the reach of *hart*."

She initiates Mr. Mathews into the mysteries of dining-out,—making her daughters eat a hearty lunch at two,

in order that at the dinner-table at seven they may appear like, "poetical beauties living on the sentiments." "It often makes me laugh," says she, "to hear the young gentlemen say to my daughters, 'Why, young ladies, you don't take enough sustenance to keep life together;'—Oh, oh! says I to myself, I only wish they could see the roast muttons vanish at two o'clock. Sometimes the gentlemans say, 'Why, you are like the camelion, you live on *hair!*'—Perhaps they do live on *hare* sometimes, thinks I, but then it is *hashed hare.* Ah, Mr. Mathews they ought to be grateful to providence for giving them such a good mother!"

In the third part the scene is the "Eddystone Lighthouse," and Mr. Mathews is the officer on duty; a situation highly calculated for contemplation, which is very little disturbed by the companionable qualities of *Adam Child,* deaf and ninety. The latter, though we don't know why we may call him so, for Mr. Mathews is the latter and the former, himself, and everybody else,—but the old sailor is admirable. To these he adds a whole boat's crew, the Bum-boat woman, and all the "mirth," with a very ably delineated incident of pathos in the fancied death of *Bat Owlet.* We shall steal only one of the pleasant turns—it is well suited to the locality, coming as it does from that sweet pattern of all that is lovely in her sex, the *Bum-boat woman,* who, though singularly careless about *albums,* &c. is feelingly alive to one of the elegancies of high life—*smuggling.* Her propensity, she says, is *na'tral,* and indulged in by all ranks. "Indeed," she adds, "England expects every man to do his *duty,*—that is, to *do* the Custom-house officers."

CHAPTER VI.

Mr. Mathews in his "private box" at the House of Commons. — Effect of his presence on several of the Members. — Singular nocturnal Adventure: an escaped Felon. — Mr. Mathews examined before a Committee of the House of Commons on the subject of Dramatic Literature. — Letter from Sir Lumley Skeffington. — A painful accident. — Paganini and Mr. Mathews at Southampton. — Mr. Mathews's Performance at Portsmouth. — Another accident. — Letter from Mr. Fawcett. — Letter to Mrs. Mathews. — Letter to Mrs. Vine from Mr. Mathews: his complicated annoyances. — Letters to Mrs. Mathews. — Mr. Mathews's fondness for the brute creation. — The Duke of Wellington and Mr. Mathews in the Zoological Gardens. — A Newfoundland Dog. — A stray Goat.

THE unvarying kindness of the Speaker* enabled my husband to enjoy one of his greatest delights, namely, the debates in the House of Commons; where he was accommodated with a seat under the gallery, passing to it privately and without difficulty through the Speaker's house. When he first availed himself of this privilege many an eye was turned upon him, with something like an inquiring expression, that seemed to say, "Which of us do you want?" But Mr. Mathews always felt that he was there upon *honour*, admitted as a private man, and it is well

* The present Lord Canterbury.—A. M.

known, that though for some years he had these opportunities (and who will say he *could not* have turned them to public use?) he was never known to introduce one imitation, with the exception of a renewal of a former one of the *great agitator*, when his peculiar voice and manner was not known in England, and without any personal or political allusions. When he first enjoyed what he called his "private box" in the House of Commons, he was visited in turn by numbers of those who were the principal actors in the interesting scene, some of whom would then sound him,—"Here's a wide field for *you*, Mr. Mathews," one would say. Another would ask smilingly, "I hope you mean to spare *me*, Mr. Mathews?" Some would, without any attempt at pleasantry, look seriously anxious; and not until a safe time had passed without any public manifestation of an intention to break in upon the public peace of certain nervous members, were *all* easy when they saw him seated with his acute eyes upon them.

On these occasions he never took his watch, lest he should be tempted to look at it; and in order that there should be no drawback to his perfect enjoyment, he would not return home to Kentish Town, but was accommodated by a bachelor friend, who lived at Millbank, with a bed, and whose valet had to sit up for his master, his hours being generally late. All this arrange-

ment, he said, gave him no regret at keeping people up yawning for his return; a circumstance which embittered all his enjoyment when it happened.

One night, or rather morning, after an unusually long debate upon some very interesting subject, Mr. Mathews, without knowing the hour, left St. Stephen's. His long sitting had cramped his limbs, and rendered his lameness very painful; he therefore proceeded slowly towards his place of rest. Everything seemed dead and still as he crept along with difficulty, holding by the iron railing as he went, for he had no stick with him. All at once he heard a low tinkling sound behind him, — he stopped, and the sound ceased also; again he proceeded at his slow pace, and again the sound was heard. Its metallic character annoyed him, and he was not only curious to ascertain whence it proceeded, but anxious to shape his own course so as to elude the tiresome effect. Still, however, the sound seemed regulated by his motions, as if it were a part of them; for every time he made the experiment of a stop it immediately stopped too, and as soon as he resumed his walk so soon was the clinking noise resumed. The morning was cloudy, and objects, except quite close, not easily discerned. However, as he could not but suppose that whatever caused this teazing and persevering accompaniment to his steps must have a will

and power to direct it independently of him, he resolved to out-stay the effect, or at least the cause of such effect, and leaned against a railing determined to give patience reins. The noise again ceased, and a long pause of unbroken silence followed. He now began to think he should be foiled in his intention of discovering the cause, or, perhaps, that this mysterious sound had altered its course, or had ceased altogether. It was very late, and beginning to be nervous lest he had already trespassed upon his friend's kindness by outstaying him, and so keeping his servant up later than his master's pleasure required, he began once more to urge his uneven steps, when again the mysterious sounds were heard. At this he was in despair, and exerted himself to proceed at something approaching a rapid pace; the clinking became quicker in proportion, and involuntarily he placed his back against the same kind of resting-place as before, and faced suddenly about, when all was once more silent. But, in a minute or two, the metallic sounds were to be heard for the *first time* while he was inactive, and in the next moment, out of the dusk of the atmosphere, a human figure came close up to him, rather a startling circumstance at such a time and in such a place. The figure then paused, and in mild and very harmonious tones, observed, "I 'm afraid, sir, you are suffering? you seem in pain."

Mr. Mathews replied, "No; I 'm rather cramped by long sitting in the House of Commons, that's all."—"But you seem *lame*, sir!"—"Yes; I am *rather*," was the answer. "Allow me, sir, to offer you my aid; I too have come from the House of Commons, and, it seems, am going your way. It will really give me pleasure to see you safely home and assist you with my arm." Mr. Mathews could not discern whether the person's dress was that of a gentleman or not; he could only perceive that he wore a long coat, resembling a great coat. It was hazardous to make companionship with an unknown, *unseen* person; however, the kindness of his proffer, the tone of his voice, and, perhaps, more than all this, Mr. Mathews's infirmity of limb, proved powerfully persuasive, and he accepted the offer of the stranger's arm, who kindly, and *affectionately* even, pressed him to lean hard and not spare him, assuring him that he had been used to attend an invalid, and knew how to feel for one; above all, *entreated* him to walk as *slowly* as he liked, for that he himself was in no haste. Just then my husband recommenced his course; and lo! on his very first step, the harassing noise was once more audible. He stopped, as if irresolute. The man mildly inquired whether his pain had returned? Mr. Mathews made an excuse and proceeded, and so did the noise. In a minute a policeman turned the corner, and looking at the wayfarers wished them a good-night.

My husband fancied that his companion started and was agitated, and this fancy made him involuntarily pause, with an imperfect intention of asking protection of the policeman.—But *from what?* While this crossed him the policeman had left the spot; his companion kindly awaited his intimation of proceeding, and on they walked, — sometimes slow, then quicker, — the humane stranger talking loud but without much method, as my husband hobbled silently by his side, speculating upon the probable termination of the adventure. Suddenly a lamp gleamed for a moment upon them as they passed under it; my husband's eyes were cast down upon the way his steps were taking, and to his infinite horror he discovered the cause of the noises that had so puzzled him — *a fetter* was fastened round the ankle of the stranger, from which hung a bit of chain, or something that had been broken from a hold, the end of which striking against the fetter had evidently occasioned the *clinking* noise described! My poor husband was in reality arm-in-arm with an escaped felon! He had presence of mind, however, after the first pressure which the discovery induced his fingers to make upon the man's arm (and which drew forth an anxious inquiry from his supporter) to conceal his knowledge, but he walked a little quicker, anxious to end the adventure, and somewhat in doubt of the manner in which it might please his new

friend that it should end. At last it was necessary to cross the road to the house, and the man asked, in some trepidation, "Are you then at home, sir?" My husband replied in the affirmative, and begged not to trouble him to cross the road with him; but the stranger's courtesy was not so to be stinted—and he carefully assisted his charge to the door. Mr. Mathews was about to thank him for his services, and to offer him payment for them. Before he could speak, however, or put his hand into his pocket for the purpose of giving a trifle to the wretched man, he darted away from the door, and was invisible, and noiseless too, in a few moments.

My husband's manner of accounting for this singular adventure was, that this person was of course anxious to proceed without attracting notice, and in following the steps of another he calculated that his own whereabout would not be so noticeable. The frequent halts made by his companion in advance, naturally made him timid of proceeding, until at last finding lameness or illness to be the cause, he reasonably conceived the advantage of joining himself to a companion who so obviously required an attendant, and thus of diverting the attention of the police from himself, as the sound which necessarily accompanied his movements would not be so distinct while *talking* and *walking* with another person as if silent and alone. It was, however, a

very uncomfortable situation for my husband, who owned that he did not feel altogether valiant under the expected attack, and the consciousness of his own helpless state of non-resistance. We looked carefully in the next day's papers, but read of no escaped criminal. I fear that, unfavourably to the ends of justice, we felt a hope that the poor fellow had *not* been retaken, and my husband was ever after vexed that he had not been allowed to provide the poor outcast with the means of a meal or two in his forlorn plight. Somehow he could not believe that this man had committed any *very heinous* crime. He was evidently young, and apparently kind, and with that "excellent thing in" *man* as well as "*woman*," a *soft-toned voice*, which, whether we will or not, makes its imperceptible way to our feelings.

My husband never went abroad without something *odd* happening to him. This adventure, however, was his last in that neighbourhood, for whether he was himself timid, or only yielded to my entreaties, he never slept at Millbank again, but always returned home after the debates.

In July this year Mr. Mathews received an imperative summons to attend a select committee of the House of Commons to give evidence on the subject of dramatic policy generally, and particularly its literature.*

* Mr. Mathews's evidence will be found in the Appendix at the end of this Volume.

The following elegant though very complimentary letter from Sir Lumley Skeffington recalls to my memory one of the most agreeable mornings I ever spent. As its style gives assurance of a most refined mind, joined to good nature, it cannot be unacceptable to those who are acquainted with the amiable qualities of the writer to see an evidence so expressive of them preserved by the hand of a friend.

TO CHARLES MATHEWS, ESQ.

My dear Sir, August 3rd, 1832.

To unite the beauties of Nature by the skill of elegance is the perfection of rural grace. Justice allows me to affirm that such combinations are carried into the happiest effect at the earthly paradise of Ivy Cottage, where the grounds present every pleasing variety, without either overwrought precision, or counterfeit neglect.

Reflecting on that delightful scene, and recalling (as I do) the politeness of yourself and of your charming lady, the world puts forth new claims for notice, and the imagination is again refreshed.

Of your gallery of theatrical portraits it is impossible to speak in few words. To render what is due to that collection would require me to write, not a letter, but an essay. Gazing at once on departed and on living genius, fancy immediately becomes excursive, while the bosom is divided between mingled feelings of regret and admiration.

My promise shall not vanish into air; the handwriting of Mrs. Abington has been obtained. The enclosed note,

which is addressed to David Garrick, by the first comic actress of a former period, will, on becoming the property of the chief comic actor of our own time, excite new interest and derive additional distinction.

A thousand good wishes attend the amiable Mrs. Mathews. To these aspirations she may be inclined to grant belief when she recollects, dear sir, that I am, in perfect truth,

Your sincere and faithful friend,

LUMLEY ST. GEORGE SKEFFINGTON.

In September my husband was invited from Holly-hill, where we were staying with some friends, to perform a few nights at Southampton and Portsmouth, when, by a fatality that seemed to attend him, he met with a very peculiar as well as painful accident. Charles and I had preceded him one evening, after a walk upon the Platform, to our lodgings, by his desire, in order that he might follow us more leisurely than he thought we liked to walk. In a few minutes Charles was beckoned from the room and disappeared. Suspecting something wrong, I inquired the way he had taken, and followed. A few yards from the house I found father and son on the ground; the first unable to move from pain, the other, from a fainting fit, caused by the surprise and shock of seeing his father, as he supposed, dead. The accident was occasioned by a large dog, which running at full speed close to my husband, knocked him down with such violence that he remained a

few minutes in a state of insensibility. He was raised from the ground by the persons who saw the accident, and when restored to recollection, was able to describe his place of residence. On being conveyed home a surgeon was sent for, and it was found that he had severely sprained his ankle, and received some other contusions of a painful nature.

Notwithstanding Mr. Mathews's state of suffering, a representation being made to him of the great loss his failure to perform on the stipulated night would cause a not flourishing management, he consented to be carried to the theatre on the evening in question, where he was propped up behind his table, and I was told (for I had not the heart to witness the effort) performed delightfully. It is worthy notice that when we arrived at Southampton we found Paganini announced to perform on the morning of the evening fixed for Mr. Mathews's performance. This probable disadvantage to the latter was felt by the great musician, who sent an agreeable friend of his* to say he would withdraw, for that he could not reconcile to himself opposing a brother artist, especially Mr. Mathews, pleasantly adding, as a reason for mutual consideration, "that they *both* performed on *one string*." This liberal proposition was overruled by my husband; and, as it happened, no injury resulted to him from the more

* Mr. Freeman.

novel attraction. Paganini (who had seen Mr. Mathews "*At Home*," in his London season,) was always most friendly to him, and we subsequently often met him in society.

The following notice of this accident appeared at the time.

Portsmouth, September 8th.—In consequence of a severe accident which befel Mr. Mathews, his performance at our theatre was postponed until Thursday. He arrived here in a condition which would seem to present obstacles to his performing with that effect which his peculiar talents and exertions have never failed to produce. At the proper hour he placed himself by means of crutches and other assistance on the stage; and, on the curtain being drawn up, he was discovered seated before his table, when he was greeted with loud applause by a crowded and fashionable audience. After briefly appealing for indulgence under the circumstances, an appeal most kindly responded to, he commenced. The audience soon after lost sight of the difficulties he contended with in the bursts of laughter which his performance called forth from them. At the close of the entertainment an earnest desire was communicated to him, that he would give another performance; but such inroads had been made on the progress of his recovery by his exertions during the evening, that he felt himself compelled to decline the invitation.

I need not add a word to show what great exertions, moral and bodily, Mr. Mathews was capable of making when duty dictated them either for himself or others. His courage and

forgetfulness of self, when *to do right* was in question, has been before fully illustrated in various instances, and must have excited the wonder and praise of the reader.

We now proceeded to a friend's house in the Isle of Wight, where, after some time, the bruised and shaken invalid felt very much relieved, and we at length left Puckaster, with an intention of proceeding home. On the way my husband was pressed to stop at Eastdene; where, soon becoming considerably better, he induced Charles and myself to leave him and go home on business that required our presence. We left the sufferer believing him to be in a fair way of recovery. Unfortunately, after we were gone, he received another injury, and from *another dog!* Sitting one day *basking*, as he termed it, in the mid-day sun, in full enjoyment of its scorching heat, an animal with whom he had been in the habit of playing formerly, ran frolicking up and jumping against his now weak playmate, knocked him off the seat with great violence upon the lawn, spraining his right hand severely, and injuring his already suffering ankle. Being unable to rise without aid, and no one perceiving what had happened for some time afterwards, he was found lying in great agony. This additional misfortune rendered him again as helpless as infancy. His host being obliged to leave home, Mr. Mathews, after a few days passed totally in solitude, made

a great effort to remove, and the following letter from Mr. Fawcett, written without knowledge of his friend's new accident, determined him to return to Holly-hill, whence his next four letters are dated.

TO C. MATHEWS, ESQ.

Holly-hill, Tuesday, 25th Sept. 1832.

MY DEAR MATHEWS,

Your kind letter I did not get for some days after I ought to have had it. I am very glad to find although your leg is bad, your spirits are good. Keep them up, and you will do. Morton and family are with us now. We talk of you and your dear wife, and no less dear Charles, and wish you were all with us, that we might enjoy some of those laughs which used to shake the house at Holly-hill. Can't you come for a day or two as you pass to London? God bless you and yours.

I am, my very kind friend,

Yours most truly,

J. FAWCETT.

TO MRS. MATHEWS.

Holly-hill, Oct. 10th, 1832.

I assure you, upon my honour, and I would not deceive you, that I am getting on as well as possible, and improving hourly. Were it not for the weakness of the other limb I could, and indeed can, walk without sticks. The bandaging has brought the ankle down to its proper size. Mr. Mackay persists that there is no disease or harm that requires the assistance of a surgeon, and that neither he nor any other can do me more good than any old woman in the kingdom; almost all of whom would recommend

some embrocation with camphor, and pumping. It is now purely a case of weakness, and all swelling having subsided, I have a right to infer that it is much stronger than when you left me.

My hand won't yet allow me pressure upon my stick, so that I am more housed than at Surman's, but the view from the window here reconciles me to confinement. I had a *ridy pidy* with the four greys yesterday. Morton* has left us, but not his family. We have a nice fellow here, Lee, an artist; very clever and very pleasing.

C. MATHEWS.

The next letter, addressed to a dear friend, and giving a description of his complicated inconveniences and annoyances, is written in the style, in which he always felt disposed, (especially to those he loved, who were at a distance from him,) to treat his own bodily ailments, in order to lessen the pain the absent might naturally suffer at a graver detail of them.

TO MRS. VINE.

DEAR MRS. VINE, Holly-hill, Oct. 12th.

If the book was faithfully delivered you must have thought me very uncourteous, to say the least, not to have sent a few lines by the bearer of it to report progress; but my excuse will, I hope, pacify you, even had you reflected upon my apparent rudeness. The fact is, that on Sunday the 30th, I had a terrific fall, just on the spot where you once saw me on the sloping lawn at Mr. Surman's; and in struggling to prevent fatal consequences

* Mr. Morton the dramatist.—A. M.

to the injured limb, I compromised by spraining my hand most violently, and did not much improve the before-sprained ankle. It was so much swelled and inflamed that I could not hold my pen; but, as I have a right to flatter myself from your kindness to me and mine, that you are not quite indifferent to my recovery, I now being willing and able, think it my duty to give you some account of my proceedings since I left your hospitable roof. The last fall rendered a land journey to me more impracticable than ever, I therefore hired a boat, that conveyed me to Portsmouth on Tuesday, October 2nd, and as wind and weather would not allow of my continuing the voyage to Brighton, and as I was within grasp of my surgeon, I determined on Southampton. I am happy to say Mackay gives me a most favourable report of my case. He says there is no disease, and that no surgeon can assist me further; that he predicted a three months' job from the first, and that I am much better than he could have expected. I can now walk a little without the aid of props; the greatest inconvenience I suffer is that my hand is not sufficiently recovered yet to bear pressure on my stick. Your imagination must assist me a little in fancying my situation at Mr. Surman's the last two days, or rather nights. He took leave of me on Sunday night. On Monday morning I felt a slight pain in one of my eyes; before night it amounted to violent inflammation, so that I dared not read. A house to myself — not able to walk, or write,—I thought once or twice of my home, where I had two *as* could, and repeated pathetically those two exquisite lines of poetic imagery of James Smith's in his "Loves of the Pigs."

"Her eyes she cast, and tears fell fast, as she her home did spy;
And so would you, if you had had a *sty* in your eye."

This was pronounced to be my complaint on my arrival here, which is not yet recovered. My excellent friend Vernon would not let me remain in a solitary state at Southampton; so here I am at my original quarters. I could not resist reporting progress, and shall take this opportunity of assuring you of my high sense of your unwearied attention to me and mine, and that I never can cease to be grateful for your kindness and hospitality. I would, if I dared trust to paper the avowal, declare how totally opposite to the feeling you thought you had inspired in me is the sentiment cherished by

Yours most sincerely,

C. MATHEWS.

TO MRS. MATHEWS.

Holly-hill, Saturday, 1832.

I am progressing satisfactorily, but slowly; my hand is nearly well enough to bear the pressure of a stick, which is very important. I have to-day had a most delightful expedition, without the slightest injury or inconvenience. Three hours in beautiful sunshine on *my* element. How did you get to the water-side? you say.—Guess, again;—give it up?—In a wheelbarrow. Fact! And when I come home remind me to tell you how the boatman wheeled me that used to wheel Lady Dundonald, "all about these um grounds." This was *her* fancy. Why, he could not tell. *She* was not lame.*

I am afraid I shall be unpopular; but I cannot help it, and you won't be angry. Mark my words, by about Wednesday or Thursday next, when you are a little re-

* This allusion is not to the present lady.—A.M.

conciled—You admire beauty, and particularly miniature beauty, and if I am a judge you will be more than reconciled—you will be fondly attached; and if you could fall in love with the little beauty of last year, you will be fascinated now. In short, you must send Fowler on Monday at six o'clock, or a little before, to the Gloucester Coffee-house, Piccadilly, to the Red Rover Southampton coach, and he will see Mrs. Morton and her two sons, one of whom will deliver the prettiest *white kitten* in Christendom. Wait till you see it, that's all.

C. MATHEWS.

This overweening love for all sorts of animals was such that I dreaded his seeing any not his own, lest I should have my already over-stocked house and ground still further encumbered. His alarm at his present addition arose from my extreme terror of a cat, although to oblige him, I once travelled in a carriage from Paris with a large Angola cat, given to him by Count d'Orsay. He certainly derived at least one half of his enjoyments from the brute creation, and they afforded him as much speculative interest as the human race, for he discovered varieties and points of *character* in these his pets as well as in his own species. He became a *fellow* of the Zoological Gardens, purely for the privilege of being able, whenever inclined, to divert himself with the beasts and birds, and would watch them for hours with the most untiring interest and childish merriment. I remember one day, when I accompanied him to see a peculiar and absurd-

looking cockatoo placed in that *bird-Babel*, where the birds all chattered together, the Duke of Wellington accosted my husband with his usual condescension and taxed him with frequenting these gardens for *studies of character*. Mr. Mathews did not deny this, for he was ashamed to confess that he came only to *play with the animals*. It was not true that he was a seeker after peculiarities in human nature; he only *picked them up* when they *fell in his way*.

The following is an amusing instance of the notice which Mr. Mathews took of animals whereever he found them.

"Mathews's interest in the curiosities of natural history was not confined to the human specimen. He took great pleasure in horses and dogs. Of his respect for any remarkable specimens of the latter I remember a characteristic instance. I happened to be at Bath once when he was giving his "At Home" there. As we were walking along one of the principal streets together one morning, a noble Newfoundland dog was sitting sedately bolt upright at a door that we had to pass. As soon as we got opposite to the dog, Mathews stopped short, went to the edge of the pavement, took off his hat, and made a low bow to the evidently astonished animal, and then passed on without saying a word. "Do you know him," said I, "that you salute him in that fashion?"—"No," he replied, "but I have a profound respect for a dog like that, and I generally show it in the way you have seen." *

* "Personal Recollections" of Mr. Mathews.—A. M.

This anecdote reminds me of the following:—During our second year in London, when we lived in lodgings, I was awakened one morning at day-break by a commotion in the house, and I thought I heard the word *coat* reiterated with great emphasis by several voices. At last came a tap at the chamber-door, and an inquiry which I translated to my husband into, "Did you bring a *coat* home with you last night?" This question threw him into convulsions of laughter, which were afterwards accounted for in the following manner.

Mr. Mathews had supped out with a party of gentlemen, and returned home between two and three in the morning. As he came up the street a large *goat* met him, and made a sort of appeal; my husband in return made him *a bow*, and talked to him as was his habit to animals, making matter out of the circumstance of the time. The goat seemed to be in distress; Mr. Mathews inquired of him whether he was locked out of his lodgings? The animal uttered sounds expressive to my husband's ear of a distressed affirmative, and as he proceeded, the goat turned and walked side by side with him to the door, where he paused as if determined not to leave him. Mr. Mathews then told him that he regretted his forlorn situation, and feared he had no bed to offer him fitted to his habits and convenience. Still the animal pleaded eloquently in his own way. As the resi-

dent was letting himself in with a key, his friend, "bearded like the pard," seemed to say, "Pray don't close your hospitable door against me!" and the petition was not addressed to a callous ear or an unfeeling heart. He was told he *should* have shelter for the night; and as the lock of the door turned, and Mr. Mathews entered the house, the goat, taking him at his word, rushed by him, and, as if accustomed to its turnings and localities, ran down into the kitchen and laid himself in an attitude of content and thankfulness upon the hearth. There my husband left him after a few *remarks* upon propriety of conduct, and a tacit agreement on his guest's part not to do any damage to the moveables, or disgrace his patronage.

It appeared that when the servants entered the kitchen the following morning, the sight of this huge horned beast alarmed the females, who in vain endeavoured to turn it out. Every one of the house authorities in succession essayed, but without success; and this occasioned the perturbation, which at length reached the hearing of the "sole contriver of this harm," who, remembering the creature's manner and conduct overnight, was tickled at its present behaviour, and the consternation its appearance in the house occasioned.

I had some difficulty in persuading Mr. Mathews not to keep this animal as a pensioner in

the neighbourhood, fearing that his partiality would bring it sometimes as a visiter to me; and it was with something of sadness that he allowed the animal to depart, although he caused it to be traced to a livery-stable yard, (where it was evidently valued and had been regretted during its absence,) in order to be assured that it was provided for. He often afterwards went to see it.

CHAPTER VII.

Mr. Mathews a great Hunter after "*Sights.*" — The Fasting Woman of Tetbury, — the Living Skeleton, — Daniel Lambert, — Miss Crackham, — an Irish Sicilian. — Hottentot Venus. — Mr. Kemble's Visit to the last-mentioned Curiosity. —A Midnight Scene: Mustapha the Cat, Mr. Mathews, and Mr. Kemble. — Letters to Mrs. Mathews. —Letter from Mr. Mathews to Mr. Fawcett. — Letter from Mr. George Robins to Mr. Mathews. — Answer of the latter: Phrenology. — Letter to Mrs. Mathews — Strange Incident. — Letter from Mr. Fawcett to Mr. Mathews.

UNTIL the Zoological Gardens afforded readier indulgence to his taste, Mr. Mathews used to visit Exeter 'Change, the Tower, and the fairs in the neighbourhood of London, for the sole purpose of beholding such beings as were not elsewhere to be found, even of the human as well as other animals. Brook-Green was the spot of one of these *pleasurings;* and a small party of gentlemen, with similar likings, or else out of a courteous wish to please Mr. Mathews, would annually drive to see the "lions" of every kind.

Mr. Mathews was all his life a great *sight-seer,*— that is, if the curiosity was either a human or any

other animal; but he was not a follower of mere pageants.

Many years since he formed a strong attachment to the *Spotted Boy*, whom he visited frequently. The child loved him very much, and they played together by the hour. When this boy died, Mr. Mathews was much affected. Every one who knew my husband also knew how great a regard he for many years entertained for the accomplished and elegant dwarf, Count Boruwlaski,* with whom he first became acquainted in 1800. The *fasting woman of Tetbury* (since, I believe, proved to have been partly an impostor) interested him deeply. Indeed, he never omitted seeing anything uncommon in animated nature; and the *Living Skeleton* and *Mr. Lambert* were alike objects of his contemplation. The latter he visited frequently, and found him very intelligent. The half-courteous, half-sullen manner in which this "gross fat man" received the majority of his visiters met the humour of my husband, and he liked, as well as pitied him; for it was distressing sometimes to hear the coarse observations made by unfeeling people, and the silly unthinking questions asked by many of them about his appetite, &c.

Where Mr. Mathews's feelings were not inter-

* Count Boruwlaski died at the time this was written, in September 1837, at the great age of ninety-nine, but in full possession of his faculties.

ested, he found amusement, and came home with many a droll account of what he had seen, of which I liked to hear, although I always shrunk from the sights themselves. At Liverpool, he was tempted to pay a visit to a *Miss Crackham*, a young lady of very limited dimensions. When he entered the room, he found her seated on a raised platform, in seeming mockery of regal state, to receive her visiters: she was described to be of foreign birth. The man who attended her, attired in a strange garb, had a tall athletic figure, and formed an admirable contrast to the tiny proportions of his *daughter*, as he called her. Oh, for the power to describe as I heard this scene described! The lady was a most disgusting little withered creature (although young), very white, and, what my husband disliked very much in any woman, had a *powdery* look upon her skin. Her voice was pitched in the highest key of childish treble, indeed so thin, and comb-like, that it hardly reached the ear of those to whom she spoke. Her "papa," however, considerately repeated all she said, for the satisfaction of her patrons, adding many particulars not mentionable to ears polite. Mr. Mathews was quite alone with them, for Miss Crackham was not "sought after" by the gentlemen of Liverpool, — an eternal stain upon their gallantry! — and, after some time, during which the man conversed with increased confidence, derived from his visiter's

"attentive hearing," my husband startled the foreigner when he spoke of his *birth-place*, (Palermo,) by asking significantly, whether it was Palermo in the *county of Cork* where he was born? At this inquiry, the man leered at him in an arch manner, scratching his head for a moment, and rubbing his cheek with his hand, as if puzzled how to treat the question. At last, he winked his eye, and putting his finger to the side of his nose, said, "Och! I see your honour's a deep-'un! Sure, you're right; but don't *peach!*" And in order to lay my husband under an obligation, that might insure his secrecy, he offered him, *gratis*, what was never allowed to the public without additional fee, the amount of which was announced in large letters over the platform, in the following words: "Those who handle Miss Crackham will be expected to pay another shilling." My husband had forbearance enough to decline this liberality and the opportunity proffered, and never mentioned the ingenious *foreigner's* secret to anybody but his own family, and friends, and acquaintances, &c.

The "*Hottentot Venus*," as a matter of course, attracted this professed seeker of sights. In those days, when *bustles* were *not*, she was a curiosity, for English ladies then wore no shape but what Nature gave and insisted upon; and the Grecian drapery was simply thrown upon the natural form, without whalebone or buckram to distort

or disguise it. Well, then, a Hottentot Venus being in *that* day a novelty, Mr. Mathews of course went to see her.

He found her surrounded by many persons, some *females!* One pinched her, another walked round her; one gentleman *poked* her with his cane; and one *lady* employed her parasol to ascertain that all was, as she called it, "*nattral.*" This inhuman baiting the poor creature bore with sullen indifference, except upon some great provocation, when she seemed inclined to resent brutality, which even a Hottentot can understand. On these occasions it required all the authority of the keeper to subdue her resentment. At last her *civilized* visiters departed, and, to Mr. Mathews's great surprise and pleasure, John Kemble entered the room. As he did so, he paused at the door, with his eyes fixed upon the object of his visit, and advancing slowly to obtain a closer view, without speaking to my husband, he gazed at the woman, with his under-lip dropped for a minute. His beautiful countenance then underwent a sudden change, and at length softened almost into tears of compassion.

"Poor, *poor* creature!" at length he uttered in his peculiar tone, — "very, *very* extraordinary, indeed!" He then shook hands silently with Mr. Mathews, keeping his eyes still upon the object before him. He minutely questioned the man about the state of mind, disposition, com-

fort, &c. of the Hottentot, and again exclaimed, with an expression of the deepest pity, "Poor creature!"

I have observed that at the time Mr. Mathews entered and found her surrounded by some of our own barbarians, the countenance of the "Venus" exhibited the most sullen and occasionally ferocious expression; but the moment she looked in Mr. Kemble's face, her own became placid and mild,—nay, she was obviously pleased; and, patting her hands together, and holding them up in evident admiration, uttered the unintelligible words, "Oh, ma Babba! Oh, ma Babba!" gazing at the face of the tragedian with unequivocal delight. "What does she say, sir?" asked Mr. Kemble gravely of the keeper, as the woman reiterated these strange words: "does she call me her *papa?*" "No, sir," answered the man: "she says, you are a very fine man." "Upon my word," said Kemble drily, with an inclination of his head, as he took a pinch of snuff for the first time since he entered, which he had held betwixt his finger and thumb, during his suspended admiration and surprise: "upon my word, the lady does me infinite honour!" Whether his fine face in reality struck the fancy of the lady, or whether Mr. Kemble's pitying tones and considerate forbearance of the usual ceremonies, reached her heart, it is certain that she was much pleased with him. The

keeper invited him once more to touch the poor woman, a privilege allowed on more liberal terms than in the case of Miss Crackham, as it was without additional fee. Mr. Kemble again declined the offer, retreating, and again exclaiming in tones of the most humane feeling, "No, no, poor creature, no!" — and the two actors went away together; Mr. Kemble observing, when they reached the street, "Now, Mathews, my good fellow, do you know this is a sight which makes me *melancholy*. I dare say, now, they ill-use that poor creature! Good God! how very shocking!" — and away he stalked, as if musing, and totally forgetting his companion until the moment of separation recalled his recollection.

About this period, these friends had been dining together at Mr. Charles Kemble's house. Mr. John Kemble had taken much wine, and when the party broke up, Mr. Mathews determined to accompany the tragedian to his own door. Giving him his arm, therefore, they proceeded slowly to Mr. Kemble's house in Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury. The tragedian was full of talk, and "*very happy*," as it is *called;* and although the hour was late, his pressing invitation to his friend to enter the house with him, induced my husband to obey. It was evident that the man who opened the door was the only person who remained up in the establishment. Mr. Kemble went into his library, accompanied by Mr.

Mathews, and desired the attendant to bring a tray; at the same time, with great formality, introducing him to the notice of his guest as the "gentleman who did him the honour to take care of his wine," &c. It was in vain that Mr. Mathews protested against further hospitality. Mr. Kemble was too much excited to have his spirit easily laid; and, surrounded as he was with books, he began a disquisition upon their authors, above all, his "*belov-ed Shakspeare!*" on whom he discoursed most eloquently, after taking a volume from the shelf, and devoutly kissing the binding. At length the tray was brought in with wine and water, &c., and with it entered an enormous cat, decorated with a red collar and a bell. The appearance of his favourite cat called forth its master's most affectionate notice, and many relations of its extraordinary powers of understanding, its devoted attachment to its master's person, &c. were detailed to Mr. Mathews. *Mustapha,* Mr. Kemble declared, had much of human feeling of the best kind in his composition; he described how he watched his return home, mourned his absence, &c., and grew maudlin in its praise. The animal seemed, indeed, happy in its master's presence; and it looked up in his face as it composedly lay down before him. Mr. Mathews mewed: Mr. Kemble, turning round at this sound, which he believed to proceed from the cat, observed, "There, my dear Mathews, do

you hear that? Now that creature knows all I say of him, and is replying to it." This amused my husband, and he repeated the experiment in all the varieties of feline intonation, mewing, purring, &c. Mr. Kemble, at last, said to him, in his slow and measured tones: "Now, you don't know what he means by *that*, but I *do*. Mus.!—Mus.!" (on every reiteration of this affectionate diminutive, raising his voice to its most tragic expression of tenderness)—"umph! My dear sir, that creature *knows* that it is beyond my usual time of sitting up, and he's uneasy! Mus.! Mus.!"—but *Mus.* was sleepy and inattentive, and his master resumed his criticisms upon the different readings of Shakspeare, talked also of *Lope de Vega*, and was again interrupted by a *mew*, as he believed, from the dissatisfied *Mus.* "What," asked his fond master, looking down upon him, "what is it you desire, my good friend?" (*Mus.*, alias Mathews, mewed once more, in a more supplicating and more touching tone.) "Well, well! I understand you: you want to go to bed. Well, I suppose I must indulge you." Here Mr. Kemble deliberately arose, put down his book upon the table, with its face open at the page to which he had referred, took a measured pinch of snuff, and somewhat tottered to the door, which he with difficulty opened. He then awaited Mustapha's exit; but Mustapha having no *voice* in the affair, preferred remaining where he was; and his master kindly reproached

him with being a "*little capricious* in first asking to go, and then preferring to stay." With a smile and look at my husband of the gentlest indulgence towards his favourite's humour, he tottered back again to his chair, resumed his declamatory observations upon the relative powers of dramatic writers, and their essential requisites, till the troublesome Mustapha again renewed his mewing solicitations. Mr. Kemble once more stopped, and looking again at the imaginary cause of his interruption with philosophic patience, asked,— "Well, Mus. what would you have?" Then, after another pause, turning to his guest, said: "Now, my dear Mathews, you are fond of animals, and ought to know this one; he's a perfect character for you to study. Now, sir, *that cat* knows that I shall be ill to-morrow, and he's uneasy at my sitting up." Then benevolently looking at the cat, added,—"Umph!—my dear *Mus.* I must beg your indulgence, my good friend; I really can-*not* go to bed yet." *Mus.* whined his reply, and his master declared that the cat asked to be allowed to go away. On the door being a second time opened, after similar exertion on Mr. Kemble's part to effect this courtesy, and several grave chirpings in order to entice *Mus.* from the fire-place, the animal at length left the room. Mr. Kemble then returned, as before, to his seat, drank another glass of wine and water, and, just as he was comfortably re-established,

the incorrigible *Mus.* was heard in the passage again, in loud lament, and importunate demand for readmittance. "Umph!" said Mr. Kemble, with another pinch of snuff,—"now, *that* animal, sir, is not happy, after all, away from me." (*Mus.* was louder than ever at this moment.) "Why, what ails the creature? Surely, there is more in this than we dream of, Mathews. You, who have studied such beings, ought to be able to explain." Poor *Mus.* made another pathetic appeal for re-admission, and his master's heart was not made of flint. Mr. Kemble apologized to his guest for these repeated interruptions, and managed once more to make his way to the door. After opening it, and waiting a minute for the re-entrance of his favourite, but not seeing it, he smiled at my husband with the same indulgent expression as before, and remarked, "Now, would you believe it, Mathews, that *extraordinary* animal was affronted at not being let in again on his first appeal? — and now it is his humour not to come at all! *Mus.!* — *Musta-pha!* — *Mus.!*" But as no *Mus.* appeared, the door was closed with the same deliberation, and Mr. Kemble once more contrived to regain his chair, and recommenced his comments, quite unobservant of the almost hysterical fit of laughter to which my husband was by this time reduced, at the imposition he had so successfully, though in the first place so unintentionally, practised upon the credulity

of his grave and unsuspecting friend. But it did not end here; for Mr. Mathews reiterated his imitations, and Mr. Kemble again remarked upon his favourite's peculiarities of temper, &c. — again went to the door,— again returned, till even "Mr. Midnight" (as some friends of ours christened Mr. Mathews, from his love of late hours) felt it time to retire, and leave Mr. Kemble, which he did as he saw him fall asleep, in the act of representing his idea of the scene of the sick king in Henry IV,— with his pocket-handkerchief spread over his head as a substitute for the characteristic drapery of the dying monarch.

TO MRS. MATHEWS.

Portsmouth, Oct. 23, 1832.

I have but time to say my health and spirits are undiminished, thank God! *but* (ah, that *but!*) I cannot, and I am truly sorry to say it, endure my work. The ankle will not bear three hours' position like the attitude for the table; and, as I must naturally forget myself for a moment, I take liberties and injure it. Indeed, indeed, I *must* not try it. I can get through to-morrow night, I have no doubt; but the walking to and from the table last night—oh! In short, I have not progressed as I hoped during the last few days. I cannot conquer the swelling yet. I have, therefore, made up my mind to go to Brighton, &c.

C. Mathews.

I forgot to say I received for my share last night 31*l.* 10*s.* — very great for a second house, and my known lameness.

On his way to Brighton he again stopped at Holly-hill, whence he next communicates.

TO MRS. MATHEWS.

Holly-hill, Nov. 2nd, 1832.

I am sorry to say the sprain of my hand is my greatest drawback. It resists all applications, and I cannot therefore walk with a stick in that hand.

Fawcett arrived to dinner yesterday, bringing your letter, music, &c. Thanks for the receipts.* They are, indeed, great, when Fawcett tells me Covent Garden is worse than ever, and he does not think that Laporte can carry it on.

I will attend to your violet order. Fawcett begs, with tears in his eyes, that you will not fail to buy twenty-five strawberry-plants, at Mr. Charlwood's, Tavistock Row, Covent-Garden. Ask for pine-apple strawberries, the same that he had. You will repent, he says, if you do not.

C. MATHEWS.

TO MRS. MATHEWS.

Brighton, Nov. 7th, 1832.

I write from Monsieur "*Daguilly's*" † where I have been dining, to say I arrived here yesterday evening. I had the good fortune to have the Southampton coach all to myself from Holly-hill to Brighton. Lawrence's report, I have the satisfaction to say, is most favourable. The first and best, — that, he declares without hesitation, no mischief is done, and that the limb will be as sound and well as it ever has been; and that *Massa Mahommed* can do me more good than he can. In short, he cannot render me any assistance. It is pleasant, too, to hear that it is his

* At the Adelphi Theatre.—A. M.

† D'Egville's.

opinion, the case has been well and skilfully treated from the first, and that I am most fortunate in my escape; for, though I cannot repeat all his technical phrases of causes and effects of extravasation of blood round the cartilage, tendons, and fibres, &c. he made it clear to me that such an accident might, and was very nearly being fatal to the only *left* good leg. I am, notwithstanding this, quite helpless; but, he says, Nature and the baths will speedily restore me. My journey has done me no good; but I expected to suffer from it. I am really as well as can be expected. The day superb, and my health capital. I wish I could hear you say the same.

I have seen three men to-day whose united ages make two hundred and forty-four, — Judge Graham, John Powell, and William Piper.* There is a paragraph for the great gooseberry-column of the Herald.

C. MATHEWS.

TO MRS. MATHEWS.

Brighton, Nov. 21st, 1832.

In the first place, let me assure you I am as well in health and spirits as I was when you saw me last. Lawrence is stout that time only will restore me. I can stand as firmly as I could in August upon the left leg. The ankle is still a little swelled; therefore another man would be able to walk as well as ever; but the rest I have given to the sprain has injured my old lameness so much that I cannot walk at all. I am also weak in the loins. If I put my left leg in the proper position, stir it I cannot. I cannot

* Mr. Powell, the actor, who recently went to *settle* in the Canadas, and was *buried* there soon after. *Piper* was the Old Pilot whom Mr. Mathews represented in his "At Home" of this year.—A. M.

put the heel of my right within two inches of the ground without two sticks; and I am rigidly bid by Lawrence and Common Sense, not to press a stick with my left hand. This *most* unfortunate of the two accidents baffles all skill. A fork is more than I can press with impunity. Still Lawrence says *all* will come right. Now I have told you the real truth. In such a day as this I am hardly sensible of any calamity. My room is cheerful, and I have only to cross the way to gaze at *my* element, and lean over the rails, or sit on a bathing-machine and read; and to-day it is *warm*. Everybody is kind and feeling. Lawrence gives me my ride *every* day, and asks me *every* day to dinner: so does Ricardo, Masquerier, Basevi, and Dr. Yates. I dined yesterday with Horace Smith, and read all that was proper to them from your letter. All sorts of inquiries and remembrances, and every description of eulogium upon Charles, who has left such an impression that any man might envy. Does he remember Pecchio,—he praised his "wonderful" Tarantellas and Italian sermon, and singing; so did two other foreigners. By the by, he must, if he remembers the Count, borrow the Quarterly, to read a review of his work on England. Mr. Clay, first singer at the Burghersh Theatre,* desires remembrance. He told me Charles knew Trelawny: if he did, tell him to read a most extraordinary book written by him, — it is *said* to be his own history.†

TO JOHN FAWCETT, ESQ.

My dear Fawcett, Brighton, Nov. 23rd, 1832.

I find I have behaved very ill, but *I apologize*, though I do not feel guilty. My impression is that I promised to

* Lord Burghersh's private theatre at Florence.—A. M.

† "The Adventures of a Younger Son."

write as soon as I found any amendment in my case. Well then, if you had not been so impatient, I would this very day have told you that my original sprain was nearly as well as may be, but that I am more lame than ever with my old injury, in consequence of rest, and that my hand remains *in statu quo.* Thank God! my health and spirits are quite unimpaired, and the sun shines as brilliantly every day as it did in July.

On Tuesday next, to prove that I am better, I shall be "At Home" at the Theatre Royal, Brighton. My wife has been frightfully ill; but is recovering. I have been prettily snubbed about the strawberries. The gentleman charged her twenty-five shillings for twenty-five strawberries. Did he serve you so? If you had told me that was the price of a hundred, I should have said "dear." I only mention it because I suspect he charged my livery; and, if he did, he shall have an order by post from Aberdeen. *Anecdote.*—A man bought four hundred copies of the Morning Herald, came outside the coach to Brighton, blew a horn, called lustily, "Dreadful news!—bloody news!—frightful news!—dum-dumps Belgium!—dum-dumps Antwerp, Dutch!—dum-dumps France!—England—credulity!—humbugging feats!" pocketed four hundred shillings, and went off next morning at six, having sold the same paper without intelligence that it had been in every news-room six hours before!

*Recipe for sauce.** — Two sticks of horse-radish to one of elm or oak, half a pint of black beetles, thirty drops of Southampton Madeira, forty of ******'s port, thirty-five of walnut-pickle, ditto ketchup and asafœtida, *no* cream

* An absurdity induced by Mr. Fawcett having, without consideration, written to *him* for a recipe which I had promised to give him for horse-radish sauce.—A. M.

but plenty of vinegar, and *never to be eaten with roast-beef.*

And, so you are Strutt-ing about Alresford, are you? and how is my darling Fanny Strutt, the prop of my age? I snuff her father's health every day, and I love them all, and your wife above all still, if the rest are not jealous; and so I ought, for never did I meet such a darling, attentive, kind creature.

Ever most affectionately yours, and all of you,

C. MATHEWS.

The succeeding letter, remarkable for its good sense and kindness, is from the pen of my husband's early and consistent friend, Mr. George Robins, the celebrated auctioneer, and excellent man.

TO C. MATHEWS, ESQ.

Covent-Garden. Sunday, Nov. 25th, 1832.

MY DEAR MATHEWS,

Let my first object be to get rid of bad impressions. You are a fatalist, and have prophesied that I must necessarily annoy you, because you overlooked the 10th of October. Now, let it be January, as you yourself purpose, and thus put an end to these unfavourable prognostics. As it regards Mrs. Mathews, I hope decency, a little (very little) good taste, would have prevented me talking to her about money-matters; and, as to Charles, my particular desire was, that he should *not* write until he intended for other more important matters; and, if February be better than January, only let me be free from the supposititious case of adding to, rather than putting an end to, the privations you are suffering from a most untoward event.

But, my dear fellow, when you think of your misfortunes, turn for a moment to the other part of the picture; in the millions of actors during your long career, you stand alone. Is there nothing for self-congratulation in this?

The theatres are deserted, actors put on half-pay, and with the prospect of absolutely nothing. Is not this a source from which, as opposed to yourself, you take (or ought to do) great comfort? I consider you a fortunate man, and I will illustrate my argument by one fact, worth a hundred assertions. There is nothing like you, either as it regards talent or success; and now, adieu to my sermon.

By the way, this leads me to say a word about ——; you know he has *taken French leave*, left his country, mortgaged his estate, and left his son dependent alone on his own exertions: his hiding-place is supposed to be the south of France; and, as *you* were his *last* guest, you have much to answer for, as his great reason for quitting England is, *that he had not one solitary friend in it!* I suppose he had one of your *fits of despair;* and, forgetting how much he had to be thankful for, looked only on the *unfavourable side of the picture.* Turn over a new leaf, my dear boy! The most popular man in the world, with a charming wife, and the best son in Europe! What more is needed? Shall I tell you? Do you give it up? A little anti-cholera in the style of old Shugard's best port; not too much, but enough to make you distinguish and value your good fortune (in spite of a little blot or two,) as opposed to that of all your brothers; and so, no more at present from

Yours very sincerely,

GEORGE R. ROBINS.

P.S. *Don't burn this;* but read it every Sunday morning when you are not up in time for church, or have a sudden fit of the spleen.

TO G. R. ROBINS, ESQ.

Brighton, Nov. 30.

DEAR ROBINS,

A thousand thanks for your kind and gentlemanly feeling to me. The assurance of my thorough appreciation would not be worth postage; but, as I have an opportunity of having this popped in at your door, I cannot resist acknowledging the receipt of your kind and clever letter; but do not suppose, my dear old friend, that because I apply the word "fatalism" to certain points, that I am necessarily discontented with my lot. If you imagine that I do not consider myself thrice blessed in "a charming wife, and the best son in Europe," and am not grateful for all the other points in my favour, you are more than mistaken; but I contend, and am of perfect belief, that a fate attends the very touch of money with me. In two years four thousand pounds have vanished for ever from my grasp. Mr. De Ville, the other night, after a lecture on phrenology, almost made it clear to me, in feeling my "bumps," that this was inevitable. He positively and distinctly told me the tendency (in what he calls the developements) to lend and lose in my construction, that confirms me in fatalism so far. Notwithstanding which, all your remarks are very just, very sensible, and very good for a man who has not turned fifty-five.

I am much hurried to prepare my despatches for departure, or, otherwise, would have written you a much longer letter in return for yours. God bless thee, dear old friend, and be assured of the unalterable regard of

Yours sincerely,

C. MATHEWS

TO MRS. MATHEWS.

Brighton, Dec. 3rd, 1832.

I write to say all is right. I got the song, with Charles's new verse, which is capital, and I am very much obliged for the trouble you have both taken.* I am sure it will be worth it; for it is the best subject just now to be hit upon here, Mr. De Ville has bitten so many. Fancy me at a ball! and sitting four or five hours without quitting my seat; but so it was. Madam *Michaud-shew-sho* sent me a ticket for her child's ball last Monday, and I went with the Lawrences, and very much pleased I was.

I had another delightful day with the most charming Anderson,† whom I shall hear again next Sunday.

Incident. — I dined yesterday with Mr. De Simons. I did not know where he lived. Lawrence promised to call for me in a fly at a quarter before six. Before I expected him the waiter announced a fly sent for me by Mr. Lawrence. "Where is he," said I to the driver? — "He is gone on, sir, and sent me back for you."— "Did he pass my door?" — "Yes, sir; but he had another gentleman with him, and those were my orders." Off we went to Oriental Place. I asked the servant if Mr. Lawrence was there?—"Oh, yes, sir." Of course I supposed mine host lived there. A door was opened for me. Lawrence said from within, "No, not here." Footy then showed me upstairs; when, to my horror, I saw a wretched, ghastly, young woman stretched at her length on the sofa. You may suppose the rest. There was a consultation below, and the fellow took me for a doctor, who, of course, was to see the

* Song on the subject of Phrenology, called "*Lumps and Bumps.*"—A. M.

† The Rev. Mr. Anderson.—A. M.

patient. When he heard Lawrence say "not here," he swears he added, "ask him to wait for me in the fly." I need not say this was not the house where we dined. I have had another delightful day at Smith's, whose family is always sending kind sayings. God bless you both.

C. MATHEWS.

TO CHARLES MATHEWS, ESQ.

Kitnocks, near Botley, Hants, Feb. 18, 1833.

MY VERY KIND FRIEND,

I never felt my deficiency in epistolary force till now, for I can find no words strong enough to express my gratude for your friendly zeal in my behalf. I most cordially thank you,—not so much for my being made an honorary member of the Garrick Club (for which I feel entirely indebted to you) as to find myself so regarded and respected by a man of such an upright heart and transcendent talents as yourself.

You desire that what passed between us relative to my declining to attend the club, shall be forgotten. My dear Mathews, I have too much respect for your opinions and requests not, as you put it, "for your sake" to forget *that*, or, indeed, to hesitate doing anything in my power that you request me to do. I hope we may meet in King-street when I come up to the Fund Dinner, that I may thank you in the place to which you have taken so much pains to give me the right of entrance. Pray, thank all my friends for me, and believe me,

My dear friend,

Most gratefully and sincerely yours,

JOHN FAWCETT.

CHAPTER VIII.

Mr. Mathews's Anxiety for the Means of Retirement and Repose.—His Losses in Bubble Companies.—His Conviction that his Constitution was breaking up.—Removal from the Cottage to London.—The Adelphi Theatre Property.—Action at Law against Mr. Mathews for Thirty Thousand Pounds.—Exhibition of the Pictures collected by Mr. Mathews.—His London Residence.—His final Departure from the Cottage.—Decline of his Health and Spirits.—His Commencement of his Autobiography.—His Lethargy.—Letter from Mr. Mathews to Mr. Gyles.—Account of the Exhibition of the Theatrical Pictures.—Mr. Mathews at the Dinner of the Covent Garden Theatrical Fund: Imitation of "Glorious Dan."—Mr. Mathews's "Comic Annual" for 1833.—Description of the Entertainment: Messrs. Verjuice and Honey: Mr. Rigmarole: Mr. Jollyfat: Monsieur Ventriloque: a Morning at the Mansion-House: a *Conversazione*: Mr. Jollyfat after Dinner: an Irish Lover.—Power of Self-annihilation in Mr. Mathews.

FEELING the effects of his most serious accident of 1814 increasing, and, doubtless, other undisclosed sufferings which his death revealed, Mr. Mathews became restless for the last ten years to obtain the means of retirement and repose. His total want of head for the business of life laid him open to every specious adviser that came in his way; and, about the year 1824,

as I have before stated, he was persuaded by interested persons, under the show of a pure wish to serve him, to sink a large sum in one of the Bubble companies; of course he lost the whole of his venture. Still he listened to the next tempter, and again and again his losses were immense, and calamitous in their consequences.

I was consulted upon these speculations, and strenuously urged him not to enter into them; when tears would gush from his eyes, and, in a tone which reached my heart, he would say, "If you knew what I suffer from my exertions, you would not scruple at any honest means by which I can make a short road to rest." Yet his mercurial temperament would soon after induce me to view his words more as the feeling of the minute than as coming from any serious cause. I knew, indeed, that he suffered at times severely from his lameness; but I also knew that a sedentary life, or one of entire leisure, was not such as would produce him mental ease or bodily repose. Action was the soul of his existence. He generally acknowledged this, though sometimes he tried to deceive himself into an opposite belief. Alas! I *now* see that at those moments his convictions were strongest, that his constitution would not long admit of such exertions; and kindly concealing from me his internal warnings, (perhaps not all at once of a definite character,) he only laid a stress upon the apparent cause — his

lameness; and this plea prevailed when he put it forward with so much earnestness.

A judicious friend at this period induced him to resign his cottage, and reside in London for a few years, in order to retrieve the sad effects of former bad advice, and the calamitous results of money given and lent to the ungrateful and dishonest, in addition to sums swallowed up in *Companies*, into which he ought never to have been introduced. His share of the Adelphi Theatre property was, with his future exertions, all that was left to him, with a drawback occasioned by the last of his speculations in the following shape. The tradesmen employed in this failing concern commenced actions for their several outlays and work, and of course proceeded against the moneyed portion of the partners and shareholders for remuneration. The unfortunate fallacy of Mr. Mathews's great riches prompted an action against him to the amount of thirty thousand pounds; and though this ruinous proceeding was partly averted by the exertions of a personal and legal friend of my husband, the alternative was a compromise almost as fearful, because it was indefinite. The money was claimed of Mr. Mathews by uncertain instalments at unexpected periods, thus placing him in the position of a person liable to suffer one day the loss of a single hair, plucked hastily from his head, and another day *two* or *three* more, each bringing

tears into his eyes, and sometimes making him wish he had suffered the less-teazing operation of losing the *whole at once.*

In consequence of all these harassing and accumulated evils, Mr. Mathews began this year with a great struggle between inclination and duty; but, as in most cases where my husband had to decide, the latter triumphed. By his repeated and serious losses and speculations entered into with a hope of what he felt must soon be necessary to him, namely, repose from professional exertion, his income was so much lessened, that to continue his present style of living was out of the question. The cottage and grounds required *keeping up,* no inconsiderable part of the cost of a place of this kind, and the number of servants requisite, with horses, carriage, &c. rendered a longer possession of this prized abode a matter of concern far outweighing its advantages. The first and greatest difficulty was the destination of the pictures. Where could they be placed without injury? and what London house could hold them advantageously? His friends being consulted, advised their sale. This was a blow to my husband's happiness even beyond the separation from his darling cottage. The thought upset all his fortitude. However, he paused before he decided. He then asked who would be the purchaser? "The Garrick Club *ought,*" it was said, "to have them." This suggestion in a great mea-

sure reconciled him to the idea of parting from them. To have them where he could look at them, *and, above all, see them kept as an unbroken collection,*—this, indeed, would comfort him under a separation. The Club, however, offered so small a sum for the gallery, which had cost Mr. Mathews so much labour and care to collect, (about one-fifth of what was originally given for them, without reckoning the interest of money for so many years,) that the idea of parting with them was wholly given up. At length, after much persuasion and struggle against his own feelings, he consented to have them exhibited, — not so much with a hope of gain from such exhibition, as with a view to their present safety and ultimate sale. Well, indeed, was it that no pecuniary feeling urged their removal; for, when the accounts of the exhibition were closed at the end of the period they were before the public, it was found that the loss exceeded a hundred and fifty pounds! The gallery, which ostensibly drew such numbers to our house, while as many more were denied admittance year after year, — without the presence of its proprietor, was not found worth one shilling cost to behold! For, so it may be presumed, reckoning the average of chance persons, with those who for more than twenty years applied for admission, and were refused; parties often presenting themselves at the gate of the cottage, and almost forcing themselves in. Had we yielded,

indeed, to every application of this kind we should not have had an hour in the day free from intrusion; as it was, but few were allowed to us. So many came, whom to reject would have been personally mortifying to us, that our peaceful retreat was converted almost into a fatigue to us, too often having all the character of a show-place, (from which I pray Heaven to defend me!) where we lived more for others than for ourselves.

Well, we turned our backs upon our earthly paradise, "the world before us," but *not* "where to choose." However, I found a residence so constructed that my husband's objections were consulted, although his taste could not, for it was in *London*. In fact, he had what he stipulated for, namely, a house within a certain distance of the clubs and the theatre, which he could reach by means of by-streets, with its principal rooms situated at the back, away from the street. I found these at 101, Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury, looking upon a green plot of level ground of about a hundred feet long, with trees on either side, and a terrace before the windows, for flowers and shrubs. As he also stipulated not to live in a fashionable street, where he might be "stared at," his exits and entrances (to speak theatrically) were not marked and re-marked by unoccupied neighbours, for he was shy even at a head peeping over an opposite blind at him

as he got into his carriage.* Thus all was arranged; and though it was touching to see my husband's parting look at the place we had made, as he rode out at the gate for the last time, he manfully bore up, for a short period, against his change of residence and habits. I proposed to resign the chariot in favour of a cabriolet, in which we could seek the air together; and *this* pleased him, for he hated a close carriage. But his health now became visibly impaired, and his spirits, in spite of every effort, declined also. Still I was unsuspicious of any constitutional or deeply seated disorder.

It was about this period that the idea of writing his Life was first seriously entertained. I had suggested to him that a pursuit of such a nature would act in a salutary manner upon his mind and health under present circumstances, by rousing his energies to exertion, at the same time by diverting him from thoughts not wholesome to dwell upon, while he would in effect be realizing a sum of money by his employment that would ultimately reward his labour. To these and similar suggestions my husband at length yielded his serious consideration; and, without premeditation or plan, began the autobiography

* It had been the custom at the cottage for one of the servants always to watch, while the carriage waited at the gate, to apprize him of the moment when he might enter it unseen by any passers by: his pony he always mounted and dismounted in the stable-yard.

with which the present memoirs commence. He proceeded at first rapidly to relate what his memory supplied. The occupation seemed to afford him enjoyment, but his alacrity did not last; his undertaking flagged from his utter want of power to devote himself long enough and often enough to make the desired progress. I have seen him, as I left the room, established at his writing-table, pursuing his purpose with apparent diligence and spirit; and on my return, a quarter of an hour afterwards, have found him asleep in his chair. He would afterwards tell me, and sometimes with tears, that he found himself unable to keep awake, for that a lethargic stupor crept over him the moment he began to write or read, which he could not resist long at a time.*

Such was always the result of his endeavours to proceed with his task, and hence the limited portion of manuscript found in his hand-writing on the subject. His memory was so all-sufficient, that (unfortunately for this book) he felt no need of notes or memoranda. He proceeded without blot or pause when he did write, his recollection furnishing a ready and, for the most part, consecutive account of what, if it could have been completed by *himself*, would have been as valuable to his family as entertaining to his readers.

* This creeping lethargy attended him until the severest part of his fatal illness commenced.—A. M.

Alas! the attempt was made too late: it could not be.

It will be seen, from the following communication to his friend, Mr. Gyles, that he exerted himself to put a good face upon present affairs, and was anxious not to confess the illness from which I now know he suffered severely. The effects of this illness, at the time, I ignorantly imputed to local and dispiriting outward causes.

TO H. B. GYLES, ESQ.

101, Great Russell-street, April 17th, 1833.

MY DEAR GYLES,

"If this letter does not reach you until you begin your study, I cannot expect an answer." I have taken advantage of this, as you have found out; but, what think you, in addition to this excellent excuse, of having undergone all the horrors of moving? Yes, and here I am. Cottage gone; pictures in London, and on the point of being exhibited. *Multum in parvo.* The why and wherefore may be matter of future information. Suffice it to say, I had excellent reasons for removal. I am in excellent health; but my lower man is much damaged from that *dog*-ged accident. My ankle still weak, and back twisted. I should have opened with, I think, another good entertainment on Monday, but the epidemic, of which I suppose you have heard by this time, is a panic with a vengeance—worse than cholera, though not so fatal. You would not have heard from me until my launch, if it had not been for the death of Lord Foley, who, they say, died of this disorder. If so, this is the only fatal instance. I dined in company with him a fortnight ago, at Lord Har-

rington's, and he appeared to me to be well. I thought it possible you might not hear of it, if you do not make a greater point than you used of seeing papers. Imagining it might be possible that this intelligence might be important, I therefore determined to give you this notice. He only died yesterday. I will write a longer letter soon; indeed I will. Our loves to you all, and ever thine.

MATTY.

In May the collection of Theatrical Pictures were opened to public view at the Queen's Bazaar, in Oxford-street. Charles hastily made out a catalogue, and, without the owner's interference, all was arranged to his approval. The number of pictures amounted to nearly four hundred. Some idea of the quality of this exhibition may be formed by the following notice.

As a collection of pictures it is not, generally speaking, of the first—of the very first class; but, as an illustration of Britain's histrionic history during, perhaps, one of the brightest periods that ever beamed upon the land, it is unexampled, and utterly impossible to be excelled. "There hang the players in their single persons," (we quote an essay, "*The old actors*," by the exquisite Elia, prefixed to the catalogue *raisonnée* of the gallery;) "and, in grouped scenes from the Restoration—Booths, Quins, Garricks, justifying the prejudices which we entertain for them; the Bracegirdles, the Gwynnes, and the Oldfields, fresh as Cibber has described them! the Woffington (a true Hogarth) upon a couch, dallying and dangerous. The screen scene in Brinsley's famous comedy, with Smith, and Mrs. Abingdon, whom I have not seen,—and the rest—whom,

having seen, I still see there. There is Henderson, unrivalled in *Comus*, whom I saw at second-hand in Harley; Harley, the rival of Holman, in *Horatio;* Holman, with the bright glittering teeth, in Lothario; and the paviour sighs in *Romeo*, the jolliest person ('our son is fat') of any *Hamlet* I have yet seen, with the most laudable attempts (for a personable man) at looking melancholy; and Pope, the abdicated monarch of tragedy and comedy, in *Henry the Eighth* and *Lord Townley*. There hang the two Aickins, brethren in mediocrity. Broughton, who in *Kitely* seemed to have forgotten that in prouder days he personated *Alexander*. The specious form of John Palmer, with the especial effrontery of *Bobby*. Bensley, with the trumpet tongue; and little Quick (the retired Dioclesian of Islington), with his squeak like a Bartlemy fiddle." The essay continues in this strain of babbling beauty for some sentences: we can, however, only quote the conclusion.

"There are the two Bannisters, and Incledon, and Kelly, and Dignum (Diggy), and the by-gone features of Mrs. Ward, matchless in *Lady Loverule;* and the collective majesty of the whole Kemble family; and (Shakspeare's woman) Dora Jordan; and, by her two *antics*, who in former and in latter days, have chiefly beguiled us from our griefs — Suett and Munden."

The gallery, as a theatrical collection, is *unique*, unexampled, and incapable of being excelled. The pictures, as works of art, painted by various artists, and at different times, must of necessity be unequal; they are so. But, then, it is not as works of art that we go to gloat over them: it is to revive the recollections, mayhap of experience, mayhap of reading, and to live in the excellencies of the past, unheeding and uncaring for the present. It is right to observe, however, that there are among them

also several pictures of first-rate merit. We would especially particularize "*Meg Woffington, lying on a couch*, "dallying and dangerous," as the delightful Elia has described her; *George Frederick Cooke;* Eleanor Gwynne, the "Mistress Nelly" of the mob in the dissolute days of Charles; Mrs. Abingdon, as Lady Bab Lardoon, in the Maid of Oaks; Spranger Barry; David Garrick, — "Little Davy," as Dr. Johnson was wont familiarly, more than welcomely, to style him; Mrs. Bracegirdle; Mrs. Oldfield; Mrs. Catherine Clive; Mrs. Robinson — poor Mrs. Robinson! Miss O'Neill, the chaste, the virtuous; Joseph Munden, "the droll;" Michael Kelly — here be his "Reminiscences" indeed; and, finally, for the present, Charles Mathews, the founder of the feast, "mine host of Highgate," with this admirable addenda to the brief notice of his name in the catalogue,

"On their own merits modest men are dumb."

The portraits by Zoffany are certainly the best, though there are many by the veteran De Wilde, full of character and identity. It is curious to contrast the peculiarities of the olden actors with the general common-place air of contemporary players. There is nothing so sleek, so unctuous as Suett;—Harley, for instance, has a 5 per cent. 20,000*l.* look — he might pass for a successful linen-draper. He has no touch of the picturesque vagabondism of Weston, and the immortal Dicky. Farren too, who keeps a green carriage and footman, wants the oily coziness of rare old Quick. Then, there is Macready; put him beside George Cooke and, compared to the consumer of brandy, he has the staid severe air of a rich dissenting preacher. Dowton maintains something of the olden time; he looks and speaks as though he had acted with the Jordans and the Lewises.

This collection presents a good history of the stage, told alike by beautiful and curious faces. We read the history of the players, of the people who chatted with Dryden, and who took directions from Goldsmith (it may be in his immortal peach-coloured coat); of the fair eyes that captivated kings; of the white brows that gave a lustre to a coronet. There is beauty of every kind, from the quick, kind-hearted eyes of Nell Gwynne to the soft languishing gaze of Maria Darlington.*

The catalogue has been drawn up by Mr. Mathews, jun. with great skill, care, and judgment. It is copious and well arranged, which is not the least part of the treat.

Mr. Mathews was present at the Covent-garden Theatrical Fund dinner this year, and in the course of the evening sang a song from his forthcoming entertainment, descriptive of an election, in which he gave a humorous imitation of "glorious Dan," whose actions and grimaces on the occasion of his speech on the night the House divided after the adjourned debate on the Irish Coercion Bill, he admirably imitated. The pulling about and adjusting the wig, the loosening of the neckerchief, and the divesting himself of that incumbrance, he ludicrously caricatured. The song was rapturously applauded.

Mr. Mathews commenced another "At Home," at the Adelphi Theatre, on the 29th April, with

* Miss Foote, the present Countess of Harrington; "Maria Darlington" was one of the characters in which she was particularly admired.—A. M.

the Fourth Volume of his Comic Annual for the year 1833.*

The following was the announcement of this entertainment :—

PART THE FIRST.

This page—address to the House.—Contrasted Characters.—Messrs. Verjuice and Honey.—The Sun in London—cause of its obscurity.

Chaunt—*Modern Innovations.*

Private Miseries of a Dramatic Writer.—Mr. Rigmarole.—Interrupted Composition.—Melodrama muddled.—Mr. Josephus Jollyfat, a gastronomer astronomer.—Lecture on the Solar System to his Nephew, and directions for Dinner to his Cook.

Song—*A Christening in Aldermanbury.*

EMBELLISHMENT.

Waiting for a Newspaper.—Scene a coffee-room.

Dramatis Personæ.

Mr. Tortoise, with "The Times."—*Mr. Martin Swift,* waiting for the paper.—*Schmidt,* German waiter.

PART THE SECOND.

Embellished half-length of a Lady.—Mrs. Digby Jones.—Conversazione.—Malapropriation of scientific words.—Visit to the Bank.—Cheapside in a uproar.—Police Report, abridged and described in

Song—*A Mansion House.*

Simplicity of the English Language.—Monsieur Ventriloque's definition of the word "Box," twenty significations.

Song—*Street Melodists* (a medley).

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* The joint production of Messrs. R. B. Peake and Charles J. Mathews.—A. M.

Josephus Jollyfat (a sketch in water-colours).—Sir Charles Primtattle.—Water drinking.—Establishment of a Temperance Society.—Effects of Mr. Cooper's wonderful Hydro-oxygen Microscope (with Jollyfat's accurate drawings from living objects).—The Water-tiger and other aquatic monsters of the Deep (ditch).—New Writs.—Visit to the Hustings.

Song—*A General Election.*

PART THE THIRD.

A Monopolylogue, to be called the

COACH-WHEEL OFF.

Dramatis personæ, enacted by Mr. Mathews:

Colonel Catarrh, from Calcutta - -	*Cold.*
Miss Violet Catarrh - - - -	*Warm.*
Grump, coachman to the Colonel - -	*Luke-warm.*
Simon Sparks, a blacksmith - - -	*Blazing.*
Ensign Fitzmarigold Mackillady - -	*Red-hot.*

Living adjuncts.—A pair of coach horses and a cockatoo.

&c. &c. &c.

I subjoin a contemporary critical notice of this entertainment.

The opening address is neat and pointed. Mr. Mathews affects to consider his audience as members of another assembly, where little good humour has lately prevailed, and takes occasion to congratulate himself on the fact, that although there is a numerous attendance at the opening of the budget he sees very few on the "opposition benches," albeit there is a full muster of Pittites. Being on his legs, he graciously intimates that he does not intend to move that the "gallery may be cleared;" but he hopes he shall be listened too with approbation—that each night the question is put there will be always plenty of Hear, hear, hears! and that, finally, when he moves "the bill do pass," he will have the satisfaction to learn

that the "ayes have it." Should he be again successful in pleasing them, he will, as he has already been "At Home" thirteen times, enjoy the peculiar gratification of knowing that all his audience have been transported "for fourteen years."

After observing, that he trusts his works will be reckoned amongst the "Strand improvements," Mr. Mathews entreats his hearers to consider his head a "wood-cut," for which he is to provide embellishments, and forthwith introduces us to two persons, Messrs. Verjuice and Honey, who prove (as their names import) the very antipodes of each other,—Verjuice being sour, crabbed, and morose,—Honey, good-tempered and contented. "How beautiful the sun shines this morning!" exclaims Honey. "The sun!" retorts Verjuice; "what do you know about the sun?" — "Deary'me, Mr. Verjuice, don't I see it, and feel it?"—"Sir, I say you do not. The sun never shines in this country,—when I say country, I mean London. There is no place in the world where the sun meets so many insults; your very houses seem as if they were built to take the *shine* out of him. King Richard once asked, 'Who saw the sun to-day?' and it must have been in London that he received the answer, 'No one, please your Majesty.'"—"Lawk! Mr. Verjuice, you take a pleasure in contradicting me, and saying queer things; why, I am a Venetian blind maker." — "More fool you to follow such a foolish occupation. If there is one thing more than another that shows the impudence and ignorance of the Londoners, it is their covering all their windows with shades, for which they can have no use." The conversation terminates, and Mr. Mathews then sings a comic song, descriptive of the wonders of Reform, and contrasting the olden times with the present, when young

ladies write upon political economy, fiddlers have heads like door-knockers, and the men of St. Dunstan's, tired of beating the half-hours, have beaten their quarters, and taken themselves off to the Regent's Park.* This song concludes with a recommendation of a remedy for theatrical difficulties, which is well worth consideration, and which has not yet been fully tried,—and that is, that people instead of debating about the merits of, or the necessities for, the legitimate drama, should spend their money at a theatre once or twice a week in patronising what they have.†

The next character Mr. Mathews presents us with is, Mr. Rigmarole, a dramatic writer, who has favoured the world with two-and-forty successful pieces, while Mrs. Rigmarole has favoured him with seven little pieces. He is shown in all the agonies of composition, disturbed by his children, his wife, the collector of the poor rates, and of the water rates, cats, dogs, and noises indescribable, at the very moment when his hopes of being preferred to his competitors, and therefore providing for his family, depend on quiet and composure for the completion of a melodrame. The whole sketch is peculiarly racy and characteristic, but it is not in our power to make it the subject of description. To Rigmarole, the author, succeeds a Mr. Josephus Jollyfat, a would-be astronomer, who, although not quite so wise or so learned as Sir Isaac Newton, yet considers himself no mean proficient in the study of the heavenly bodies. Mr. Jollyfat is, however, a *bon*

* These figures, when removed from their original position, were purchased by a nobleman, whose mansion is in the Regent's Park.—A. M.

† This allusion was to the recent inquiry in the House of Commons. See *Appendix*. — A. M.

vivant, as well as an astronomer. He does not know what a turtle could have been made for, unless it was to be eaten; and much as he reverences Newton, who, he observes, discovered the "rotatory motion of the earth" by the fall of an apple from a tree, he fears that he, instead of applying himself to the science on such an occasion, would have taken up the apple and eaten it. Dinner is a meal he loves, and one that occupies much of his thoughts during the morning; and he cannot sufficiently condemn the mean abstinence of that Scotchman who wears on his seal the motto of "Dinner (dinna) forget." An amusing scene is produced by the medley of Mr. Jollyfat giving instructions to his cook for dinner while he delivers a lecture on the solar system to his nephew. It terminates by the lad being ordered to name the planets Mercury, Venus, Tellus, &c.; but mistaking the latter for *tell us*, and replying peevishly that he *can't tell*, he is unceremoniously sent to bed without dinner, pudding, or cake. Next comes a "christening in Aldermanbury," a most ludicrous jumble of singing and recitation. Each individual of the expected company is introduced to us on his arrival. Mr. and Mrs. Sugarplum are so much accustomed to the quiet of their *willa*, that they can't sleep in town; and the night before they were terribly annoyed by a cart-horse, that kept "stamp, stamp!" all night. "You may depend upon it he has a corn." "Oh! no, no corn!" "Then I have it; he dislikes sleeping in the dark, and tries all night to strike a light with his shoe against the flints of the pavement."—"Dear me," says Mrs. Giblett, "is it not wery cold?" "Oh! dear, yes," replies Mrs. Marrowfat, "quite a *chevaux de freeze!*"—"Mr. Pickleberry, we are all ready, and the reverend gentleman is waiting: you are to be the sponsor." "Sir, I have

pledged myself to be godfather to this babe; but as to sponsor, I beg to decline that or any other responsibility of which I don't know the extent." "Oh! I think I know that nurse; she belongs to our parish. How do you do, Mrs. Blower?" "Pretty well, I thank you, sir." "Yes, I was right; how is your husband? By-the-by, did you hear of the curious accident that happened to him the other day? He is trumpeter to the City Band; and at the last Lord Mayor's dinner, he chanced to have a loose tooth: so, when they were ordered to strike up, 'Oh! the roast beef of Old England!' he blew so lustily, that his tooth flew through the trumpet upwards of twenty yards, and alighted in a tureen of turtle soup. I think I never laughed more than when I heard old Alderman Guzzle observe a short time afterwards, that he thought the soup was very *toothsome!*" "Mr. Pickleberry, I dare say, will give something handsome to the nurse; he is a liberal man." "He a liberal man! Why, he is one of those who would steal a lump of sugar out of a canary bird's cage." —"What wine do you choose, Mrs. Marrowfat?" "Oh! I likes a light wine: I'll take *Bucephalus.*" — "Where is Mr. Marrowfat?" "At home, nursing a cold."—"Why does he not put it out to nurse?" — "Silence!"

We are then presented with a ludicrous account of the sufferings of a Frenchman, Monsieur Ventriloque, in his attempt to comprehend the idioms of the English language. He orders dinner, and it is served in a *box* in the coffee-room. He wishes, after having proved to the custom-house officer that he carries no *smuggles*, to pack all his little trifles in a *sac*, and he is recommended to buy a *box*. Then he hears a gentleman near him asking for the pepper-*box*. *Box* again! He goes to the theatre, and is asked if he choose to go to de *box*. He always

answers "Oh! yes," that he might not appear to be ignorant. He wishes to send a letter to his friends in France, and is desired to put it in the letter-*box*. When he gets on the coach for London, he is offered, for an additional shilling, a seat on the *box*; and, when they are about to start, the driver asks for his *box*-coat. They drive through the country with such speed that he fears they will be *reversed*; and, when another coach attempts to pass them, the coachman exclaims, "if you think to go that on me, my lad, you 'll have got into the wrong *box*." Despairing of being able to understand this word, he fears to ask a question; but, at last, seeing a pretty house on the side of the road, he inquires to whom it belongs? and hears it is Lord Killfox's shooting-*box*. A man with mustachios comes to the coach, and demands if his harp is safe; and, on asking his name, he learns with dismay that it is Bochsa. Seeing a beautiful country, he is told it is *Box*hill. Trees cut like peacocks he learns also are *box*. A crowd assembled are watching a *boxing* match; and, finally, and to the completion of his dismay, he arrives in London on *boxing*-day; and determines in the height of his misery, to leave a country in which the language is so unintelligible, on the very nex tmorning.

We are next treated with the Humours of a Morning at the Mansion-House, in the disposal of the charges of the night before. A Mr. Dumps, who has been found drunk on the steps of a door, makes his appearance, attended by two females. The magistrate asks what they want? "Vy," exclaims one of them, "we comes to be bail for Mr. Dumps. The act of parliament, you see, requires two housekeepers! Now I am housekeeper, please your wortship, to Mr. Dumps, and this here lady is housekeeper to Mr. Crumps, and we are the bail!"

—"Who are you?" says the magistrate to a fellow placed at the bar. "I don't know." "What are you charged with?" "I can't tell."—"What 's your name?—where do you live? have you any father or mother?" "I 'm not sure." —"Were you ever here before?" "Vy, you may save yourself the trouble of asking any more! Ven I vos last at the Hold Baley my 'torney told me to say never a vord; and, do you think arter that I 'm going to cruminate myself by hanswering your questions?" — "What does that boy want?" "A warrant 'gainst his master, a chimney-sweeper, for sending him up a gas-pipe." — "Quack! Quack!" — "What business have those ducks here?" "Please you, my lord, they 're vitnesses in the next charge." And so, with sundry embellishments, ends the scene of the police-office, and the first part of the entertainment.

The second opens with the appearance of Mrs. Digby Jones, the simple and uneducated wife of a very learned antiquary, whose house is crammed with mummies, pictures, statues, coins, and sarcophaguses. Mr. Jones has invited his friends to a *conversazione*, and we are introduced to poor Mrs. Jones at the moment when she is in all the agonies of preparation for the reception of the company. To an acquaintance, who calls on her, and finds her directing the servants to strew the books about the room, in order to make them look *littery* (literary,) she observes that she does not know what Mr. Jones means by his conversatiole'ale, and she quite dreads the coming of some of the company, particularly a great naturalist, who always reminds her of that bear they call the *Major*, and whom she has heard forms one of the *consternations* in the *horoscope*. She says, however, that they are to be honoured with the company of the Russian *convoy*, who is said to be a near relation of the *hautograph* of all the Russians,

and who is so great a favourite at court that they *infested* him with order of the *Delf* the moment he arrived. — Take care of that picture, John, —it is one of Raffles's harpoons; and see that you don't break that thing with the long ears; Jones calls it an *idle* — idle enough, I dare say. By the by, talking of *idles*, I never can forget Jones introducing me to Mr. Ramble, the gentleman who had travelled so much among the savages. — 'My dear,' said Jones, pulling my sleeve. 'This is the gentleman who wrote the book I showed you.'—The book I knew nothing about; but, seeing that Jones wished me to say something handsome, I was on thorns during the whole of the dinner, thinking what I could say. At last, however, it *splashed* across me that I had heard something about him, and so I said, 'Dear me, how lonely you must have been in all those savage islands, with nobody to talk to but a poll-parrot and your man Friday, and clad in skins, without ever a shirt!' — 'Bless me, ma'am!' exclaimed he, 'do you take me for Robinson Crusoe?' — And, so I was wrong, after all. But, do you know, although so great a traveller, he was but a ninny in *biography*, and knew no more of London than if he had never seen it; for,—would you believe it?—when I tried him by asking if he could tell me where Hicks's Hall formerly stood, he confessed he could not, although I told him it was painted on every mile-stone within ten miles of London. I am glad he is not coming, and that Sir Somebody, too, the great *mechanician*, who talks all day long of his *superfices* and his *angels* of forty-five. I think such language very indecent before ladies."

We are again introduced to Mr. Josephus Jollyfat, who has finished his dinner and is about to wash it down with sundry bottles of his favourite wine — that wine is Madeira, — which, he observes, has been often on the water, but has never yet tasted it. In this jovial and

indulgent humour he is visited by Sir Charles Primtipple, advocate for temperance societies, and an inveterate water-drinker, who has imbibed more of Aldgate pump than any person within the bills of mortality. Sir Charles comes to consult his friend on the propriety of founding a temperance society, and finds him, of course, very little disposed to second his views. Jollyfat wishes that there was some disease for which turtle soup would be a cure, in order that he might eat it all day long, and observes, "that he attended a meeting the other night to found a temperance society, where they all got as drunk as Christopher."—"Drunk as Christopher!" exclaims Sir Charles: "I have often heard that phrase, but never could understand its meaning." "Then I'll tell you. My father, who was a great inquirer into old customs, used to explain it in this way. You have often heard of a man being as drunk as a fiddler. Now, a small fiddle is sometimes called a kit; *Kit* is the short name for Christopher; and so it came to be said that you were as drunk as Christopher"—"Ha! ha! you're an odd fellow, Jollyfat." "Well; but," rejoins Jollyfat, "I was going to tell you, we met to get together a temperance society; and so, the argument being very warm, I proposed that we should call for a bowl of punch: when that bowl was discussed, I said, 'Gentlemen, have any of you seen the effects of the new microscope in Bond-street, and I produced them this drawing,' (Mr. Mathews here exhibits a sketch of one of the animalculæ coloured after nature.) 'There,' I said, 'look at that! This fellow is called the water-beatle. The turncocks should be punished for allowing such a fellow to wander abroad;—well, what do you think of having fifty such things as that stumping about in your epigastric region.' The production of the water-beatle produced so

good an effect that we had two more bowls of punch; and so I produced my second drawing. 'There it is—the water serpent. How would you like him and his friends to be tumbling about in your thorax?' The serpent got us two more bowls; and I then brought forth this,—the water tiger. 'There is a fellow to be fighting a duel in your abdomen.' Well, the upshot of all this was, that we had four more bowls of punch, and then we sallied forth to see each other home. The first gentleman whose house we came to, wouldn't enter without knowing his friends were safe; and so we went on to the next—he was equally polite. A third would not be outdone by his predecessors; and so we kept seeing each other home till four in the morning."—"So you think," said Sir Charles, "that these horrible creatures you have shown me, do not live in punch as well as in water."—"No; for I am satisfied if they escape being scalded to death by the hot water, they are sure to get dead drunk with the spirit."

After this water-scene we have one of those extraordinary medleys, for which Mr. Mathews is so celebrated. In an attempt to convey an idea of street music he gives us specimens, with accompaniments on the harp, flageolet, violin, and bagpipe, of the national music of Italy, France, Switzerland, Ireland, England, and Scotland, with appropriate dresses and imitations.

The last, and, perhaps, the most vigorous part of the entertainment, is an attempt to portray some of the humours of one of the late general elections. The candidates are, Sir Frederick Flambeaux and Mr. Busborough; the former a conception, the latter a portrait.

The "coach-wheel off" presents us with a nabob, his sister, and her Irish lover, a blacksmith, a coachman, and a cockatoo! all of them personated by Mr. Mathews. The

Irishman, who is fond of a "glass of gin-and-water *warm with*," succeeds, by the aid of the blacksmith, in carrying off the lady and her cockatoo that has been educated on board an Indiaman, and is therefore such a blackguard, that he can never hope to be a "bird of paradise." Mr. Peake contributed on this occasion the woof, on which Mr. Mathews, by the force of his peculiar genius, has placed so comical a warp.

The power of self-annihilation possessed by Mr. Mathews, gives to all his portraits a separate identity. This faculty alone would render his entertainments well worth a visit, even though the matter were not, as at present, of the highest order. If he be called on for an Irishman, his face on the instant swims with whisky, and his eye has the true Milesian twinkle; if from the land of cakes, his features become sharp and hard, and his look hath mingled acquiescence and wariness. If he be dubbed an alderman, he swells out, cheeks, lips, and all, to meet the sudden dignity. If—but no, we have no space to enumerate the changes of one falsely called Charles Mathews; we say falsely—for, verily, "his name is legion."

CHAPTER IX.

Mr. Mathews's Visit to Mr. Eaton.—His Dislike of transacting Business.—His Illness.—His Visits to the Zoological Gardens. —His Fondness for Brighton. — Communication from Mr. Surtees, containing Reminiscences of Mr. Mathews.—Scene at Tattersall's.—Letter to Mrs. Mathews.—Effect on Mr. Mathews of an inattentive Auditor: Anecdote.—Letters to Mrs. Mathews: the Rev. Julian Young.—Letter from that Gentleman to Mr. Mathews.—Letter to Mrs. Mathews.

"I INDUCED my husband at the beginning of July to visit Mr. Eaton, of Stetchworth Park, near Newmarket; for I thought I saw him languishing for country air. There he was detained by an attack of illness, ascribed to any but the real cause. Upon this occasion he thus wrote to me:—

"I must tell you my situation. On getting out of bed yesterday I found myself quite helpless with weakness in my loins, which Mr. Eaton pronounces lumbago: however, I could not walk, or stir out of the house. I am not any better to-day, as I can only move with the assistance of two crutch sticks, and cannot attempt to stand upright. If I am not at home on Sunday before six o'clock, write a note to Lord Harrington, and explain my case."

Alas! his "case" was then, fortunately perhaps for those who loved him, inexplicable; but

each attack was, as I *now* know, but a gradual step nearer to its final developement. He adds, characteristically,—

"I came off, *as usual*, without enough money for my journey here and back, and never thought about it till to-day. I believe the smallest note now is five pounds, so you must send me one by return."

I have often thought that the very touch of coin was disagreeable to him. He would be weeks together without money in his pocket, such a reluctance had he to its use. He never paid his inn bills in travelling when he had anybody with him who could settle them, either from dislike of transacting business, (which was indisputable,) or the bows and courtesys which at tended such transactions. Antipathy to both these ceremonies made him what is called *sneak* out of the inn about ten minutes before closing accounts, and walk onward that the carriage might overtake and receive him out of the town, by which he escaped all *staring*, and the *éclat* of leave-taking.

On his apparent restoration to his usual state of health, he returned home from Mr. Eaton's tolerably tranquil; but the worm that had preyed upon him unseen, though not unfelt, made fatal ravages upon him from the moment his spirits had ceased to struggle against it, and when the motive for exercise and causes of cheerfulness were removed. In London his spacious and really gay-looking rooms appeared to him little

less than a dreary prison.* His resource was the Zoological Gardens, where he was sometimes joined by Mr. Henry Alexander, the celebrated occulist, to whom he was very partial. There he would drive on the days he performed, as soon as he had breakfasted, and sit and saunter alternately about the walks, diverted from his sorrowful reflections by the variety of animals and birds, of all of which he was so fond. His looks suffered; yet as he never spoke of bodily pain further than in relation to his injured hip, I ascribed the change to his natural discontent at a London residence. I pressed him, as often as circumstances would admit, to pay short visits to Brighton, which, next to rural joys, was his favourite scene of recreation. The sea, whether at it, or on it, or in it, was to him a delightful element. He would sit whole days upon the beach or sands, watching its motion, and taking an absorbing interest in every distant speck he saw floating. Brighton, moreover, contained several friends to whom he always felt an unvarying attachment. Mr. Horatio Smith, whose *addresses* were never *rejected* when he courted Mr. Mathews's presence at his delightful house, where, whether seated amidst its amiable domestic circle, or in a more extended society, my husband found himself truly happy. Other friends, Mr. Lawrence, the surgeon, Mr. Masquerier, and

* In a letter to Mr. Harding, he dates from "*Great Coffin Street!*" but he never betrayed to me his impressions to this extent.

many agreeable guests, met at the houses of these gentlemen, and contributed to complete the charm and attraction which Brighton invariably possessed for him. Mr. Mathews was a great admirer, too, of the Rev. Mr. Anderson, socially and professionally, and always spoke of him and of his preaching with enthusiasm. But for these pleasurable resources from time to time, I know not how his spirits could have been sustained under the pressing weight of his disappointments and unacknowledged bodily infirmities.

For the following communication I am indebted to Mr. Surtees of Hamsterley Hall, Gateshead, who kindly forwarded these reminiscences to Charles, in 1836, when he hoped to have leisure to perform the task of writing his father's life. The particulars this friend of my husband has thrown together are very amusing and characteristic, besides being extremely well narrated; and though they were written after the death of him of whom they speak, they will come most appropriately, according to the date to which they refer, and therefore I insert them here.

TO CHARLES JAMES MATHEWS, ESQ.

MY DEAR SIR,

I have great pleasure in sending you such reminiscences of your late father as I can call to mind, though I hope you will find some one whose longer acquaintance will enable him to do greater justice to the subject. My first

introduction to my late excellent friend took place at a dinner given by the late Mr. Wilson, of sporting and legal celebrity, to the members of the Beefsteak Club, at his house in Lincoln's Inn-fields. There was a very large party of members and strangers, and I had the good fortune to be placed opposite your father. I forget the whole of the party,—but, of members, there were the Duke of Leinster, Mr. (now Sir) John Cam Hobhouse, the late Admiral Dundas, the Hon. John Dundas, M.P. for York, Mr. Arnold, Mr. Linley, and others, while Sir John Milley Doyle rendered himself conspicuous among the strangers by coming all covered with ribbons, orders, and decorations. We sat down altogether five or six-and-twenty, as many as could be got into the room; for, as you know, Mr. Wilson was one of the most hospitable men under the sun, and a vacant chair was rarely seen at his table. The evening was spent most delightfully, we had some excellent singing, and your father gave some of his best imitations.

In the spring of the same year I sat within one of him at what is called Mr. Tattersall's Derby dinner, given on the Sunday before Epsom races; and, this leads me to say, that your father was one of the most enthusiastic lovers of a race I ever knew.* He entered into the spirit and

* It is known that Mathews was very fond of a race, — indeed, his fondness almost amounted to a passion; but, I believe, it was to be attributed more to his liking for horses than for any direct interest that he took in the sport itself. During many years he attended Epsom and Ascott regularly, whatever temptations, professional or otherwise, were in the way. Newmarket he often visited, though not regularly, and Doncaster sometimes; but, I believe, he never risked more than a score pounds on any race. He paid dearly, however, in another way for his racing popensities. No less a price than that of a

excitement of the thing with the true ardour of a turfite, without any knowledge however of the science of book-making. He was generally what is termed "a field man" on the turf,—that is, one who takes all the horses in a race against one or two reserved favourites; but, during "Priam's" splendid career, he made an exception in his favour, and would not bet against him. The late Mr. Stewart was one of the largest speculators on the turf, and used frequently to accommodate your father by betting with him either way he liked. On the occasion of the dinner of which I was speaking, on entering the drawing-room I found your father in the greatest possible glee, Mr. Stewart having just before paid him 50*l.* or 60*l.* to be off a bet.

These dinners of Mr. Tattersall's are among the plea-

partial reputation for general gambling. Whenever a report of any instance of this came to his knowledge, it annoyed him exceedingly; but he used to reconcile himself to it by recollecting that he enjoyed a parallel reputation for drinking, though (I think I have heard him say) no man, during the whole course of his life, ever saw him in the smallest degree injuriously affected by wine,—and spirits, I believe, he never touched. During the whole of my intimacy with him he was more than moderate,—he was abstemious in regard to wine;—and in the matter of eating, whatever delicacies there might be at table, he rarely partook of more than one dish, and that of plain roast or boiled meat, not even preceded by soup or fish. By the by, these last words remind me of what I am disposed to call the weakest point in Mathews's intellectual character—his extreme fondness for a pun, coupled with his affected hatred and contempt for that harmless species of fooling. I question whether he did not refuse soup and fish that he might have a better opportunity of saying, when invited to take either, "No, I am not a *soup or fish-al man.*" He invariably protested, however, against the pun being looked upon as his own—or other than as old as Joe Miller.—*Patmore's Personal Recollections.*

santest remains of the sporting world. They are not numerous, consisting of from fourteen to sixteen guests, but they form a concentration of leading men in the hunting and racing world; masters of hounds, members of the Jockey Club, &c. At these dinners, lotteries of the Derby and Oaks' horses are made, and the tickets, or names of the horses on slips of paper, are handed round after the cloth is drawn; of course a great many of these have no chance, and the drawers of the bad ones, after effecting (unseen) exchanges among themselves, used to come to your father to dispose of them by auction. The original things he used to say on these occasions were most amusing. Many people would have supposed he had studied the list, and got jokes up for the occasion; but all who knew your father will acquit him of a premeditated pun. I recollect on one occasion, after one would think he had exhausted every possible pun, encomium, and device in getting rid of many bad bargains, an unfortunate outsider, called Astracan, was handed up to him for disposal, when, looking very grave and pompous, and affecting to read a letter he had in his pocket, he begged us to dismiss from our mind all the previous recommendations he had made of other horses; "for," said he, "since I offered the last lot I have received a private and confidential communication from Epsom, which so completely alters my opinions, that if I were now called upon to declare what in my mind *can* win the Derby, I should fearlessly declare that I think Astra*can*!"

When he did not stay with a friend, your father used to lodge at Matthew Robson's (brother to the late trainer of that name) at Newmarket.

We travelled down together to the last meeting at

which he was present, viz. the July of 1833. We went by the Norwich mail, having two outsides, but shortly after passing Epping it began to rain, and your father, fearing the wet, took a vacant place inside. In consequence of the other passengers insisting upon having the windows up, he was terribly distressed with the asthma on reaching Newmarket; and though it was pouring with rain, we were obliged to halt two or three times between the small public-house where the mail set us down and Robson's. I was awoke in the morning by hearing him calling a horse, "à la Tattersall," as he lay in bed, an imitation in which he was most successful.

One of his best sporting stories was that of the German Baron at Newmarket, who wanted to buy a horse, and could not speak English, in which Mr. Tattersall and the late Mr. Wilson were introduced.

The scene opens with the interior of a loose box in a racing-stable, (Lord Lowther's, I believe,) in which were this German Baron (a tall, stout, close-buttoned, dignified man with a queer high-crowned hat and large mustachios), Mr. Tattersall, Rogers the trainer, Mr. Mathews, and a horse called Toss, the inspection of which was the object of the visit. Each party was most happily ignorant of the other's language.

Mr. Tattersall loquitur.—"That 's the horse; strip him, Rogers, and let the Baron see him. That 's Toss, sir.

Baron.—"*Hawe*—Toss—Foine orse—Toss." Whereupon, as your father described, he went up to him, passed his hand down his legs, along his back, and gave him a punch in the ribs, according to the most approved system of examination. He then looked into his mouth, and retreating to the back of the stall, stuck his hands in his sides and took a steady survey of the whole.

Baron.—"*Hawe!*—Toss—hawe! Foine orse. Vot ears (years) he has?"

Mr. Tattersall.—"What, are they too long, think ye?"

Baron.—"Nor, nor. Vot *ears* he has?"

Mr. Tattersall.—"Oh! ah! yes, he carries them well!"

Baron.—Bah! bah! Vot *ears*, I say, he has?"

Mr. Tattersall.—"Oh, they show breeding, his dam's were the same, and she was a right good one."

Baron (getting indignant).—"Nor, nor, I say; vot ears, *years* he has?"

Hereupon difficulty the first was overcome, and the information supplied. The Baron then resumed, with the most profound gravity, the following question:—

Baron.—"How moch?"

Mr. Tattersall.—"500*l.*"

Baron.—"Vot! 500 livre?"

Mr. Tattersall.—"Oh, take him or leave him, just as you like; *that's the price.*"

Baron.—"Nor, nor! I say 500*l.* sterling."

Mr. Tattersall.—"Oh, I understand; yes, 500*l.* English money—sterling; *yes.*"

Baron.—"Oh, I will *have* my wet."

Mr. Tattersall (aside).—"What the deuce does he want now?"

Baron.—"My *wet*, I say."

Mr. Tattersall.—"Oh, he's thirsty. Here, Rogers, run and bring the Baron a glass of water."

Rogers returns with a tumbler of *aqua pura*, and offers it to the Baron, who turns away in disgust.

Mr. Tattersall (rather nonplused) says,—"What's the matter now?"

Baron.—"I vill my wet."

Mr. Tattersall (aside).—"I twig (to Rogers). He wants a little brandy in it, run and dash about half a glassfull into it."

Rogers returns with the water qualified as directed, and offers it to the Baron, who stamps with rage.

Baron.—"Nor, nor, I say! (with a horrible guttural sound) I vill my *wet-tin-ne-ra-ry* surgeon."

In the evening a large party were about to sit down to dinner at the White Hart, among whom were the gentlemen of the morning scene, and also Mr. Wilson. Just as the dinner was served, the gaunt Baron stalked into the room, and was invited to join the party. "Nor, I tank you," said he. "You 'd better, sir," said Mr. Wilson, "here 's a piece of very nice roast beef."—"Nor, I tank you, sare; I have my wet in the next room."—"Ay, ay, sir," replied Mr. Wilson; "but bring your wet with ye; we 'll all have our *wet* together, just now!" A roar of laughter followed this second misapprehension of the term; but an explanation ensued, the Baron introduced his wet, and the evening ended, as Mr. Wilson proposed, in their all having their wet together.

There were some adjuncts to the story, chiefly relating to Mr. Wilson's attempted enlightenment of the Baron in the mysteries of racing, which I have not attempted to give, because their merit consisted principally in the style of your father's narration.

Of a somewhat similar character to the German story was that of the Doncaster scene, which I have often heard your father relate. Two Yorkshiremen were in the habit of meeting at Doncaster every year, and of having a bet on the St. Ledger or cup. One came from Leeds, the other from Beverley, and in 1815, when Sir W. Maxwell's horse, "Filho de Puta," won, each man having sounded

his knowing friends as to the favourite, one getting hold of the first part of the horse's name, the other of the latter part, they both backed the same, one naming "Filho" (or Fi" r as he called him), the other "Puta" (or Pewter as he pronounced it). After the race each man, of course, claimed the bet, whereupon a wrangle ensued, which ended in their adjourning to the judges' stand, to refer the matter to Mr. Lockwood, the clerk of the course. "Hooi! Mr. Lockwood!" bellowed the Beverley tyke, "what 's won t' coop? Hasn't Filley *won* t' coop?"

Mr. Lockwood, looking very dignified, replies, "Yes, Filho has won the cup." Whereupon he again claimed his bet; but the Leeds leg would not be convinced, and setting up a shout similar to the one raised by his comrade, again brought Mr. Lockwood to the front.

"Hooi! I say, Mr. Lockwood, what 's won the coop? Hasn't Pewter won the coop?"—"Yes," replied Mr. Lockwood, "Puta has won the cup."—"There now, dang it, I told you 'Pewter,'" exclaimed the Leeds man; whereupon they recommenced their wrangle anew, and kept it up until a mutual friend interposed and set them right. Your father's personification of the Yorkshiremen's manner and dialect used to be excellent.

At the end of the July 1833, I proceeded to Bildeston, and your father returned to town, having first arranged to take up our quarters together at Bognor for the Goodwood races. Mr. Zachary, of the Adelphi-terrace, joined us; and on a lovely morning in August, we left town in your father's carriage for the coast of Sussex; your father in the rumble and Mr. Zachary and myself inside. It was a scorching hot day, and your father was in full glory. I never saw a man who delighted more in sunshine than he did: it was never too hot for him. After ventriloquizing

all the postboys on the road, and making them look under their horses' heels and carriage wheels for dogs that yelped in the agony of being run over, and playing all sorts of tricks upon the country folks, we arrived at Bognor for a late dinner, and by the kindness of Mrs. Tattersall, who was staying there with her family, and had looked out lodgings in case we might want them, we established ourselves in very comfortable quarters on the Steyne. Bognor was then, and, I suppose, still is, one of the very small order of southern bathing-places; and with the exception of the period of Goodwood races, a very quiet independent little town. We arrived a few days before the races, intending to enjoy some sea breezes before we entered upon the beauties and excitements of Goodwood, and found several friends doing the same. Among the number was Mr. Gully, who with two or three friends had lodgings at the Baths directly opposite our domicile. I need scarcely say what Mr. Gully's politics are, as his name in the discussions of the House of Commons leaves no doubt on that head; your father's were diametrically opposite. Both were ardent politicians,* and they very soon got upon the then all-absorbing question of Reform; and whenever they met, whether on the beach or in the house, they had a turn together. I need not say that your father always had the best of it; for, independently of great natural eloquence, his arguments were so droll, and at the same time so forcible, and put in such an irresistibly ludicrous manner,

* Mr. Surtees is here mistaken, Mr. Mathews was not a politician; perhaps he had a slight bias, and felt a strong interest occasionally on particular subjects. He would sometimes affect more than he really felt, for the sake of amusing himself with the earnestness of those with whom he conversed.—A. M.

that even a professed orator would have found himself unable to settle down to make a regular reply for some time after your father had ceased speaking. I do not remember, in all the sketches, memoirs, or recollections I have read of your father, to have seen any particular notice of his great power of eloquence, which was certainly of a very superior order.*

I remember we dined with Mr. Gully and his party on the Sunday before the races commenced; and what with politics and one thing and another, the evening flew so rapidly that we were all surprised to find it was three o'clock in the morning, when we thought it was only a little after eleven. It was arranged that they should

* Mathews was not only the greatest dramatic artist of the day in his line, but he himself created every one of the characters by which he will be remembered. And in the intercourse of private life he gave daily evidence of being qualified to do even more than this. When he was sure of his audience, and impelled by the character of it to put forth his best powers, he used to do things that required more intellectual talent than the whole concoction and performance of one of his public entertainments. I have heard him get up after dinner, and, without a moment's hesitation or previous preparation, make a speech of half an hour's length in character of Coleridge, Curran, or some other distinguished orator whose health had been proposed, on the speculation of Mathews's replying to the call—not merely adopting the voice, appearance, and external manner of the party imitated, but assuming the very tone of his thoughts, and the cast of his sentiments, and putting them into language, the impassioned eloquence of which was not inferior to that of the persons imitated: and I am convinced that, when he was in the proper cue for it, he would, if he could have felt sufficient confidence in his audience and in himself to have dared attempt it, have *improvisated*, a more amusing and instructive "At Home" than any that he ever

dine with us on the following day; and as we walked across to our lodging, your father begged Mr. Zachary to be stirring in the morning and buy *everything in the market*, so that Mr. Gully and his friends might not complain of our want of hospitality. Though one of the plainest eaters possible, he pretended to feel anxious for the credit of our *ménage*, and repeatedly requested that there might be *everything that was expensive* for dinner.*

This being done, and as large a dinner ordered as Mr. Carter could possibly accomplish, Mr. Zachary went off

yet produced, by a formal union of his own talents with those of his literary assistants in those entertainments. I remember the first evidence I witnessed of his extraordinary talents in this way, was at our second meeting at Box-hill, in the Epsom race week. The elections were going on at the time; and on the first evening, just as we had quitted the after-dinner table, and were going to the stables to see that our horses were attended to, our attention was attracted by a voice that was quite strange to us, shouting, "Gentlemen, in appearing before you on this occasion," &c. On turning to the spot whence the sounds came, there was Mathews mounted in an empty hay-cart, from which he delivered an electioneering speech, that, without being in the smallest degree exaggerated or caricatured in its tone or language, kept us in roars of laughter from beginning to end by the exquisite satire on such harangues which every phrase and period of it displayed. Those who knew Mathews will agree with me when I state my belief, that he never premeditated or prepared for anything of this kind, on the contrary, that if he had done so he would certainly have failed to accomplish it; for his reluctance to anything like making a show of himself in private life, even when among his most intimate associates, amounted to a degree of morbid sensitiveness that paralyzed all his powers.—*Mr. Patmore's Personal Recollections*

* A jesting phrase of his to express a grand dinner.—A. M.

to the field of action at Goodwood, and your father and I joined Mr. Tattersall and his family in a fishing excursion to the rocks. The day was beautifully fine and scarcely a ripple disturbed the glassy surface of the sea. Having roved beyond the rocks, we cast anchor and prepared for action: our tackle was of the simplest order. The fish (small codlings) were perfectly ravenous, and I caught one on each hook before my line was steadied in the water. All the party were equally successful, except your father, who being the last to catch one, grew nervous at being watched and laughed at, and kept shifting his place in the boat from side to side; at length he hooked one, and was delighted. The sun was powerful: and throwing aside his hat, he put on one of the boatman's "south-westers;" and kept us in a roar of laughter till we were fairly tired of pulling the fish out. One of the boatmen, it appeared, knew him; as I heard him thank your father for a free admission he had previously given him to the Portsmouth theatre. On returning to land, the tide was too low to allow of our running the boat on shore; so we rode on the men's backs (for thirty or forty yards), and your father nearly made the other boatman spill his load into the sea with laughter at seeing him jockeying his man out "à la Chifney."

A large dish of these fish constituted part of our dinner in the evening; and as each successive dish was placed on the table, your father kept exhorting Mr. Gully to keep his temper and not be jealous, because we were giving him a better dinner than he had set before us. Our wine, however, was rated undrinkable, and most of the party had recourse to brandy and water. A tremendous dose of politics occupied the evening, in which your father gave us some capital imitations of O'Connell, the late

Mr. Ruthven, and particularly the scene in the House of Commons that followed the introduction of the word "bloody" into one of Mr. O'Connell's speeches. Your father was present on that occasion.

The race commenced on Tuesday, and we posted to Goodwood every day, the distance being some eight or nine miles from Bognor. The weather was beautifully fine throughout the meeting, and it was one of the best ever seen there. Your father was in great request; but he declined all invitations, and we returned to dinner at our lodgings each day. When on a race-course, or indeed in public, I generally observed that he was very sensitive at being identified with his profession, and I remember he was much annoyed at a noble lord observing to him one day, "that he supposed he was on the look-out for characters." He was more sensitive at this period perhaps than usual, in consequence of Mr. Rotch's then recent attack upon his profession, which your father felt most acutely.

He made a good many bets at this meeting in his usual random style, on "the impulse of the moment," as he used to say. He was a very careless better, never having a book, but writing them down on backs of letters, cards, lists, slips of paper, anything, in short, that came first to hand, which he used to deposit in his own pockets or the pockets of the carriage; and when he came to square his accounts, which he attempted to do as we travelled up to town, he could not get right, and he was much disconcerted, and said, that as soon as ever he got to town he would advertise for a man that could keep a betting-book.

After Goodwood races were over Mr. Zachary left us for Brighton races, which followed, as did most of the

sporting men; but your father and I remained for a few days to enjoy a little quiet, and let the bustle on the road between London and Bognor subside. I remember his parting joke with Mr. Gully, as the latter was setting off on his return to town. "Where do you change horses?" "At Pulborough," was the answer. "*Pullborough!*" replied your father; "ay, and a very proper place too for a radical member of Parliament to change horses at."

The races being over, Bognor became as quiet as possible; and the weather continuing very fine, we gave ourselves up to the full enjoyment of the sea. We were both devotedly fond of it, and we used to lie basking on the shingle with the tide up to our heels, or drive about the sands in an open fly, your father ventriloquizing the driver, dogs, and everything that came in the way. We lived very quietly after Mr. Zachary left us, generally dining off cold meat, at any hour that we felt hungry, and drinking nothing but weak brandy and water. Indeed, we felt Mr. Zachary's loss severely at first, not only as an agreeable companion but as an effective caterer; for neither of us being endowed with the same talent possessed by him, we got on rather badly. In the breakfast department we were particularly unfortunate. For two or three mornings the tea poured out little better than water, and after censuring the kettle, the water, the urn, and everything by turns, we found that your father had put the square lid of the sugar-basin, which was of the same china, upon the teapot, instead of its own lid, which though it fitted very well to appearance, left a considerable aperture on each side, which was fatal to our brew.

The day on which we left Bognor for town was so fine, that to enjoy the beautiful scenery through which the

road passes, your father proposed to pay the postboys rather short, well knowing that they all accommodate their pace to their pay. This succeeded very well for the two or three first stages, but at last we got an old fellow about seventy, who barely put his horses into a trot, and who kept grinning back into the carriage to see how long we would bear his tardiness, and doubtless in the hopes that we would try to quicken him by the usual promise. Your father pretended not to observe his manœuvres for some time; at last, as we reached a bleak open part of the country, the postboy let his horses relax into a walk at the foot of a gently rising ground. He could contain himself no longer, and putting his head out of the window exclaimed, "I say, *young* chap, if you don't drive a little faster, I 'll tell your 'pa of you!"

We dined at Dorking, and reached London in the evening, driving to his friend Mr. Parrot's in Millbank, where we stayed looking over that gentleman's fine collection of paintings until dusk, when we separated. That was the last day your poor father and I spent together. We arranged to meet the following year at Goodwood; but a domestic affliction detaining me here, my place was supplied by another, and before I arrived in the South your father had sailed for America.

On looking over what I have written, and considering how many of the persons mentioned in the short space of time included in these reminiscences are now gone to "that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns," I feel, as Mr. Boswell describes in the conclusion of his journal to the Hebrides with Dr. Johnson, "an impression at once awful and tender;" and like him shall conclude with the exclamation, "*Requiescant in pace!*"

If what I have written will be serviceable to you in the life of your excellent parent and my very much

esteemed friend, I shall be most happy; and with sincere wishes for your health, prosperity and happiness,

I subscribe myself, my dear sir,

Yours very faithfully,

Hamsterley Hall, Gateshead. R. S. SURTEES.

TO MRS. MATHEWS.

Worthing, August 20th, 1833.

All is going on prosperously, and I can but report good progress. It is highly gratifying that, amidst the wreck and ruin of theatres, I am still fresh with the upper ranks. This theatre opened in July, and closed for a time, —from entire desertion. The town is unusually empty. I have got a hotel to myself, and the inhabitants talk of being ruined, if September does not pull them up. Notwithstanding this, and the disheartening reports of "I am afraid Worthing won't answer your purpose," &c. I found every seat in the boxes taken, and I got 22*l.* for three hours' easy work, to a delightfully merry set. I call it easy, when they roar as they did. You cannot estimate the greatness of this success, small as the sum shows. I have already got what Arnold would have given me for a fortnight.

I feel much for you, now dear Charley is gone, (love to him when you write,) and wish you were with me. If you think a change of air would benefit your health, I would recommend you to join me; but you best know how far it would be advisable. If you would really like it, and dislike your solitude enough to embark in such an adventure, I shall be delighted;—write, and say. I *must* return home before I make my "grand tower."

C. MATHEWS.

It was quite extraordinary how much his spirits, while performing, were affected by the discovery of any inattention, however partial, in his audience: his eye always caught a view of a careless observer, or a sluggish listener. Like Haman, the Agagite, who "in the glory of his riches, and the multitude of his children,"—in the midst of universal homage and honours, confessed himself dissatisfied.—"Yet all this availeth me nothing," said he, "so long as I see Mordecai the Jew sitting at the king's gate." These were the words of this ambitious minister. My husband was equally discontented, though receiving the applause and praise of assembled thousands, if he saw but one man seated before him who "bowed not nor did him reverence." *Un*like Haman, however, he did not "scorn," in this case, "*to lay hands on Mordecai alone*," and take personal vengeance on one who "stood not up nor *was moved for him*."

It happened that one night of his "At Home," soon after he began his entertainment he observed in the second row of the pit a heavy-looking man fast asleep. From that moment he seemed to forget the rest of his audience, and this man became his "peculiar care"—*his Mordecai;* and the homage of the whole theatre besides was nothing to him while this one man stooped not to acknowledge his power. Still he proceeded, and with his usual effects; but no

laughing, no clapping of hands, disturbed the sleeper. Thunders of applause had no effect in rousing this lethargic nuisance. The performer began to flag in his exertions: he gazed on *Mordecai*, "sighed and looked, looked and sighed, sighed and looked and sighed again," but all in vain; and soon the audience began to observe where and to whom his anxious eyes were directed, and joined gradually in the interest he felt in the sluggard. At last, Mr. Mathews, full of his determined revenge, took occasion from some favourable portion of one of his subjects to utter a loud *hem!* so sharp and startling in its tone, that the drowsy pittite shook himself from his rosy slumbers. Staring about in a bewildered manner for a minute, he raised his still sleepy eyes upon the performer, who, seizing his advantage, fixed him with the power of a basilisk, and from that instant played *at* him, and addressed every point *to* him, until by degrees he entirely awakened this first of the Seven Sleepers, who, before the evening was over, became not only one of the most attentive of the auditors, but the most lively amongst them.

TO MRS. MATHEWS.

Ryde, August 28, 18—.

Well! — and I have cleared more here than in any place since I have been out, though the smallest theatre I ever acted in: it is reputed not to hold 50*l.* I had 43*l.*

without a gallery I may say, which is large in proportion to the pit, and was nearly empty. The pit only holds eight pounds, and the boxes positively overflowed. Delightful merry set, and the sensation peculiar as to exultation over S———.* Many, even of his followers, attended, who dare not attend the theatre before he drove the players away. It has ended in petitions for a second night. I have at length *complied*, which is one cause for my delay: very many places are already let. Huzza! Nuts! I perform at Gosport to-night. It is all beauty here. We see Portsmouth, and the wide "salt-sea ocean" from every window in this house. "Beauty weather," and I am going to 'bark in "*stim*"-boat.

C. MATHEWS.

Ryde, August 30th.

At the time I was undecided about my return, I did not know whether I should play here to-night or to-morrow. Julian Young also persuaded me to try Andover. He was to meet me to-morrow seven miles from Southampton, drive me to his parsonage, preach to me and feed me on Sunday. I cannot put him off, as my letter would not reach him till Sunday, and he would crane his neck for me all day to-morrow; so on Monday, look for me. I expected very little at Gosport, but had a better hit than Portsmouth, which was bad, 32*l.* being one hundred and eighty-five people in a room, very quiet.

I had at last, yesterday, my favourite project of a voyage round the island, for which I longed so much last year. We started at ten o'clock, and got back at five o'clock, having seen every inch of the shore. I saw darling little

* A clergyman who had been preaching against theatrical amusements.—A. M.

Puckaster,* but none of the inhabitants, which made me feel melancholy. Milly Fozard, Miss Fro-zarde, or *Fo-gard*, or Fosset, as she is called here, and one hundred and fifty others, accompanied me. Too many; but the day was so delightful, I forgot all annoyances. Sea passengers have the best of it; for there is nothing but *brown green* in the island — all burned up.

C. MATHEWS.

TO MRS. MATHEWS.

Chichester, Thursday, 1833.

The races do not finish till to-morrow, but I mean to return according to promise. I wish you would contrive to send to the boatman who carried me to the steam-boat, to tell him to go off to the same steamer, which leaves Cowes between four and five o'clock to-morrow, Friday, August 17th, so as to convey me to Holly Hill. I have already engaged him for the job, but promised to give him notice of the day. Do not be alarmed if he does not find me on board, as, with an excess of racing population, the difficulties of getting hence may be great; therefore, if I do not arrive, be sure that I am detained by circumstances over which I have no control. I fell on my legs in coming. I was inquiring of the captain of the steamer if I could get from Portsmouth in a boat to Chichester, who had answered "no," — wind and tide being both adverse. This was overheard by Lord Uxbridge, who volunteered a seat in his carriage, which, don't be astonished, I accepted, and he put me down at my lodgings! There! I hung my head when the passengers assembled to stare at my little boat, and sneaked on board; in three

* The beautiful residence of our dear friends Mr. and Mrs. Vine.—A. M.

seconds I was surrounded by Sir William Curtis, Mr. Surman, Captain Gelstone, Lord C. Manners, Lord Uxbridge, and Captain and Lady Agnes Byng, &c.

C. MATHEWS.

TO CHARLES MATHEWS, ESQ.

Ampost Vicarage, Andover,

MY DEAR MR. MATHEWS, Monday, Sept. 3rd, 1833.

When I assure you that from our parting at Ryde until last Saturday, the anticipation of your visit so completely unhinged both my wife and myself for the intermediate time, as to preclude us from the power of settling to any of our duties properly, you will not wonder that your *not* coming was a source of acute disappointment to us. Nor, on the other hand, (we are vain enough to believe,) will it be unsatisfactory to you to know that never for an instant did we entertain a suspicion derogatory to the sincerity of your kind *intention*. I own, however, that it would have been a considerable solace to us in our distress if we could have felt *positive* of the existence of *an impediment*, which *you*, doubtless, reckoned upon at once, as supplying us with the most rational explanation of your breach of promise; for, strange to say, had we looked to the *weather* for a suggestion, it would have afforded *us* Icelanders a very mitigated interpretation of your difficulties. At the seaside it appears to have partaken of an almost tropical violence. With us it was of a very ordinary character.

Well, on Saturday last, as I told you I would, I got up at six, left here at seven, and reached our stipulated place of rendezvous at ten. From that time till one o'clock I exerted myself to kill time as ingeniously as possible; but, from that time till four I was in a state of wretched sus-

pense, which it would need the greatest facility in *Tomky* phraseology to describe, and which made me feel for the first time what Dr. Johnson meant when he wrote of the "renovation of hope, and the reiteration of despair!" At four o'clock I had my horse put to, and drove leisurely within two miles of Southampton, hoping to encounter you on the road. It might make you think disparagingly of the cloth, were I to tell you in what good set terms I *expectorated* my spleen on every chaise and gig that passed me *without you.* So I will only observe that at five o'clock I resigned myself to my mortification in the most Christian spirit I could command, and reached home at half-past eight.

My wife was never put out of humour by anything in this world; but, I confess, as we sat down to our dinner she looked very sad. For my own part I felt — for the first time in *her* company—*solitary,* without the wish to be social.

And now, let me thank you for your kind warm-hearted letter of this morning. The succession of disasters which you endured on our account is *unaffectedly* painful to us, and so entirely beggars any little inconvenience we may have felt that I should have been ashamed to allude to it, had you not called on me for a specific account of my conduct under the circumstances.

I have made ample inquiry at Andover as to the probable success your representations would be attended with there; and the bankers, tradespeople, innkeepers, and surrounding gentry, assure me that if you would come about the 9th or 10th of October, which is the time of Weyhill fair (the largest hop and sheep-fair in England, and only a mile from this house), your success would be GREAT for three or four nights!!! Now, after what has

happened, I do expect you will make us compensation by coming to us THERE. Ann desires me to add, that if Mrs. Mathews would accompany you, and put up with curate accommodations, we should be too charmed to see her. There is lying on the table before me a most pressing and kindly-worded invitation for you to dine *to-day* with the Marquess and Marchioness of Winchester.

My wife sends her love, if you will accept it, and, with the same from both to Mrs. Mathews, believe me, dear sir, most sincerely yours,

JULIAN C. YOUNG.*

Do let me hear, dear sir, if we may hope to see you in October.

P. S. A haunch of venison, and some game, have just come in, with this written on a label, "as an addition for your dinner-table while Mr. Mathews is with you." I have opened this again to tell you I have just seen a person, who says the people in Andover are "*all up*" in expectation of your coming, and that your success is indubitable. Excuse the seal. I write at a farmer's house.

TO MRS. MATHEWS.

Daventry, Tuesday, Oct. 8th, 1833.

I will not keep you in suspense, if it may be called so, till Thursday, but tell you at once that the word *perfection* can only be applied to your exertions†—your kind, never-to-be-forgotten, anxious efforts to make me comfortable.

* The Rev. Julian Young, son to Mr. Young, the tragedian.

† A carriage which I had contrived for him of a peculiar construction, and suited to his purpose for travelling, with his wardrobe, scenery, and servants.—A. M.

Do not fancy for a moment that I do not *properly* appreciate them. You ask me to write on Wednesday to tell you the success, &c. I prefer writing to-day, for several reasons. First, "the Reverend" * goes with me to Banbury; secondly, Dr. Rattray would make me dine and sleep here to-night, and the four-wheeler takes me to-morrow. Banbury is a nasty cross post, and we may miss the time; therefore, having seen *Mister* Willson and Moses off with ALL luggage, approving *in toto* of carriage, and all arrangements, having paid for it, and got the receipt,—having found all the things I wrote for—why should I wait any longer to afford you one small return for your zeal, by telling you that all is better than right. So it is. I did not expect to see anything half so handsome, I confess; and Mullmer declares it will be lighter for posting than any travelling carriage now in his yard. It cannot be called *a Pickford*, at any rate. When I recollect that only this day week it was quite a matter of speculation and doubt what was to be done, I look with wonder at the completion.

C. MATHEWS.

* Mr. Speidell, so called by his rustic parishioners.—A. M.

CHAPTER X.

Mr. Mathews's Anticipation as to his Biographer. — Letter to Mr. Gyles.—Letter from Mr. Julian Young to Mrs. Mathews. — Letters to her from Mr. Mathews: dreary Accident on Salisbury Plain. — Fatality attending Mr. Mathews's Movements from Home. — Letters to Mrs. Mathews: Theatre at Dorchester. — Incident illustrative of Mr. Mathews's Character.—Instance of his benevolent Consideration for others.

I HAVE felt and scrupulously acted upon the feeling throughout these pages, that the partialities and weaknesses of an over-weening affection should meet no eyes but those to whom they were originally addressed, unless occasionally, in trivial instances, which served to reveal the writer's peculiar kindness of disposition. Yet, in the following letter there is a paragraph so curious, as the event has fallen out, that, after some hesitation, I have determined to allow it to remain. I solicit, however, the reader's most favourable construction of this act, while I deprecate the severity and "odious comparisons" likely to cross the mind at the revelation of so partial a judgment.

The implied parallel between my weak powers and the giant force of him referred to may reason-

ably expose me to ridicule, unless judged with good nature, and the publication of it ascribed to the sole motive of proving the remarkable fact that my husband thought me the fittest person to assist him in the task of writing his life; a fact I had totally forgotten till I began to arrange his letters for my present purpose.

TO MRS. MATHEWS.

Worcester, Oct. 11, 1833.

Having now completed the affair, I write, as you wished, to inform you "how it answered." I have not one fault to find with the carriage. It was put to the test by cross roads, perhaps the worst I shall encounter, and nothing can run easier. It has all the effect in sound of the lightest chaise. Not even a look at it from the innkeepers as to weight; and, one horse from the inn at Banbury drew it to the theatre with perfect ease. It is evidently, though out of the common way, not remarkable enough to create a mob. Indeed, it was hardly *looked* at in our exit from Banbury. I am sure you will be delighted, as I wish you to be, at this termination of your labours. "the Reverend" went with me to Banbury; and we had 4*l.* more than he said the theatre would hold, namely, 24*l.* 8*s.* It was crammed. The boxes hold seventy people; the gallery fifty!!

We dined at Doctor Rattray's on Tuesday. On my arrival here, William Crisp would insist on my coming to his cot at St. John's; and, here I am in a garden, and quite at my ease, which I could not be at mine inn; for they are coaching all day and night, and Mr. Dent, my former host, is at Brighton.

If you do not tickle up my matter for me after I have put it down, I will not continue my "Life." If you will, I go to work; and, I am sure you will be a *Hook* in my reminiscences.* Say you will; I only want this to take off my nervousness, and I 'll write like wildfire.

C. MATHEWS.

Could the self-depreciating writer of the above have been told that his manuscript, then only begun, was destined never to be finished by his own hand, how would he have been satisfied to know that it was reserved for the person whose power he so overrated to complete his undertaking, when "grief-shot," mind weakened, and health enfeebled by his loss! Could he have anticipated that he to whom he alluded, would at one time meditate a continuance of his undertaking, and that eventually the task would fall (literally *fall*) wholly into the unpractised unassisted hands of her he proposed should only aid his own work, — might he not, with all his partiality, have deplored that he ever begun it?

I have set down probably much that may, like the Scotch lady's story, be condemned as "no worth the telling," and be rated with Gratiano's "infinite deal of nothing;" yet, in relation to personal peculiarities, trifling incidents sometimes materially assist to delineate character, as small touches of the pencil serve to give force and finish

* Mr. Theodore Hook edited Mr. Michael Kelly's "Reminiscences."

to a likeness. My husband's friends saw only detached portions of his character: those alone who lived with him could view the whole of its varieties; and in this respect I possess an advantage. From long observation, I am enabled to show every shade of his mind and disposition, though perhaps not to give their just measure and value. This solitary advantage over a more competent biographer, is the chief reconcilement to my undertaking, and my feeble effort to support my husband's fame and character. It will, I hope, act in a similar way upon the public, before whom I have ventured; and for which presumption, not I, but circumstance, must be blamed.

TO H. B. GYLES, ESQ.

DEAR GYLLY, Worcester, October 13th, 1833.

My wife writes me word that you have been *a-blowing on her up*, because I have not written to you. Why, man! who is more chary of his pen and paper than you? The conclusion of your last letter is, "I shall look for you about the date you mention." Well, then, I never meant to write to you until I could fix my time. I *can't now*; but can I help being confined one month,—part of the time on crutches? I *have*, fact! I am Fortune's ninepin, made to be knocked about. 12th September 1832, I wrote to Tattersall, who had expected me to join his party at Doncaster,—"Dear Tatt., here I am on crutches."—14th September 1833, he received another letter beginning in the same way. There are disputes about the result, if not the cause of a terrific inflammation and swelling in my

foot, — but "chacun à son *goût*." Luckily, I was in clover: we (my wife and I) were on a visit to a *clargy*, an old schoolfellow, at Crick, in Northamptonshire. I had determined to start on a comfortable footing, basis, or, in short, to have all my traps and folks, music and all under my eye. The delay has been very frightful, but here I am, having made my way, since my recovery, from Northamptonshire in a machine which takes me, Crisp, Mr. Moss, pianist; *Mister* Willson,* *linguist;* pianoforte, Dyspepys bed, all my dresses, &c.

I shall not apologize for being somewhat later in Plymouth than I promised you; for I could not foresee my calamity. But Cheltenham and Oxford will be my great cards; and you may calculate how much later I must go there than I hoped, by my confinement. I can have nothing to do with managers. Tell me how these towns will be circumstanced about that time. I can't afford to give any of my profits away, because I have a company of my own to pay. Rooms! rooms! I should think, particularly at Plymouth and Devonport. I would prefer the theatre at Exeter, if I can hire it. Advise, advise! Kind regards to Mrs. G.

Yours in a gallop,

MATTY.

The following letter from the Rev. Julian Young prefaces one from my husband:—

TO MRS. MATHEWS.

Sunday, September 3rd, 1833.

Only think, my dear Mrs. Mathews, of our having your husband here! He invaded our peaceful retreat yestereve in the most unexpected and unprovoked man-

* His theatrical servant, already alluded to.—A. M.

ner. Indeed, he came at such a time, and in such a questionable shape, as to throw my wife and myself into some degree of consternation.* I need not tell you that it was but temporary; and that he had no sooner unmuffled himself than our fear was converted into the most cordial delight and self-congratulations. I could write you a very long letter, and tell you how fond Annie and myself are of him, and how enchanted to have him to ourselves; but I prefer telling you that our pleasure in receiving him would have been materially enhanced had you condescended to accompany him, instead of taking wing from Crick in apprehension at the mere idea of being doomed to visit another parsonage-house. Jesting apart, dear madam, if ever you should be this way bound, listen not to any unfavourable account which your husband may give you of us; but be assured that there is nobody my wife and myself will be more gratified by seeing under our humble roof than yourself.

Mr. Mathews looks uneasy at my engrossing so much of his sheet, so I will resign in his favour. I beg you to believe me always, with warmest regards to Charles when you write, Yours, dear Mrs. Mathews,

Most sincerely, JULIAN C. YOUNG.

P. S.—Mrs. Julian is with the charity girls at school, or would beg to write her kind remembrances also.

The letter was thus continued by Mr. Mathews:—

I have just returned from hearing something nearer perfection than I have met with yet in reading and preaching in Julian Young; in brief, beautiful!

* Some disguise of features and manner.—A. M.

The difficulty of cutting in at Cheltenham was got over at last; but I found a second night, which we had originally intended, impossible. Boscha, concert, Monday;—Chianche Hiterychene,* Tuesday, &c. Well! I found I should be idle a night, and made a bold push to come here to "take a town," indeed two,—Salisbury and Andover.

We got from here under four days from writing, so off I came outside a coach, and took the Youngs by surprise. I was not in bed till half-past one, after my work at Cheltenham, and up again at half-past six; but here I am, and well. I had above three hundred in the room, and cleared 45*l.*! No such number *can* be mustered for a concert, they say. Great compliment! There will be as much above 100*l.* paid into Cockburn's to-morrow as convenient.

I have not been able to wear boot or shoe yet on the right foot. I fear you were right, after all, about bunion. Sweet pretty parsonage this!

Ever thine,

C. M.

TO MRS. MATHEWS.

Oxford, Monday night, October 23rd, 1833.

I have only time to say, *come*,—pray come; and the sooner the better. I am come in with Julian Young and his wife, in an open carriage, six hours in a pouring rain. I am all confusion and wet, have not had time to read more than half your letter, but I shall return for a day or two to Amport, where you will be as comfortable as at Speidell's.

C. M.

* Cianchettini.—A. M.

TO MRS. MATHEWS.

Amport, November 1, 1833.

Here's a day! I'm leaping alive! I'm a butterfly! I'm going out *a-riding*. From Oxford, t'other day, I could bear a great coat on; to-day we are all panting, —July sun,—intensely hot.

Old Young arrived the day I did. I found all comfortable, and only wanted you. The greatest compliment almost ever paid me has been at Andover. The Town-Hall has never been given for a public performance; *all* have been refused. The corporation met upon Julian's application, and it was granted me, with a special reason entered on the Minutes — "That it must not be considered a precedent! since it was presented gratis, as a token of respect to my public talent and private worth." If you are not proud of this, I am.

Oh! I forgot: Huzza! great news! — not a twinge for a week, or since last Monday: all symptoms of gout gone. I showed my foot to Young to-day, who said instantly, "bunion!" — he has one, never the other. He says, "I've had but one symptom of gout, and that *you* have got." He is positive.

The loves of all the young and old Youngs, and mine, and all blessing. C. M.

Amport, November 4th, 1833.

Lord F. Pawlett goes to town on Wednesday, and has undertaken to carry a parcel for me. I have therefore sent the Comic Annual of this year and half of last, and Charles's letters and those of Sir Walter Scott. The horses

* *Id. est.* the *elder*.—A. M.

are at the door; for dear kind Julian, in order to keep me here last night, drives me to Salisbury to-day. I hope you will see Lord Frederick if you are at home when he calls on Thursday.

Andover produced 36*l.* 10*s.* The outside promise being 25*l.* No expense for Hall or living. Accept this short letter, with the assurance that I am quite well; my foot recovering every half-hour. The weather July, — warm.

God bless!

Affectionately yours,

C. M.

My husband's next letter communicates one of those incidents which it seemed his peculiar fate to experience.

TO MRS. MATHEWS.

Weymouth, November 6th, 1833.

What mystery is it that directs my destiny? Am I reserved for some remarkable close to my adventurous life, or am I to hope a calm and quiet close to my chapter of accidents. That I am protected amidst dangers I cannot mistake, nor can I help being bewildered with the *why* do I meet with more buffets than any of my friends.

I am well, and have suffered nothing, and therefore would never have related my adventure to you but that it may be erroneously reported from other quarters. As my servant was absent, and the carriage obliged to be in Salisbury on Monday, I was too glad to spend all Sunday with Charles Young and Julian, in preference to remaining alone at Salisbury. Julian volunteered to drive me, the distance being only twelve miles from his house, — eighteen from Andover, — beautiful day; Charles Young

accompanied us on horseback six miles across the Plain. In the way, they told me it was only a bridle-road, but that they knew every inch of it, and it was as pleasant to travel over as a macadamized road. They described the difficulties people met with in finding their way off the Plain. Sir John Paulin had last year been lost, and literally remained on horseback all night. About an hour after Charles Young left us we came to very rough ground, and I was shaken once or twice enough to make me cry—*oh!* At last a collection of ruts made it evident that wheels, springs and all were in danger. Julian paused, and proclaimed the necessity of getting out to lead the horses over, requesting me to remain within. Oh, had I!—my impulse was not strong enough to make me immediately decide; but the Providence that watches over all, and has hitherto protected me, was my guide; *I got out*, and in a half minute an agonizing exclamation of *whoa!* was followed by my companion struggling with the horses, and before I could scramble with my weak limbs to assist, we saw the affrighted wild animals galloping at speed away with the light vehicle over Salisbury Plain. It was undulating ground, and from their ascending a steep bit they were totally lost to our view in a very short time. I advised Julian to run as fast as possible; and if he could keep them in view he might, at all events, see the result. He left me — he followed in the track, mounted the hill, and then I lost sight of him.

I remained, I believe, but a few minutes, when I saw him returning, waving his hat over his head. I concluded the carriage and horses were found or stopped. No! he had not seen them; but all anxiety for me, came to say he knew one landmark on the hill, which if I could walk or crawl to, he should know how to find me; that he had ascertained we were within a mile and a half of the

high road, and then but four miles from Salisbury. He assured me if he could not find his carriage he would go or send for a chaise to fetch me, and left his coat in my care that he might run the lighter, and again departed, on the hopeless errand of overtaking two horses galloping at the rate of twenty miles an hour.

I shall not attempt to describe my feelings when left alone on this wild heath. I call upon your imagination to assist me. "Helpless, forgotten, sad, and lame," I lay on the bare ground, after praying on my knees to be rescued from my desolation, and returning thanks for my miraculous preservation; for had I remained in the carriage, Julian would have had the additional horror of seeing me borne away by the desperate animals, for the pole was broken by the uneven road, and his power of holding them entirely taken away by a blow from the point of it on his breast, which compelled him to quit his hold.

My reflections on the nature of my losses, and the possibility of repairing them—having the whole of my luggage with me, money and all packed within, &c. — you must fancy. My bag had supported my legs, and was loose in the front of the vehicle, and the portmanteau not secure, as it was an entirely open carriage without a head. I was encumbered with my heavy coat. I got on my legs, and, without a stick (which was left in the four-wheeler), proceeded a short distance; but then, exhausted, sat down. My gouty toe, after being what I thought well, gave way (not that it *is* gout), and I crept on my hands and knees to the furze on the hill, where I was directed; altogether about half a mile, it is supposed. There I was seated, with a possibility of remaining all night. The world before me, but no choice. Not a house, not a human being to be seen — a wild waste immeasurable, and a shower of snow to cheer my spirits.

After reflecting on the cold ground I know not how long, I saw at about half a mile distant a man on horseback; I waved my hat, my handkerchief — he saw me not; I shouted, he heard me not; a human voice, however rough and dissonant, would have been music to my ear. He seemed to direct his course towards me — good God! 'tis Julian! he brings me rescue from this comfortless bed. Again I shouted, again I waved my silken signal—still there was no recognition. I thought it could be no other than Julian — surely he must see me if it be he; here I am at his own appointed spot.* 'Tis he —'tis he,— alas! no. He turns from me, and again I am left, perhaps to perish, unheeded, helpless; no friendly voice to cheer me, no human arm to lift me from the sod. The only chance of help I had seen disappeared in the dip of the hill in the old Roman road, the various fosses of which met my eye and impeded the view of the road, which was nearer than I thought. In a short time the horseman, to my almost wild delight, reappeared; the movements of the form, the turn of the head, indicated an inquiring look— the rider was evidently in search of an object,—he *was*, a wretched one. My hopes revived. 'Tis an iron grey,—I know the horse: it is Julian: I waved my hat,—I could not get off; 'tis a countersign—he sees me, he waves in response. My knees obeyed, though my legs had refused their office, and I returned loud thanks to God, for it was evident the horses had been stopped.

Our meeting was curious. An hysteric affection appeared to make him laugh at the accident. He told me that after the ponies had run for a mile and a half they

* It will be obvious that Mr. Mathews mixes a mock romantic style in this description, in order to lighten the serious effect the accident might otherwise have upon my feelings in reading the account of it.—A. M.

encountered the stump of a tree, about four feet high, which had impeded their course, completely overturned the carriage, and by a sudden shock broke the traces all to atoms, by which they were disencumbered and released from their clattering followers and all their responsibility; and that they must have remained instantly still, for there Julian found them, close by the remains of the phaeton.

There was a camp of gipsies near the spot, and to their immortal honour be it known, that though they had assembled round the wreck before Julian appeared, and had abundance of time to appropriate our scattered luggage, for the bags might have been popped into their camp, and we should have concluded that they had been shaken out, and that all search was useless — they had not touched an article: all was safe, even to three sticks and an umbrella — nothing shaken out till the overturn. Is it not marvellous? Had not this stump, and a fosse within their sight have impeded them, it would be useless to conjecture whether they would have galloped five or twenty miles, or whether they had been found at Southampton or Andover.

I mounted (with the assistance of a gipsy, who fortunately appeared, and Julian on all fours, I treading on his back) his barebacked pony, and without stirrups, of course. He led the animal, and on foot protected me, forgetting all his cares and losses in his affectionate anxiety. Thus, in agony from hip and toe, did I accomplish three miles. I managed to accomplish it, but nature at last was exhausted, and I proclaimed my inability to proceed. We were then two miles from Salisbury, and I sat down by the roadside. At this moment a stage-coach most opportunely presented itself; we got on the top, a man from the roof descended to lead the pony, and we arrived safely. Julian immediately took a chaise, and at six o'clock re-

turned with every article safe, the dilapidated phaeton excepted; this had been fastened with ropes and attached to the chaise. I gave my entertainment that night in Salisbury; and you may suppose what were my balmy reminiscences of such events when I laid my head on my pillow.

CHARLES MATHEWS.

There seemed, indeed, a fatality attending all my husband's movements from home. How many severe and dangerous accidents did he encounter in the course of his life! First in Ireland, in 1794, he was almost drowned (I might almost say *actually*, for he suffered all the pains of such a death,) and was taken out of the water in a state of total insensibility. In 1801 a heavy platform fell upon him while acting, and he was taken off the stage as dead. In 1803 he was violently thrown from his horse at a review, and was threatened with dangerous consequences ever after. In 1807, on a shooting party, his gun burst and shattered his hand, and he was many weeks after under a surgeon's care. In 1814 he was thrown out of his tilbury, *and became lame for life!* In 1817 another horse fell going down a steep hill in a tilbury, and Mr. Mathews was thrown over the animal's head, and severely cut and bruised. In 1827, while in a floating-bath at Brighton, the "life preserver" turned round and forced him upon his face, in which position he must have been suffocated had not a gentleman witnessed the acci-

dent and rescued him from his danger.* In the year 1829 the roller of the drop-scene, on the Plymouth stage, fell upon his head while "At Home" there, and he was taken up to all appearance dead, and remained many minutes in a state of insensibility. Four years after this, *precisely the same accident occurred, in the Devonport theatre and with the same results!* In 1833, while returning from an evening walk, a large dog ran between his legs and knocked him down with a violent shock. This accident again placed him under a surgeon's hands. A few weeks after, while recovering from this hurt, another dog threw him off a garden seat, and painfully injured his hand and wrist. But the last trial was the most severe since that of 1814.

When all these accidents are remembered, it would appear that he bore about him little less than a "charmed life." That he escaped, as he did, twice from the curtain peril, was miraculous, when we consider the impetus given to the roller of the drop-scene as it falls.

The situation in which he found himself on Salisbury Plain—the last of his "accidents by flood and field," was quite as memorable as that which

* Should this meet the eye of the humane stranger, let it inform him that it was a cause of deep mortification to Mr. Mathews, that in losing his card before he left Brighton, he was prevented from calling upon his preserver in London, and expressing his thanks for his aid.

injured his bodily health for life; *that* left a lasting personal evidence of its severity; *this* an indelible impression on his mind. Let those who marvel at the stress laid on this last peril, travel over that dreary waste in the month of November, in severe weather; let them imagine their limbs helpless, and in pain from accumulated injuries, and then, after the agitation of such a misadventure, let them reflect on its possible consequences to himself, on the approach of night, with a possibility of not being discovered by his absent friend when he returned to seek him on a plain, where there was scarcely a distinguishing feature to mark the spot on which he had left him.

On hearing my husband's oral report of his feelings from this accident, I ceased to lament the event; for I became perfectly assured that it left a more lively faith upon his mind, and disposed him to meditate more frequently and more deeply upon a future state; and his reliance upon his Creator, who had so signally shown his protection to him *here*, and preserved him from so many perils, was accompanied by a firmer belief that he would not forsake him hereafter. With these impressions full in my recollection, I can never think or hear of *Salisbury Plain*, without considering it a hallowed spot, consecrated by the bended knees of pious supplication and the upraised voice of prayer and thanksgivings to the Most High from a soul sanctified by His mercies.

TO MRS. MATHEWS.

Weymouth, Nov. 10, 1833.

I have to record a failure here — a dead failure — taken in; but it will do me good. I came to a manager—*serve me right* — (everything serves everybody right). His benefit was Monday, and he kept my coming a *secret* till Tuesday; and, on Saturday there was to be an amateur play, to which all the fashion were pledged. —*N'importe.*

I have not time to say more than that I received your beautiful reflections on my providential escape with the same pure, kindly, religious feeling, I trust, which dictated them. Be assured, though I abhor the intrusion of one person's religion upon another, I confess you to be warranted in all your affectionate anxiety for the good of my soul as well as body. Do not imagine that I ever fail to offer my nightly prayers, which I trust are not less acceptable, though whispered, to the Giver of all good.

I forgot to mention the great probability there was of my remaining upon the Downs all night. When Julian returned to find me, I was upon the ground; and, though I waved my hat, he could not distingush me from the furze, and turned off, uncertain of the spot in which he left me. One of those mocassins you sent me is left to mark the spot. I had one over a boot, and the other over my stocking only, to preserve my weak foot. In my attempt to walk, I suppose it came off; but, on trying to mount the pony, I perceived that my foot was nearly bare. We never saw a human being, horse, or animal of any kind, from the time we started until the accident, and then the gipsies only. When I crawled to the eminence, I could not see one house, or a trace of civilization. However, thank

God! I am none the worse. I really have not suffered at all, and my foot is now *entirely* recovered,—as white as the other,—and I begin to walk as well as before.

To-morrow Cockburn and Co. will receive one hundred pounds. I never could squeeze out of you whether they received the Cheltenham money. Of course they did. I forgot to tell you that the most delightful auditor I ever saw between two ladies, sat in the front row the last night,—*loved* me, and bowed at the end when I bowed. I asked fifty times next day before I could find out who he was. It was Dr. Jenkins, the writer of that pretty note to me. Love to Charles.

C. MATHEWS.

TO MRS. MATHEWS.

Exeter, Nov. 13th, 1833.

I am right well. My foot is at the "point I started from before," as it was the day before the "*gout*" attacked me, and he only has remained obstinate; everything else serving me right but *he* on Salisbury Plain. *A propos*—did you ever hear this?

The French have taste in all they do,
While we are left without;
Nature to them has given *goût*,
To us has given gout.

I am marble, or I should have a return of asthma, for I performed in a well, and dressed in the cells of the bastille, at Dorchester. I never saw such misery: the passages under the boxes, the pit passage, and way to dressing-rooms literally dug out of a rock, and remaining in the state they were when the theatre was built, little

springs issuing from the apertures, precisely what you have seen lately on the Oxford roads, where they have cut down a hill. The trap I had cut caused, of course, an additional draught; and, oh! but I have escaped, thank God! with fifty-two miles of mountain to ascend yesterday, and being from nine till six doing it. Sunshine all day. I forget whether I told you where a large lady, Mrs. Botham of Newbury, bullied me out of payment for four horses to my machine; would not budge with a pair; swore it was full of books or "furniter."

C. MATHEWS.

TO MRS. MATHEWS.

Plymouth, Nov. 20th, 1833.

As I always tell you when I am unwell, that you may be the more certain of my truth when I brag, I will confess I write this propped up in bed, where I have been writhing in pain all night. Not one wink of sleep till seven. I am therefore resting in order to get through to-night at Devonport. I cannot tell you particulars: it has been going and returning for four days. I dined at the dock-yard yesterday, where I now am; and, a doctor present, seeing me carried in, having leeched all the morning, kindly volunteered his advice. He did not believe it to be gout; but Franklin, my host, would not let me go home. Here I slept; being a little nearer Devonport than Plymouth. I shall be just as you saw me at North-ampton, but, thank God! no worse. Do not be uneasy. I have told you the whole truth. I had a letter from Julian yesterday to say his wife is ill, and he is gone with her to Brighton, by his uncle's advice. I will write again to-morrow.

C. MATHEWS.

I shall introduce in its proper place an incident related to me by a friend during my recent visit to Plymouth, descriptive of one part of my husband's character. Mr. Snow Harris, the surgeon alluded to in the preceding letter, having dressed his foot, had left Mr. Mathews, who was exceedingly distressed at seeing the little pustules which covered the skin. Such an effect was new and mysterious; and what he could not account for, always made him nervous and irritable. Two friends were with him, and kindly endeavoured to induce him to think lightly of the disease; but the *nerve* was touched, and the gentlest usage irritated it. He felt himself at least *unlucky* at being so laid up at a time when he had other views before him." "He ought to have been at home;" he would not mind if he knew what was likely to *come of it*," &c.

At this moment a gentle tap was heard at the door of the room; and, on an invitation to enter, a boy appeared, who advancing timidly, and, as if inquiringly, said, he "brought a note to *Mr. Mathews*." The youth was, in reality, something uncommon, and altogether noticeable for personal superiority. His dress betrayed the extremest poverty; still it was patched, and contrived most cunningly to answer the purpose of a *covering*, its original pattern having long since been confounded with the darns of a careful hand to supply its deficiencies; the linen collar, clean and

white as possible, was also darned in every direction. Cleanliness was the prevailing characteristic of the boy's appearance. His form was slight and elegant; his small feet, delicate hands and nails, surprised the observers, who had nothing to do but contemplate the bearer of the note, while he to whom it was addressed was perusing it with evident signs of annoyance, amounting to anger. At length he abruptly exclaimed, "Really, this is very hard — go where I will, ill or well, in public or private, I must be open to these sort of intrusions." Then, turning towards the boy, "What right has your mother, whom I never saw or heard of in all my life, to ask me for ten shillings because her husband fiddled at York while I was there. I knew nothing of him."

The boy blushed painfully, and stammered out something like an admission that it was inconsiderate of his mother to have asked it on such slight grounds; but, as an apology for her having done so, said she was in *great distress*, and timidly explained that his own share of the offence was caused by his customary obedience to his mother, whose orders he always obeyed; he was sorry ——. "Why," interrupted Mr. Mathews, who now spoke in rather a less severe tone, — "why, you cannot but think that writing to a perfect stranger for money, *naming a sum*, is *rather unusual*." The boy changed colour again from red

to white, and retreating, with a quivering lip, begged pardon, and said he would *tell* his mother Mr. Mathews could not relieve her. — "Stay!" cried my husband, in his turn colouring, and looking embarrassed, "you need not misconceive my meaning. There is no occasion to hurt your mother's feelings. I did not say I *refused* to assist her; but, I am in great *pain*, and I have so many applications of this kind, that they cannot *all* be attended to,—some *must* be refused. Where *is* your mother?" —"At Devonport, sir." —"Is she on the stage?" — "No, sir, she 's *blind*." — "Well, well," said Mr. Mathews, his voice softening still more, and his eyelids looking red, — "well, well, my poor boy, I don't wish or mean to hurt your, or your mother's feelings (the boy's eyes being also moist); you shall not go back without carrying her the ten shillings. (Here Mr. Mathews put his hand in his pocket.) But, you must get me change for a sovereign."

The youth smiled gratefully as he took the gold from him, and went quickly out of the room with it. Mr. Mathews was by this time the soft-hearted being that Nature made him. "Did you ever see such a born gentleman as that?" said he to his friend, and, without waiting for a reply, to the amazement of those present he got off his chair, rapidly shuffled to the stair-head, (though before unable, as it was thought, to move,) and just as one of his friends, in some fear of his falling, went

slowly after him, he detected him calling after the boy—"Stay!—boy!—halloo!" The boy answered, "Sir!"—"You need not return here."—"Not with the change, sir?"—"No; no change: *take the whole sovereign to your mother.*"

The witnesses were affected at this incident; but they would have been more so had they been acquainted with *all* that caused their naturally benevolent friend to be thus abrupt and repelling to the young petitioner in the first instance. It is true the petition came at an unfortunate moment,—the invalid, doubtless, from his state of health, was predisposed to anger at any little untoward circumstance that might further inconvenience him,—but for this he would not have been *angry* at such an appeal, or led to give vent to his vexation; yet his conduct did not arise from *temporary* irritation. It was *not* because, as he truly said, he had so many similar applications; it was *not* because he was at that moment in pain of body that he seemed unfeeling to the troubles of others; but it was the inward conviction that he was no longer the rich man he was supposed to be. He *felt* this more sensibly when he was called upon to give what he knew he could not afford, and which to refuse to the unfortunate was more painful than to want it himself. How often has he said to me, on occasions of a similar nature, "This is *very hard!*—I

must either confess myself a poor man, or be thought very unfeeling!"

Never was there a more considerate or amiable nature than his: his heart was really good. He did a thousand things, each in itself sufficient to establish the character of a benevolent being; but these kind offices were done so quietly, so without ostentation, that in this boasting puffing world, they were lost, except to those who of necessity were acquainted with his generosity. The following is a rare instance of benevolent consideration for others:—

It came to his knowledge a year or two before this time, that certain letters were extant, (and likely to be offered for public sale,) which involved the character and credit of a lady of some note, long since dead, whose errors had somehow escaped general knowledge. The brother of this lady was a man for whom my husband felt a great kindness, and he never rested until he got these letters into his possession, which he procured at an extravagant cost, in order to spare the feelings of this gentleman. One of the newspapers of the time got hold of the general tenor of these letters, (which were in fact most painfully interesting).* The editors of the paper wrote *to* Mr. Mathews, and then *at* him for some

* These letters were written by the father of one of our greatest statesmen, and reflected severely upon his son.

time in their journal, demanding publicity to these documents; but he preserved them inviolable to the day of his death, although the worthy man had died whose feelings they were calculated to injure. These letters are still in my possession.

CHAPTER XI.

Recollections of Mr. Mathews by Mr. Wightwick: a Dinner Party: the Actor Guest: his Contributions to the Amusement of the Evening: the Blue Friars: Mr. Mathews's Address on being admitted among that Fraternity: his Performances at Plymouth: Letters to Mrs. Mathews: an old Claimant: another providential Escape: multiplied Annoyances: Fire at Bristol: the "Harem" at the Adelphi Theatre: a violent Storm.

I HAVE already mentioned Mr. Wightwick's recollections of my husband, under the title of "My Acquaintance with the late Charles Mathews."* As the remarks of this accomplished gentleman were the consequence of a profound though brief study of my husband's character, of which he had a just conception, I shall now and then quote from them, by way of illustration of my own.

Mr. Wightwick became acquainted with Mr. Mathews at this period.† He observes,

It was evident that Mathews was to be looked *into* as well as *at*. Perplexingly various were the shapes he assumed in the course of any single evening's performance; but however perfect his successive portraitures, the intervening links of introduction and connexion

* Fraser's Magazine, 1836. † 1833.

evidenced the intrinsic man. Eccentric he might be both in mind and temper, but the genius and the gentleman he certainly *must* be: and though *my* "must" was not quite so absolute as *his*, still it gave a smart impetus to the determination I had formed of some day shaking hands with Charles Mathews.

It was in November 1833 that Mathews came to Plymouth with his "Comic Annual." Through the medium of a common friend I obtained the introduction long coveted, though never avowedly sought. A party of gentlemen were invited to meet him, and soon after they had assembled, an invalid's chair was rolled into the room, bearing within its embrace the "half length" presence of Charles Mathews. It appeared as though his eye had scanned us all before his chair made stop "in the midst." The rapid scrutinizing quality of his glance was remarkable; it flew about the room like a flitting gleam of a moving sun-lit mirror, and seemed in a few moments to have afforded him a general idea of the company into which he had fallen. In three seconds we might suppose that the following soliloquy had taken place:—"Oh, here you are, I see—fifteen of ye—ready to pounce upon me, and to examine what sort of a thing I am when I 'm not 'At Home.' Melancholy man that! wonder what brings him here. Ah! there 's a man with something in him, I can see: and there are the three fellows who led the laugh at my entertainment the other night. If that man 's looking his real character, I 'm no actor; and if his companion 's no lawyer, I 'm no judge. Come, I know four out of the fifteen, and the four others I *will* know; first, if it 's only to discover why they wear those buttons, and, secondly, because they have an instinctive right to my affections. Altogether I see nothing to complain of,

though that 's no reason I should complain of nothing, so I 'll bully the master of the house. (*Aloud.*) Pray, Mr. F. how much longer are we to wait for dinner?" His appearance in the chair was occasioned by his then suffering from a disorder in his foot, and he had performed a night or two before, though during the entertainment his servant was literally employed in dressing the affected part under the table!

Some of the leading wits of the place were present at the dinner party, and they played their cards admirably; that is, they played with one another, and left the actor guest to be a spectator, until he was fairly prompted to volunteer his *contributions* towards the amusement of the evening. Let me speak proudly for once.

What did we care for Mr. Mathews? — he might have been Mr. Snooks for us! We were above staring at a lion, being forest-born ourselves. We satirised folly, illustrated character, made "laughter hold both his sides" with our mirth, "ravished hearing" with our harmony, and left the stranger wit who might, by *accident*, have fallen amongst us, to prove or not, as he might please, that he was capable of appreciating, as he might possibly imagine, or of enhancing, as he might vainly suppose, the vast enjoyment, as he must necessarily deem it, of a society so brilliant as our own. To be modest in turn: — if Mathews derived no real pleasure from our efforts, there was the more credit due to him for the exemplary patience with which he endured them. "Well," said he, "it is not always my lot to meet with people who are willing to amuse me; and I can't help saying that I consider my best efforts due in return. I 'll sing you 'My Lord Mayor's Show.'" With this and several other songs he most kindly favoured us, as well as with a variety of *enacted* anec-

dotes, and with a continued flow of conversation curiously characteristic of the man, and doubtless far more amusing than he intended it to be.

A "happy few of us, — a band of brothers," enjoyed the delights of his society at this period for several successive evenings; and it was as many weeks after his departure before our minds settled under the reaction of excitement.

Be the *Blue Friars*, in flowing cups, freshly remembered, were it for no other reason but that Charles Mathews was one of them; and be it the honest boast of him who writes this sketch, that he, too, is "a Blue Friar."

On the 22nd November 1833, the Brothers, in full conclave assembled, conferred upon Charles Mathews, Esq. the title, with all rights and privileges thereto appertaining, of a Blue Friar.* It was the best compliment they could pay, and it was received as if it had been as great an honour as they could have wished it. In the writings of his appointment he was denominated "the Hogarthian Spirit of the Stage;" and in acknowledging the poor courtesy of his admission into the bonds of blue fellowship, he included the following words:—"But there is one word in this paper which affords me a still increased degree of gratification; because, however flattering the simple compliment of being admitted a B. F. it is still more so to find that the grounds on which that compliment is paid contribute some alleged connexion between my humble name and that of a great artist, whose genius, as it is my country's pride, is my adoration. Thankful am I to the public at large for its patronage and applause; and I can't help saying, that I have aimed, occasionally, at least, at a loftier fame than has been awarded to me, (I *don't* com-

* Under the *sobriquet* of *Brother Prism*.—A. M.

plain; the public has, no doubt, done more for me than I merit: I 'm not talking of my *deserts*, but my *aims*,) and I am therefore peculiarly gratified in having, as far as you are concerned, hit the mark. To have Charles Mathews mentioned in the same page with William Hogarth, is quite enough for my ambition; the only damper to my happiness being some doubt as to whether I, the Charles Mathews now speaking, am identical with the Charles Mathews here spoken of, because the names are not perfectly coincident — that is, they are not alike to a T; and though I have no objection to take two cups of the beverage, still I have no right to more than one T in my name."

Mathews's few performances during his stay at this period were not altogether so well attended as they deserved to be. The Devonport people were more prompt than the public of Plymouth to testify their enthusiasm; and Mathews declared that, should he again visit the place, he would perform only in the daughter town. To the few, however, who attended at the Plymouth, he played with marked spirit and care, and concluded his "Comic Annual" with the words — "And I will say, that I never played before a prettier audience, though there are not many of ye."

The Countess of —— was present on this occasion, and enjoyed it heartily. As a testimony that her friendship towards the man was akin to the admiration of the actor-satirist, she waited to shake hands with him when he descended from his rostrum: one instance, among many, of the fact before alluded to, that no performer ever went more hand-in-hand with his audience than Mathews. Being asked what report he should make of his present reception at Plymouth, he answered, that he had experienced in a remarkable degree two distinctive oppo-

sites, viz. " hearty unostentatious private hospitality, and public neglect. However," said he, " never mind, Gylly:* I came to see *you*, and those friends of yours whom you have now made *mine;* and I should be very sorry if the Plymouth people should think me disrespectful in alluding to their neglect, since I merely state the fact, and believe in there being a cause for it: and, moreover, it is my maxim, that a man who owes everything to the public at large, is not justified in finding fault with any particular part of it."

On the last evening of our meeting him in private, he favoured us with his imitations of Curran, and some of our living politicians; also, with his correct and energetic portraits of Talma in Hamlet, and Kemble in Penruddock. An old-fashioned tea-urn was given him, to supply the cinerary urn of Hamlet's father, " But, pray," said he, " turn away the spout, for that 's death to tragedy !"

In alluding to some of his more grotesque personations, he denied the possibility of abstract caricature, asserting that he had seen many realities far exceeding in extravagance anything he had exhibited on the stage: and again, with regard to the laughable effect of many of his imitations, he denied that they had ever involved injury of character, or that he had brought anything into ridicule that was not in itself ridiculous. These are truths of which all who know anything of the world and of Mathews will be convinced. It is not that all people have not the power of illustrating what they may observe, but that many have not the habit of observation. They are so wrapped in their own soliloquial musings, and so satisfied with the limited sphere of their own sympathies, that when a man like Mathews brings before them an isolated piece

* His old friend Henry Gyles, Esq.

of that world which they have overlooked, they declare it to be an extravagant creation. The isolation may have rendered the fragment more pointedly distinct than when it was harmonized with surrounding agreements, and subdued by congenial circumstances of time, &c.; but otherwise it *is* precisely as it *was*, and as it will in reality appear to him who can distinguish between *overlooking* and *looking over* the mingled "yarn of life."

As to the comic power of Mathews, they who best knew him knew best how incapable he was of directing laughter into any but the most legitimate channels, or even of enforcing his just rights in this particular, when it happened to give unintentional discomfort to any individual. The man who feared Mathews merited his satire. Not so the celebrated Curran, who, when he heard that the actor was desirous of getting up an imitation of him, facilitated the means, and purposely enlarged the opportunity.

TO MRS. MATHEWS.

Exeter, November 21st, 1833.

Well! I did it! Oh, what an extraordinary machine is this of mine! At twelve o'clock yesterday I was in bed, arranging about the mode of postponing the entertainment at Devonport, the doctor saying to my attendant, "Your master is not certain whether he can perform or not. *I* am: it is impossible!" At half-past seven I faced 45*l.* worth of merry faces; and to-day I can put my foot to the ground without pain. I forgot when I wrote yesterday that you were not at Northampton. What I alluded to was Willson poulticing my foot under the table in the middle of the first act. He did so again last night. The trap is a capital

thing for such a purpose. How the audience would have been astonished had they known it! I am almost "charming well again."

Where is Charles gone? Is it not to the Hoo? *Did* Speidell send back my air-cushion? I have sent him some mutton: it is the finest in the world. We have here brilliant sunshine every morning. What do *you* think of a revival of some of the old entertainments. If I have a new one, I must give up my expedition before the time.

Two petitions and a claim broke me off here in my train of thinking. I must copy you *a bit* I have just received, as I have nothing better to send you of my own.

"SIR,

"Perhaps you forgot me when I kept the 'Royal Hotel Tap,' you and Mr. Cronston was at the ould thayter then. You, sir, colled serval times, and left a small bill unpaid. Your little girl then will recollect perhaps that she came often to our house to play wit' my girl: but what surprised me most was the great command you had of your temper when you and Mr. Cronston was like to come to blows, there was such a great altercation between you, as I was informed after, and you, sir, comed in as cheerful as though your mind had not been disturbed. From that time I have ever read with pleasure when you were in America and other great cities that you were going on well.

I hope fourtune will still continue to smile on you. Pray, sir, don't be angry with me for speaking of this triffle: if I had not been down low in the world, I should not have mentioned this to you. My time won't be long in this transtory life. Some actors has paid me a long time aterwards. Mr. * * * * paid 8 or 10 shillings to a place,

till he had paid all up. The sum you owe me, seven shillings and sixpence."*

Mrs. 'Solomon is as great a fool as ever;" three years, in fact, worse than before.† I heard her say last night, that "Vestris was a haggard old woman when *she* saw her, and that was a good while ago." I *cracked her* like a nut: then she said, "*Off* the stage." Ha, ha, ha!

The Gyllys and Crisp desire remembrances.

Affectionately yours,

C. MATHEWS.

It will be seen by the foregoing account, with what determined resolution Mr. Mathews persevered through all his pains (made light of to me) to pursue his career, from a knowledge of its importance to his affairs. Few, like him, would have admitted the *possibility* of such exertion under such suffering. He proceeded from Exeter to Plymouth three days after, and again meditated performing. After a rest of a day or two, he thus writes on the 24th of November:—

I have had a regular surgical attendant since Wednesday. Tuesday night he pronounced the disease to be gout, and treated it as "sich." I took colchicum from Wednesday up to this moment: not a twinge have I had, and yet the

* The reader will perhaps guess that this appeal was intended for my husband's *double*.

† The lady thus alluded to was the study from which the portrait of Miss Euphemia Blight was taken in his last year's entertainment.—A. M.

foot is swelled. Yesterday, — his own expression, "*If* this is a bunion, I would recommend a blister." What think you of that?* I *wish* it was gout, believe me; therefore, don't mistake. You remember my general health and spirits at Crick; I am precisely the same here— my foot cock-ed up; and I care less about it, with two or three holidays before me, than when I anticipated keeping my foot down three hours. C. M.

In the following letter another providential escape from what would be imagined certain death is related :—

TO MRS. MATHEWS.

Woodlands, Sunday, Dec. 2nd.

I am now so thoroughly well that I am induced to reveal a little calamity, and another great escape. This happened on Friday, November 15th, in the Devonport theatre. I sent particular requests to the Exeter papers not to notice the accident. I not only cautioned "my people" to be silent; but I wrote to Yates to say, if he heard of it, to keep it from you if possible. It has, notwithstanding all these precautions, got into a Plymouth paper, and so recently that I fear it may reach your ears; the account is so confused, so jumbled, that you might imagine the accident had just happened. But for this I did not intend you to know it at all. In short, it was an exact repetition of the Plymouth accident three years ago. When the drop which concealed Dyspepys's bed was raised to discover it, and when the former was near its highest point of elevation, the nut flew

* The same result attended all his complaints — *doubts* in every medical man's mind as to their positive nature: and so till his *last illness.*—A. M.

off the windlass, and being left in the scene-shifter's hands of course deprived him of all control over the drop and its immense roller; most providentially, as in all these cases — and yet one cannot but wonder why I am so often near destruction—the great fall was broken by the top of the bed, which it crushed, and then slanted off, hitting me with stunning violence on the back of the head, I being then in a horizontal position, as you remember, when the pillow is first discovered to the audience. I heard the crash above, had an instantaneous impulse to rise, recollecting the Plymouth accident, and therefore received a slanting blow, which you may fancy though I cannot easily describe. Had I remained in my first position it would have flattened my nose at least, if it had done no more mischief. As it was, it hit the back of my head and fell on my chair behind my back, knocking me forwards and cracking my chair.

A shriek from one female pierced my ear at the moment, of so frightful a nature that it doubled my horrors. The pain from the blow was so great, and my sickness so disheartening, that how I contrived to go on again I can hardly now believe or imagine. I sung "Armagh assizes," and I thought of Gregson when Gully fought him; he said, "I niver saw t'other after t'first blow." I could not see the people in the pit. If ever I had pluck it was then, though I say it. It was the effect of this that I felt at Plymouth when I could not reach home, but slept at the Victualling-office, and wrote to you from bed. I have now been completely sound and well of all other effects these four or five days, and rejoice that it was the means of my knowing the surgeon whom I have mentioned that has cheered me "at this distant period" about my hip. Don't shake your head and look incredulous — *he has.*

The *frank*-ness of mine host is proverbial, and I have taken advantage of it to enclose you the printed account. What was meant by the writer I cannot imagine, for he has made it appear that the accident occurred at Plymouth, where I had no scenery of course, as I performed in the assembly rooms. I saw all the Exeter papers at the libraries and reading-rooms, and after more than a week had elapsed I thought all safe of course. On my arrival at Tor Abbey, Mrs. Sheddon said, "why, I see you were nearly killed at Plymouth," and produced the paper which I now send to you. Fearing this might reach your ears, or be copied, and remembering that in an alarm you once sent to B. to know if I was dead at Edinburgh, &c. I determined to come to confession.

You have answered all queries now, and I repent,—as I generally do when I am "hurried."

I am off to Tiverton directly, where I act to-night.

C. MATHEWS.

TO MRS. MATHEWS.

Bridgewater, Friday, Dec. 7th, 1833.

I think I told you that the last receipt was the greatest (for the population); but the wonder of wonders has been at Tiverton and Taunton. The best thing I ever did was sending Crisp forward from Oxford to take these towns, which he did per Patterson. He got the theatres cheap by concealing my name, and I took them on the principle of their paying posting and breaking journeys between towns. He told me the theatres held from 35*l.* to 40*l.* Taunton the largest. Little Tiverton produced 47*l.*; and Taunton, that never had above 57*l.* in it, 66*l.* beating

Exeter by one pound, I think.* When I went in a chair (and a very wet night) I was so pummeled at the doors, there being only one entrance, that I was obliged to show myself and declare my name or they would not have let me pass.

TO MRS. MATHEWS.

Bristol, Dec. 9th, 1833.

You have seen the process of all my entertainments, and therefore surprise me when you ask at what precise period I must have new matter, and how long it will take me to study, &c. I simply answer, I cannot tell. I used to think it necessary to practise my songs in the country, and have sung some of them two months before my season. This (time) made me easy and confident. If I felt pledged, or bound by law to produce a new one this next season, I should not have one moment's peace now. As to studying while I am kicked about, as I am now, it is impossible. If I could walk out and escape persecution, so — but I literally NEVER am one hour in a town without an intruder. "Not at home," is useless. There were five waiters at Cheltenham—I entreated two of them to protect me. Up came an old twaddling clergyman, that was at college with my brother, and sat blowing his nose and coughing one hour. Then I have letters to write every day,—then the annoyances, with which I don't amuse you. I thought your question of "the power to study while you are away" came very *mal à propos.*

I have been in a passion ever since I entered this place. Up to this moment to study one line would be utterly im-

* Only a quarter of the population.

possible. Briefly, (for I am sick) I thought the terms for the theatre too high, and Crisp took the assembly-rooms. The man demanded three guineas for one night and two for a second. Agreed — he had a witness; we sent the bill to the printer, and had an acknowledgment of its arrival, and the man at the room acknowledged the bargain, but said, if he had known it had been for me he should have charged more, but trusted to my generosity to give him a little more. He allowed my bills to be printed. We arrived on Saturday. He allowed the piano, &c. to be deposited in the room, and in one hour wrote to me to say, that he would not let *me* perform in his room under ten guineas nightly. I need not remark upon this; but be assured, villainous and base as it is, it is recognized to be a *fair* ruse. I tell my tale to few who think such persons much to blame. It is remarked upon with a shrug, not indignation. If he is a tradesman, he knows he "would do the same thing;" it is thought fair, like tea and sugar perquisites to a servant, and it has happened to me this tour seven or eight times.

Mr. Bennett, at Worcester, left word at his printer's that the key of the theatre was to be given up for three guineas to all but Mr. Mathews; he was to pay six. The mayor told Crisp, he thought he was right. I *know* he heard my remark.—"If the mayor was a banker, and I had money with him, I would not trust it any longer there after that speech." The printer at Taunton bargained for two; when Crisp took the money he refused it. He would have four or none, and it is not yet paid. Can I study? Crisp had three interviews with the man,—who, up to three o'clock yesterday, said that if we got in at all we should break open the doors. His wife bullied Crisp, said her husband had no right to let it, &c. under the per-

fect impression that there was *no* other place, nor was there any but the theatre. Mr. Mathews would get 100*l.* and were they only to have 3*l.* out of it?—(again look at the pri ciple?) I now resolved to give up all performance rather than comply, or even give them their bargain, and gave them notice to that effect. *This* was a poser,—but though it was Sunday, and though there were six proprietors to find, one three miles off, by six I had obtained the theatre, and by nine to-day bills were out with my performance for to-morrow. I have heard since, that their sale of wines, &c. would have been something very great, of which they are disappointed. Crisp says, their amazement and disappointment were excessive, — for my things were demanded at half-past eight, before the bills were out. It is a persecution; and then, "it is fair—I am so rich," is such a bitter mockery that it aggravates my woes.

"What a wretched fate is that poor Mrs. Dunn's? I cannot dwell upon it.

Now as to the entertainment. If I had five songs as good as usual sent me, and in short an entertainment that I knew would do—that I *thought* I could study — I am not so "bi*got*-ted" to my fancy, that I would reject it. At the same time, I will not pledge myself to bring it out,—and I most distinctly beg it to be understood, that I am at liberty at the last moment to reject it, if I find I have not time. How *can* I say what given time I require, when I find every year I am slower to study. I must be home in February; but that would be decidedly too late, as I ought to begin the Monday after Easter.

You have puzzled me much, (and my mind so agitated, for every half-hour brings me insults from these people,) because I rested after your words, which I now quote,

"I do not hesitate to recommend you to give up *all* thoughts of a new annual," and then give your own cogent reasons; but you have changed your mind, and I have no objection to do the same if, by another month, I was to read an annual as good as either of the last.

One hundred and fifty pounds have been sent off to-day to Cockburn, and will be there to-morrow, — ra-a-a-ther more than I promised or expected. Are you or are you not astonished?

C. MATHEWS.

TO MRS. MATHEWS.

Bristol, December 11th, 1833.

The Christmas week is always bad for theatricals: New-Year's eve and day, the worst in the year: added to which, I could not find any place to receive me until about the 3rd of January, and therefore I was thinking of spending the Christmas with you when your last letter came. Now, what say you to this? If you jump at it, I think I shall come.

Well, such a triumph! The difference between 17*l.* and three guineas made me choose the room in preference to the theatre; but when the rascal would have ten, I was sure the theatre was worth double. The room would not have held more than seventy or eighty. Would you believe it, — with two days' notice only, I had 101*l.* 19*s.*! in the theatre. Is it not prodigious? "Providence never forsakes the good man's child:" — so the villain put money in my purse. They took it in their heads I could not have the theatre, — knew the fact, that no other room could be had, — and argued, "Oh! don't give way, he must come here." No power should have induced me to put up with such treatment.

I perform at Bath on Saturday, but shall make this head-quarters. I shall have three nights here, and one at Clifton; for the old ladies, they say, who don't like to come a mile and a half down hill, have invited me. In this case, if I have a second night at Bath, I shall come home on the 22nd.

I am living on the *left* side of Queen's Square. Imagine two whole sides of Soho (and this is twice as large) lying in black ruin. They burned every house on two sides of it: the Mansion House, Custom House, &c. have been rebuilt; the rubbish not cleared away, and every appearance of recent fire. You cannot fancy the wretched melancholy appearance of the place.*

Love, &c.

C. M.

TO MRS. MATHEWS.

Beafield Lodge, December 15, 1833.

Here I am on my legs again, enjoying the contrast between the scene of desolation and a silent companion, who exacts, as the means of conversation, that I should be the only speaker. I have not had a walk of any sort since we parted; and those who have their legs, are not *permitted* to feel for a poor cripple. I wonder I am alive to tell the tale. I must presume that my professional labours give me sufficient exercise. Day after day, with ruddy-looking face, and greetings of "How well you look!"—I am no jot better off than poor Mick Kelly was.† I, however, hope to be repaid (I say this more in reference to my new lameness), by the rest I have given to my toe, for I really flatter myself that the weakness is subsiding. St. Aubyn wrote me the kindest letter to in-

* This was shortly after the riots at Bristol.—A. M.

† Mr. Kelly was latterly a confirmed cripple from the gout. —A. M.

vite me here,—a beautiful situation, a mile from Bath. Very kind,—all in my own way. Nice woman, wife, three daughters. Gave me a supper after my work, and kept me up till half-past two. I slept like a top till twelve, and here I am writing, quite fresh.

I am almost glad it rains, for I should have longed to walk out. What is life to those who have a regular daily routine of the same pursuits? What excitement I experience by contrasts! At three o'clock last Sunday, I was on the point, through pride and revenge, of giving up performing at all at Bristol. I had reproached Crisp with bargaining for twelve guineas for the great room here, and anticipated a bad week. Listen! —read, mark, but be not too much astonished, as I am!—and don't be dazzled by figures,—you sha'n't have them: you will think it all profit. The termination to these forebodings,—that one short week has brought,—is this,—it has not only been the best week since I have been out, but, I believe, the best I ever had as to receipt. You remember crying "Bravo!" at Oxford, at 94*l.* I have never had more than 66*l.*, I believe, since: last night, those who *could get in* gave me 96*l.*!—making from said Sunday to this, in all, 277*l.*!

I shall leave answers to various remarks in your last two franks till we meet, excepting that I wrote my objections to the "Harem"-scar'em scheme, enclosing an extract from the paper you sent me, describing *the* scene as a representation of a bath full of naked women, which the least prudish were rather shocked at in Paris. I told him it was, in my opinion, disgraceful:—but what a mockery it is of Yates asking my consent!*

C. MATHEWS.

* Alluding to a piece brought out at the Adelphi, called (I think) "*The Nymphs of the Harem*," which, contrary to Mr. Mathews's judgment, proved very successful.—A. M.

TO MRS. MATHEWS.

Bristol, December 18th, 1833.

I am off to Clifton, and am singularly unlucky in having more letters to write (oh, how they bore me!) than I have time to accomplish before post-time. Did you ever see or hear of such weather? Such a day and night as Monday! — the "oldest inhabitant!" Oh! I am not often frightened at lightning! but for one hour, after eleven at night, the solemn changes of this square, from brightest day to darkness, I have never seen equalled! Was it not rather hard on my third and last night to have torrents,—water-spouts, all day, and the worst, as the doors opened. I was sure it must ruin the house: nobody could come. "Would I have gone out?" said I, as I fly-ed along, and expected to be blown over, — and it turned out *only* one hundred and eight pounds! There I had you! — is it not prodigious? I have often said, this is the greatest: but this *is*. I never had such three houses in a week here from my first start.

This, I think, is enough for a letter; and I have no more to say, excepting, my last night at Bath is Tuesday, not Saturday. I cannot get up after my work time enough to start with the five and six o'clock day-coaches, and shall therefore prefer the Mail of Saturday night, to dine at home Sunday certainly.

C. MATHEWS.

CHAPTER XII.

Serious Illness of Mr. Mathews.— His Sufferings.—Letters to Mrs. Mathews: Corbyn's Hall: Fop's First Appearance on any Stage: Mr. Mathews's Reception at Birmingham.—Letter to Dr. Belcombe.—Letters to Mrs. Mathews: The *Milton* of Dogs.—Letter to the Rev. Thomas Speidell.—Letters to Mrs. Mathews: a Trades' Union Funeral: a wretched Week: Nottingham Inns: Application from the Covent Garden Theatrical Fund.—Mr. Mathews's Speech at the Fund Dinner.

THE following letters will show how rapidly my husband's disorder, which was destined to be fatal, was gaining ground, and at the same time how he rallied from time to time, owing to the buoyancy of his spirits: still I entertained no alarm for the ultimate result of the varying symptoms.

I was deeply distressed that the poor sufferer should have occasion to fatigue himself under such visible indisposition; but I little deemed that his strong principle and great fortitude were urging him to exertions that every moment forced him nearer to his tomb! I am *now* assured that he did not reveal half his sufferings, but struggled secretly through them, from a rigorous

determination to pursue his duty at all risks, and with equal determination to prevent my knowing the extent of his efforts.

It may be observed, in proof of his anxiety to keep my mind at ease and to lighten it, when necessity compelled communications of a distressing nature, such as accidents or illness happening to him when from home, that he always contrived to relate them in a jesting or playful manner, in order to divest them of the power to occasion the painful effects they were otherwise calculated to excite in my mind. What forbearance did all this require! — what innate goodness of heart did it reveal! — and what an unpaid debt of gratitude has it left upon my memory!

TO MRS. MATHEWS.

Corbyn's Hall, Dudley, Jan. 7th, 1834.

Here I am laid up in cotton, "*presarved away*,"—but unfit for work. I am sewed up. That Drury-lane box!* I felt then to a certainty what must happen. I am hoarse and cannot act. Had I not felt compelled to go to Cheltenham, I might have fought it off, but three hours' tearing of a damaged throat must succeed in destroying it. Sleeping in a cold mail all to myself could not have improved it; and I felt on Saturday morning, much

* He attributed a hoarseness from which he at this time suffered to a cold and comfortless private box. Alas! the occasional failure of his voice at this time was a part of his disorder.—A. M.

as you did on Christmas-day, when you were obliged to write with a pencil instead of speaking. None can feel better for me than yourself; but imagine that you had been advertised to sing in a day or two, and you will comprehend my situation. On Monday, here, I issued handbills and postponed. My wheezing is very troublesome.

I had an invitation from my namesake Charles Mathews's brother William, to spend my two or three days, two miles from Dudley and three from Stourbridge, where I was to have appeared on Monday. C. Mathews drove me here on Sunday, and I am luckily in clover — delightful house —cosey —and with real comforts. He is an iron-master and proprietor of collieries — so we are *too* warm — as *he* is. I am grateful, very highly so, indeed, that I should be so situated; for Hagley, charming in summer, is but a village inn, — and Stourbridge, oh! such a dungeon! I am really welcome and quite *Speide*llized; so be quite easy about me, excepting the money part of the business. However, it is useless to repine; no help, and no hope, but rest. I might have been in a narrow street all the time. I am now looking at five miles of beautiful view, with the Wrekin to boot. I had forty miles journey on Saturday, and it poured incessantly from the time I left Oxford at half-past two Friday morning, until last night ten. To-day summer,—lovely sunshine; I hope to hear that your cold has abated. I do not expect you can be yet well.

C. M.

TO MRS. MATHEWS.

Corbyn's Hall, Jan. 9th, 1834.

I am as per last with respect to the wheezing, &c.; but my working voice is greatly improved; my *little boys* can reply to me, and I return to my shop to-morrow.*

"No dog *can* behave better:" I was afraid of Fop here at a private house, but he has duty to do all day; large lawn, lots of sparrows to drive away, and Mrs. Mathews is fond of pets, so he is in clover as well as his master. He sleeps in my room, and not a sound do I ever hear until he ascertains I am "waking up." He is the quietest and nicest of animals, I therefore do rejoice I brought him away from "the fancy."† I have not a notion what "the tub" contains. I am also at a loss about Mr. Mortimer Drummond.

"One of the most attractive and best written stories in the work ‡ is, we understand, that of C. Mathews, jun. the author of 'My Wife's Mother;' it is entitled 'The Black Riband.'"

Pouring all yesterday and to-day. To be sure, I could not go out if it was fine.

C. M.

* Whenever his voice had suffered in any way, the *test* of its recovering was his being able to speak in the tones of children.—A. M.

† This little favourite, a black-and-tan foxhound-terrier, and the most intelligent of its race, had been stolen several times since our return to London.—A. M.

‡ Heath's *Book of Beauty.*

TO MRS. MATHEWS.

Birmingham, Jan. 13th, 1834.

My poor dear sufferer, your letter has made me very unhappy: ill and alone! Pray write, if but one line, by return, to say how you are: pray do.

Fop made his first appearance on any stage last night, Cheltenham. He has always remained perfectly still in one spot for three hours during the performance, but last night Mr. Moss left the door open where he had been deposited, and just as I was saying, "this young gentleman's name is Norval," he found me, and wagged his tail; but I never saw him: yet *did it* he *did*. He gives no trouble whatever.

I am charming well again as to voice, but my cold is not quite gone. I did my work, however, marvellously, in so large a theatre. I have so often related the greatest thing that I have done, that I thought wonder could no further go. I think you heard me declare I would not give 25*l*. for the Brum. theatre; Crisp, however, came over from Worcester at Christmas, and being more confident as to my attraction than I am, bargained for 50*l*. for three nights. I fear to announce the result, for the thirty and forty pounders I am coming to soon will appear too insignificant to excite your attention. I had this great theatre crammed full, every seat below taken, and 224*l*. in the house: nearly one thousand persons in the gallery. Since the early English Opera days, I have never equalled this quite alone, and on my own account. I cannot expect half as much again; but there is now a respectable box-book for to-morrow. — What a thing! The quiet attention of such numbers of manufacturers up above is perfectly curious.

I go to Wolverhampton on Friday for one night.

Cod's sounds! and was that the end of the tale of a *Tub.* But what of Mr. Drummond?

C. M.

TO DR. BELCOMBE.

Birmingham, Jan. 15th, 1834.

MY VERY DEAR BELCOMBE,

I have written to York on the subject of my having the York and Leeds theatres for the latter end of this month. You perceive by this that it is my intention forthwith to visit Yorkshire. I shall be at Sheffield, I hope, about Monday, the 20th, and proceed thence to the nearest convenient place, leaving Doncaster, I think, until my return towards home in February. I have musician, treasurer, servant, and post with all my paraphernalia in a machine, something between a hearse (*a nurse*, as they would say here,) and a pianoforte-tilbury, but you shall see it if you behave well, and encourage me to come to York, and say you think I am right. Pardon brevity,—I am secretary to my treasurer, and he has so much to do in counting money, that I am compelled to be one of the corresponding society. With tenderest regards to Mrs. Belcombe, *mère et femme*, and all the Belcombes upon earth, believe me to be,

Ever sincerely yours,

C. MATHEWS.

TO MRS. MATHEWS.

Corbyn's Hall, 20th Jan. 1834.

I slept here last night in my way to Stourbridge, where I dine to-day, sleep at Hagley, and proceed for my third

night to Birmingham to-morrow. I meet with nothing but kindness and hospitality in these parts. I am nearly restored—all but a little wheezing. I had 50*l.* at Wolverhampton, which is about as much as the house will hold; but these small figures, as I warned you, must be looked at as great in such towns. What a week! I don't expect less than 100*l.* to-morrow; and that will be such a week as!! never—Five hundred from Monday till Tuesday—for my second at Brummy was 130*l.* Perfectly wonderful! but remember my expenses, — don't be too much dazzled. How fortunate Crisp had more confidence in my attraction than I had myself, for I had indignantly refused to give the 25*l.* for the theatre.

From hence I proceed to my Yorkshire estates.

I can do no more than I am doing: thank God for my strength and willingness to work!

Fop's second appearance was not so effective as his first. It was at Wolverhampton, where he was not noticed even by a laugh, and he sat down contentedly before the green baize table and waited until I left the stage. Love to dear Charley.

C. M.

TO MRS. MATHEWS.

Lichfield, Jan. 22, 1834.

Your last was a cheerer. I am delighted that you are so delightfully domiciled after your illness.

Poor *old Tobias** began his walks last Friday at Wolverhampton, after nearly four months' confinement. I marched three times round a very large church-yard, and

* The old decrepit man in the "*Stranger*," who appears hobbling abroad after a long illness.—A. M.

on Saturday walked about for at least an hour in the Corbyn Hall grounds. You cannot think how proud I felt. The *Milton* of dogs accompanied me.* I have told you how quiet he is in the dressing-rooms, where he lies contented, unless some one opens the door; then he looks for massa. On Monday, at Birmingham, "Mister" Willson, with my consent, carried him in his arms from the inn to the theatre, I not liking that ceremony, and fearful to trust him in the crowd. In about five minutes I heard his well-known scratch at my door, and sure enough there was Fop. He thought he had no business there without me, eluded Willson's vigilance, went from the back of an immense stage up stairs, through several intricate passages, and found my sitting-room, in a most particularly large inn, in less time than I thought it possible for him to have gone there. Respect him, therefore.

Well, I reached the right reading, and more: Brummagem was over 130*l.* on Monday, making the receipt for Monday 13th, 530*l.* This is one of my small towns, therefore we must begin to prepare to try to forget "prodigious Penmanmaur," *Brummy.*

TO THE REV. THOMAS SPEIDELL.

Litchfield, Jan. 23rd, 1834.

MY VERY DEAR SPEIDELL,

Your first wish, if I know you, is to hear of my success. I have to record, then, my greatest week *out* of London, and our nearly greatest week *in.* Our bathing machinery,

* Signor Stephano Vestris used to tell us that his dog was so intelligent that he considered him the *Voltaire* of dogs.—A. M.

too, is a hit;—the ladies of the Bath have enticed instead of driving away the ladies from the boxes. Here Yates has beat me in judgment hollow; and I am free to acknowledge it. Last week produced nearly 700*l.*

Mrs. Mathews has been seriously ill: her disorder finished with jaundice. She is now staying with some friends at Clapham. Charles has been acting "Mr. Simpson," at Woburn; the Duchess, "Mrs. Simpson,"—he says capitally.

I paid my visit to Sir *******, Knight, of Hxfyhldy and Ghfq, grand star Ivimgum peccacs, first gentleman usher to the—pshaw!—I forget. I wish, though, he would not *call names:* I don't so much mind his "The *all* is the largest;" for it is no more than a truism, one would think, and he can't pronounce it otherwise. In addition, however, to his asking me if I had been annoyed with a shower of *ale* in the night, (which was a most powerful home-thrust, I having suffered from drinking a glass of what he would have called *hale,*) he called my son a harchey-tect. Such men *ought* to be knighted. Joking apart, he can give one a great treat. The mosaic is a most magnificent, glorious work of art, and I was highly gratified. And now, dear Speidell, as I have two managers, four printers, and some York theatre trustees to write to this day, excuse brevity.

Kind sayings to the Doctor and all the nine Rattrays, Bird and Co., Lake, &c.

Ever sincerely yours,

C. MATHEWS.

TO MRS. MATHEWS.

Elvaston Castle, Jan. 26th, 1834.

I am here fulfilling an engagement made last July.* Magnificent! — "Eastern Crandeur,—Aziatic logezery." Everything truly agreeable here—real solid comforts and liberty. Everything doing well again: Litchfield, little quiet Litchfield; part of pit laid into boxes; 67*l.* in a theatre said to hold when crammed, 60*l.* Dined with a Speidellian friend, Dr. Mott: met there another, who thanked me for my hospitality, which I cannot remember, and sent me in his chariot twelve miles on my road, Friday, carriage having gone on. Saw, on entering Derby in a stage coach, a frightful spectacle, eleven hundred men and a hundred women (the latter all dressed in white,) in a procession, two and two, attending a funeral, making a mockery of woe, the real purpose of the assemblage being to intimidate the master manufacturers, these people belonging to a Trade's-Union, and all out of employ, through their own unlawful combination for higher wages.

We were detained a considerable time,—the shops all shut, and streets lined with a dense population. The excitement was too great for my purposes, for alarm evidently was felt by the peaceable. I then heard there was a ball at night, where two hundred people were to kick about, therefore I did wonders, after despairing. When I finished, they called from the pit, "Another night!—another night!"

C. MATHEWS.

* To visit the Earl of Harrington.—A. M.

TO MRS. MATHEWS.

Sheffield, Jan. 29th, 1834.

As usual, I am in a hurry. I have done wonders as to exercise. I walked much on Sunday; on Monday morning got up in time to leave Elvaston by ten o'clock; travelled per coach forty miles, and acted same night. Yesterday I was off at ten to Doncaster, walked at least a mile in the town, and returned at night; thirty-six miles in all. I don't know when you have picked out the weather as fine for *me;* it has rained every night, though we have had a few hours of sunshine. My heart sank as I went to the hall the other night: it poured, as it does all my play nights. It is wonderful that it does not injure my houses more. Certainly no one could walk that night. I am glad, however, you have got some cheerers. There have been nearly one hundred days rain.

Read Charles Lamb's "*first play*" again, and imagine *Fop's* feelings. Crisp took him to the theatre last night in my absence, to see a sort of conjuror, Monsieur Theodore, who exhibits a great quantity of scenery. There was a time when all was in darkness but the stage, and an *ombre chinoise* hunt took place. Fop barked for a sham dog, and made all the few people laugh: he got great applause. Let me hope that the spell is broke — the charter destroyed. This is a day of sunshine, ending in a decided frost. Let us *hail* it!

I have cut out a remainder to my tour that will take up my time till the end of February, and then I flatter myself I shall have done my duty.

C. M.

TO MRS. MATHEWS.

Doncaster, Feb. 4th 1834.

As I think you will expect a letter from me at "Donkey Races," I write, although I have little to say, and that little is not like yours, good.

I am sorry to say, Sheffield was a failure after the first night; why, I neither know nor care, as I shall never go again. The regular churchman preaches against all amusements, the moment they present themselves; and two newspapers write against them.

This ends one of the most wretched weeks I ever spent; carpenters at work the whole time, knocking close to me every day from six to six. *Inn*-attention, — black water, —nothing fit to drink,—low spirited. I got up at eight, after exerting my voice the night before in a wilderness of a room, to one shilling people, who were eighty feet from me. Left carriage and people, to fly in a coach with Fop to Mason's snug domicile, where I and my dog are both loved. Not one inhabitant of black Sheffield spoke to me. In point of numbers first night I beat even Oxford. There were more than six hundred people; but Crisp describes the gallery people as muff-and-tippet folks. It is a large place on purpose for the third order of people, when there are but two go, and the first shirk the highest price.

I really feel quite grateful to you for a certain sacrifice you have made, as I am sure you would not have done it for any other motive than to contribute to my peace. I am invited again to the Belcombe's. What d'ye think of Lord Arthur Hill inviting me to "go over" and dine with him at York barracks to-day, and return, *only* thirty-six miles, to play here to-morrow!

Direct your next to J. P. Smith, Esq. 49, Albion Street, Leeds, to whose country-house I am going for a week. He will take no denial, and is doing all sorts of kind things for me. Send some oysters; ditto to our friend Mason; ditto, Belcombes.

C. MATHEWS.

TO MRS. MATHEWS.

Leeds, February 8th, 1834.

Since I wrote last, I have had nothing pleasant to communicate, and I felt sure that if I waited till I got here, I should. I have never quite got over my damaged throat, and every morning after performing, am subject to the cough and wheezing which you have so often heard. My work at Doncaster, on a cold stage, without one scene or curtain, you can only understand by fancying your being put out of your drawing-room, tied to a table in the garden in thin shoes, and compelled to stay there three hours, knowing that you must not wrap up. I therefore lay by a night, and nursed myself up for last night. Here I was cheered by the sight of a crammed house, — all but gallery overflowing; 90*l.* A worse time I could not have picked out, as an election is just commencing here; Macauley, the Leeds member, being appointed to India. However, I was cheered by such a sight; and, they say, they should not have known I was so unfit for work if I had not told them. Crisp and *Mister Willson* walled me in with scenery, so that I was as warm as a toast. I am not the worse for it, certainly, and have been persuaded to put on a "*Burgamy*" plaister, which, I think, will do me good. I go hence to the Doctor at York.

Doncaster produced 45*l.*; very good, but not great.

It is now a poor, deserted-looking place; apparently no increase of population since our early days.

Fop is in clover again; quite an Ivy Cottage to run about in. He is universally beloved and admired. I quite rejoice that I brought him, for I should have been haunted by dog-stealing dreams.

Pray assure B. that I sincerely regret his illness, and desire kind regards.

C. M.

TO MRS. MATHEWS.

York, Feb. 16th, 1834.

Your last letter would have been cheap at five pounds. I don't know, now, why I was so particularly alarmed at not hearing on Thursday night; but I thought I had a right to be if there was no arrival on Friday. Well! I was in a nervous fidget all dinner-time. Belcombe's servant went to the post-office at half-past six, and returned with a newspaper and letter. "Huzza!" said he, "*we* shall benefit by this arrival." They were both from Doncaster.

"This all?"

"Yes, sir."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, sir: they looked very carefully."

Suppose what I felt. Had there been none, I could have borne it better than the two wretched things from Doncaster. I was shaken in a chair to the theatre till I was sick. At ten minutes past seven o'clock, while I was wondering that there was no *paper*, at all events,— in ran a man with —"Postmaster begs pardon, sir; here 's a letter." If the audience had but known why I was in such spirits, they would have laughed: and such a letter! —

charming!—enough to gladden the heart of a desponding father. Bless him! I am made more than happy by your description, be assured.

The Belcombes are more than kind. Tell Charles I am as good as he is. I have not been in an inn a long time, and shall not till I get to Nottingham. Everybody is civil, and pets me. All sorts of love are sent to you and him. The Belcombes are as fond of him as any duke or duchess can be. Observe! don't write even *No.* 1, or *one of* 2, outside the frank of a newspaper: the Duke of Richmond charges sixteen shillings for it.

I write this second sheet three miles from York, the Doctor having given me a ride, and Fop a run. While he prescribes, I write, as I have no other time. I am going to *t' Minster* at four, and dine at *t' barracks* with Lord Arthur Hill at six. Such a splendid day!

My last night will be Leicester, March 3rd, and then I bend homewards.

The Belcombes send back all the combined love of a most loveable family. *Do* write to Anne.

C. MATHEWS.

TO MRS. MATHEWS.

Leeds, Feb. 20.

Lord Arthur gave me a frank to bring here, and therefore I write to report good progress as to health, &c. Little Pomfret *filled* my boxes, and produced 32*l.* Here I found oysters and welcome yesterday, and the mail at night. You cannot wish for anything more delightful to happen to me than to get into that little friendly nest of Belcombes. The joviality of my supper after my work on Friday last will not soon be forgotten. Men, women, and children would have remained till three o'clock in the

morning, if I had encouraged them. The old lady of all had a bad cold, and could not come out. Anne Belcombe hopes you will write to her, and so do I. She says, you owe her two letters. To-morrow we dine with the late Lord Mayor; Belcombes, Lord Arthur, &c. I perform at Nottingham on Friday, and go to Mr. Mansfield's. You will not grieve to hear that I am rescued by him from bad wine, and all *inn*-door horrors, and that I shall have three days clear in a park. Write, Friday, and direct to J. Mansfield, Esq. Birstall House, Leicester.

C. MATHEWS.

There is a branch of "the Fancy" at York. Crisp was airing Fop, when he observed a fellow with a meretricious looking black-and-tan terrier, that ogled Fop in a courtezanish style which the Quaker-like William Crisp thought highly improper. The protector of the female affected to kick Fop away; but next day he observed t' same chap watching him, and leering at his companion. He dogged him to the box-office, and seemed to loiter and wait his return, when the box-keeper said, "Oh, that is our regular York dog-stealer." It would have been a bull to have brought him two hundred miles to be stolen at last.

TO MRS. MATHEWS.

Nottingham, Feb. 28th, 1834.

I feel so desolate here, notorious for the worst inns in England, that a letter is doubly welcome. The first hour I arrived was the most unsettled and uncomfortable which I ever endured; it was anything but "the surest welcome." I had been put into two rooms, or dens, each of which was occupied by odd-looking people. I inquired for a better, and was told the only best room unoccu-

pied "was taken by Mr. *Matthus* the performer." My *hearse* was not recognised, and it was not expected, it seems, till Wednesday.

Any cold meat?—No.

Meat to dress?—No.

You know the rest. Oh, that I had *two* witnesses! I was on the point of running away in a devouring rage, when Crisp went out to remonstrate.

"What do you think one of the" (six wild-looking) "attendants said?"—I knew not.

"I asked what he *had* got in the house? He said an *Execution!*" It would have been nothing without his adding, "Here 's a bit for your next entertainment," never having heard my old story, which I believe was Hood's invention.

The letter from Egerton was to tell me of dire distress: No chairman—no Fawcett!—wanting me to make a speech as treasurer *pro tem.* It is most disagreeable to me. Will you and Charles assist me? There 's dears. A file of newspapers will show him the nature of former addresses (all *but the last*); and perhaps he could hit upon some new thought that might make them laugh, or two or three pithy verses of a song, which I would read, if not sing. He wrote me two additional verses to the old *Smith*-song that were capital,—or—or in short give me an idea: I hate the thing. I could speak for an hour in burlesque, but always dread to attempt anything serious. Pity and help me! I can't see Willson before the post goes out. How did his wife know that my direction was Nottingham, for he showed me the letter from her yesterday, and outside was written "*Death.*" Did you ever hear of anything so horrid? Crisp heard of it from the postman before Willson got it. It made *me* nervous.

Send one line to Egerton to save time, and say I will do my best; that it is very disagreeable, and beg that he will furnish you with something to send to me, as to the sums paid to annuitants, and anything he or the committee wish me to say, which Fawcett has hitherto omitted. *He would not* be interfered with; I should *like it.* Love to dear Charley; tell him I am proud of Gaffer *Grey.*

Ever yours,

C. MATHEWS.

TO MRS. MATHEWS.

Newstead Abbey.

I don't know how to answer the question about "shall you require anything about the Fund to be sent?" If you could hit upon a new thought, I might as well have it a day or two before, though I mean to trust chiefly to chance. A pretty quotation about charity I should like; but a bit of fun above all, if the subject could be joked upon. As to the plaister cast, if Charles does not care about it, I am sure I don't; therefore I fling back the responsibility.

Beauty day! — extensive park — "Hospitalities, look you"—Charming! and no grandeur.

Your peremptory "*must* write by return" has occasioned a man and horse to go hence on purpose with this letter. We are three miles and a half from Leicester, and the letters for London were sent before the postman delivered yours. Love to Charley, and "dat's all," but that I am ever affectionately yours, C. M.

101*l.* in two nights at Nottingham, and *all* the places taken here, or rather *there!*

TO MRS. MATHEWS.

Birstall, Leicester, March 3rd, 1834.

The best reason I can give you for not informing you of the time of my return home, was, that I did not, and *could* not, know it until yesterday. Neither did you desire it of me in your last. I have read it carefully again, and positively there is no such word. Are you answered?

The Fund paid postage, or I should have been in a great rage. A long letter, telling me what I could have told them; who founded the Fund, and how long ago, and a list of the vice-presidents, making a great thick packet, which frightened me. I don't know what to say, or what to do: they have made me miserable; and if I had anticipated it, I would not have attended at all. I don't know, as you say, what Charles could say either, for I should have no time to study six lines. C. M.

Immediately previous to the day fixed for the Fund dinner, my husband returned home, looking and feeling very unfit for any new exertion. He had something like a horror of the approaching duty imposed upon him, and could resolve upon no stated words for the occasion. On the morning of the day, he became really so ill, that I endeavoured to dissuade him from attending the dinner; but he had so much principle about a promise, that only a state of utter incapacity to leave home could have induced him thus to disappoint, at the eleventh hour, his brethren on a point of business. When he got into the car-

riage, he had tears in his eyes, at what *he knew* must be a task,—a suffering to him both of mind and body: and, as he declared, he had not the most distant notion of what he could say. However, it was clear one recollection was upon his mind, and upon this he afterwards worked: it was the injurious and illiberal observation of a *Mr. Rotch,* in the House of Commons, during the last parliament, that actors were "*outcasts of society,*" and my husband, with great felicity, took this phrase for part of his theme.

He was received on rising with much cheering, and made the following speech.

If the noble chairman, said he, in apologizing for the absence of their great patron, had thought it necessary to express his sense of his own want of ability, and his regret that the company had not a better substitute for the illustrious Duke, how much must he (Mr. Mathews) regret the absence of their excellent treasurer, and his own inability adequately to fill his place; for he stood before them in what he would call "*an awful position*" (a laugh). Yes, he had felt his position *awful,* and he had put forth a feeler in the first place; and as they had laughed when he wished them, he hoped that they would not laugh when he wished them to be serious (applause). The noble chairman had lamented, as all lamented, the absence of their excellent treasurer, and he had kindly thrown upon him (Mr. Mathews) the task of filling the place of his absent friend. He had often sat in that room upon occasions like the present, and he more re-

gretted the absence of his friend, because he (Mr. Fawcett) used to come there armed with facts and arguments, and with an eloquence which in such a cause was irresistible. He (Mr. Mathews) had almost suddenly been called upon to stand in his friend's shoes, and he therefore was obliged to say,

> "For us and for our *charity*,
> Thus stooping to your clemency,
> We beg your hearing patiently."

This institution had been founded in the year 1765, and there had been at various times since a dispute as to "who was the founder." Some said that Mattocks was the founder, others that it was Mr. Hull. There had been a kind of what he (Mr. Mathews) would term an amiable dispute, amongst the relatives and admirers of Messrs. Hull, Mattocks, and the celebrated Garrick, with whom the idea of a theatrical fund originated. The Covent Garden institution certainly was founded by the two former. Each claimed the merit of the suggestion; and on application for an Act of Parliament they ran a race for the prize,—it was nearly a "dead heat;" but Garrick won by gaining the Act of Parliament before Covent Garden. However, from that year up to the year 1815, the society had been supported by the actors, occasionally assisted by other contributors. The present Royal Family had long and liberally patronised it. His late Majesty George the Fourth sent a donation of 100*l.* annually. His late Royal Highness the Duke of York not only subscribed, but annually took the chair at their dinners; and upon his lamented death, which was one of the greatest calamities that could happen to this institution, his present Gracious Majesty not only came for-

ward with great warmth, but said that he looked upon his patronage as a duty imposed upon him by his late illustrious brother, from whom it had descended to him as a heir-loom (great applause). When his Majesty was subsequently placed upon the throne, his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex became their president.

The first idea of a public dinner originated with Mr. Fawcett; (hear, hear!) but, perhaps, that, like the origin of the institution itself, might be matter for an "amiable dispute (hear! and a laugh). But what gratified him (Mr. Mathews) now was, that he had an opportunity of doing justice to the man who was an honour — he would not say merely to the profession — but to human nature (applause). That man had devoted days and nights, and weeks and years to promote the interest of that institution and of the profession (great applause). He was the most enthusiastic and warm friend of the institution, and he gave up more of his thoughts to it than, perhaps, to any other subject (hear, hear!) Had he (Mr. Mathews) then not said truly that he stood in an awkward position, to take the place of a man who possessed so much eloquence, to which he (Mr. Mathews) had no pretensions? If any one present wanted to ask for himself a favour of a friend, would not his voice falter, and his tongue lose its power? But when any man came before a friend, as the advocate of others to plead the cause of the unfortunate, then would not the words flow, as it were, spontaneously? Now he stood before them in the latter position; and recollecting that Mr. Fawcett had always filled that situation on former occasions, he (Mr. Mathews) felt his disadvantage to be like that of a comic actor who was called upon at a short notice to play a tragic part (applause and laughter). He hoped that gentlemen did

not come there that evening with the supposition, that the object of the institution was only to support people in old age, or otherwise unable to support themselves. It had been the fancy of Mr. Fawcett, that the institution might one day enable actors to retire, after a number of years upon "half-pay," and he had lived to see the wish realised. Mr. Hull used to say, that he hoped to live to see the fund amount to 10,000*l.*; but Mr. Fawcett had lived to see that sum trebled (cheers). At this day the society was paying out of the interest of its funded capital annually 900*l.*

There was a notion prevalent that actors were careless and improvident, and that in the course of some few years they ought, every one of them, to save a competence for the remainder of their lives (a laugh). But, with a nominal salary of 6*l.* per week, an actor really received no more than 200*l.* a year, if so much, when those parts of the year in which he was not engaged, and consequently not paid, were deducted. (hear, hear!) Mr. Emery never had more than 12*l.* a week, and he had a large family to support; and would that society refuse to contribute towards the support of the widow of such a man? (hear, hear!) He would say, that it ought not to be the only object of that society to support those who could not support themselves. (hear!) It ought to aim at rewarding high merit in its decline. (hear, hear!) He could name persons who were assisted by this society, and at whose names the heart of every man present would warm (applause). Here he ought not to omit stating, that there were many persons, patrons of the society, who did not honour them with their presence at the annual dinner; amongst them he should mention the Duke of Devonshire, who had that day sent a donation of 100*l.*

He was sure that all the patrons of the institution would be glad to hear, that the society had an opportunity of assisting many persons of whom they would be sorry to hear it said, that they had come upon the charity. They had not come upon the charity, but they had a claim upon the funds after twenty-one years' subscription. (Hear, hear!) Was there one in that room who would not be gratified to hear that he had contributed towards adding 100*l.* a-year to the means of such persons? Until last year, they had been only able to allow 80*l.* a year; but this year, the liberality of the patrons had enabled them to increase it to 100*l.* He wanted that society to hold out to young gentlemen of family,—now when all prejudice had vanished from the minds of liberal men,—that they might have a prospect of retiring from the profession upon half-pay. (Hear, hear!)

Various were the causes which had been alleged for the decline of the drama; some said that the theatres were too large; but the late John Kemble once said, when told that the public did not like large theatres, "Sir, the public lie! When I and my sister were burnt out of Drury Lane, we performed at the Opera House, where we drew houses of 700*l.* a night! We then went to the Haymarket, where we never had more than 300*l.* and the small theatre was never full." He (Mr. Mathews) had travelled lately round the provinces, and he had seen many attempts to put down the drama. In Sheffield, for instance, there was a clergyman who desired to be informed whenever the players came down there. His clerk used to go to the printing-office, and ask when were the players coming down; "because the parson was going to have a fling at them." After commenting very severely upon the parson's conduct, he said he had read in the papers, but

he hoped it was not true, that in a late parliamentary discussion relating to the drama, a member of the Legislature had experienced regret that the time of parliament should have been so much taken up with the case of the "outcasts of society." He (Mr. Mathews) said, honestly, that he never had had any wish to be in the House of Commons; (hear! and great laughter;) but after he read the speech of the senator to whom he alluded, he almost wished he had been in the senate at the time, that he might have stood up and asked him to his face, would he say that Garrick was an outcast! Would he say that Shakspeare was an outcast of society? But would Shakspeare ever have been the writer which he was if he had not been an actor? (Hear, hear!) Some even of those fanatics who, at Sheffield and in other places, preached sermons against the drama, quoted Shakspeare from the pulpit, and such was their ignorance, that they did not know they were quoting a dramatic writer (great laughter).

Mr. Mathews then alluded to the writings of Jeremy Collier against the stage, and said, that he was happy they had now a writer upon the drama of the same name, but with very different feelings (applause). Was it not the most scandalous of falsehoods, the most filthy of deceptions, to say that no person could go into a theatre without hearing something to shock the ears of decency? Certainly in plays that were written two hundred years ago, when the manners of the times encouraged licentiousness, they assumed the tone of society; but it was not true of the drama of the present day. The taste of the public itself prevented the use of an indelicate, or even an equivocal expression. (Hear, hear!) He (Mr. Mathews) had not mentioned the Sheffield attacks upon the drama from any feeling of disappointment as regarded himself; for he had

attacked the fanatic in his stronghold, and had had the satisfaction of beating him (applause). To those who were now present he need not say, "Are we outcasts?" To those who would say so, he would reply, if they were present, "It is untrue." Was Garrick, the friend of the great and good Dr. Johnson, an outcast? He of whom Johnson said, that "his death had eclipsed the gaiety of the nation, and suspended the most harmless amusement of the people." Here was the opinion of Dr. Johnson, that the drama was "a harmless amusement." (Hear, hear!) How many of that profession had been raised by their merits to the highest rank, and there had not been amongst them a single instance of deviation from virtue after their elevation! He (Mr. Mathews) would rather be the meanest of these outcasts, than be the man who had called them by that name. He would not call even gipsies "outcasts;" for he had had experience of the honesty of gipsies; and if he should hear that there were some of the tribe who were not honest, he would not say that the *gipsies* were outcasts, but that *those* gipsies were a disgrace to their profession (cheers and great laughter).

It had been said by a great writer, Alexander Pope, that—

"Honour and shame from no condition rise:"

and, as if he wished to put a pun into his (Mr. Mathews) hand, he added,—

"*Act well your part, there all the honour lies.*"

It had been said by a noble and learned lord at the table of his late Majesty, when Prince of Wales, that the law was a profession into which no nobleman was ashamed to allow his son to enter. "What obligations," exclaimed Mr. Curran, who was present, "am I then not under to

the law, which has enabled me, the son of a poor and lowly peasant, to sit at the table of the Prince of Wales." Well, then, the drama was a profession which raised him (Mr. Mathews), "*an outcast*," to sit at the table of the Prince of Waterloo! (Cheers.) Nor did he go there in the character of Punch; and he could add, that he never met the noble Duke in the street without the honour to be acknowledged by him. (Hear!) Mr. Mathews then appealed to the press to vindicate the drama from these unfounded attacks, and he called on the members of the profession to be urged by such calumnies to greater exertions for their distressed brethren. He called upon them to come forward to the aid of the widows and children of those men who had raised the profession to its present respectability, and he trusted that every one of them had a tear for pity, and a hand open as day to melting charity.

Mr. Mathews sat down amidst immense cheering.

CHAPTER XIII.

Mr. Mathews's Visit to the Tomb of Burns.—Letter from Mr. Fawcett to Mr. Mathews.—Reply from Mr. Mathews.—Letter to Dr. Belcombe.—Mr. Mathews's Re-opening of his "At Home."—Letter from Sir David Wilkie to Mr. Mathews: ingenious Suggestion.—Letter to Mr. Harding.—Offer to Mr. Mathews of a second Engagement in America.—His Reluctance to accept it.—His ultimate Determination.—His Performance at Richmond, being his last public Appearance in England.—Parting Interview between Mr. Mathews and Mr. Bannister.—Mr. and Mrs. Mathews at Mr. Cartwright's House in the Isle of Wight.—Their Departure from England in the "Canada."—Valedictory Letter from Mr. Theodore Hook.—The Voyage.—The Somnambulist.—Arrival at New York: scurrilous Placard: Mr. Mathews's Performance in New York of his "Trip to America:" its Effect on the Audience.—Mr. Mathews's Reception in Philadelphia.

It will be recollected that Mr. Mathews paid a visit to the tomb of the poet Burns. On this subject the following remarks appeared in a Northern journal:—

The well known Mr. Mathews, a man of high and original genius, paid a visit to Dumfries, and it fell to the lot of the present writer to accompany him to the house of Mrs. Burns and St. Michael's Churchyard. On entering the mausoleum, the great comedian became excited,

and, after a little pause, inquired eagerly, "What has become of the original tombstone?" He expressed the greatest regret that it had not been inserted as part of the pavement in front of the sculpture, as was done in the case of Shakspeare's mausoleum at Stratford-on-Avon.

The pious wish expressed by Mathews has at length been gratified, the original tombstone being removed from the vault and being placed within the iron railing which protects the sculpture. The stone now occupies a position where it can be seen by all without being trod upon or injured.

MY DEAR MATHEWS, Kitnocks, March 10th, 1834.

I should be very ungrateful if I did not put you to the expense of tenpence, to thank you for your kind and complimentary remembrance of me at the Fund Dinner. Your speech was excellent, *per se;* but with all the fine things you said of me, I, of course, think it the best that has ever been delivered on the occasion. My wife wants to know to what tune your Mansion-House song was put. Was it Charles or Peake who wrote it? It is a palpable hit, 'egad! To add to my mumbling complaint, (for, you must know, I have been quite a *dent*iloquist,) I have an only sister on a visit to me, who has been alarmingly ill for some time. My wife, with her usual kindness, has been indefatigable in her attentions; and, I think, the danger is past. I wish I could give you a gossiping letter which would entertain you; but, alas! on Curdridge Common we have nothing but geese, heifers, and hogs. If I had Garrick-Clubs, Adelphi Theatres, and Fund Dinners, "cum multis aliis quæ nunc perscribere longum est," what a letter you should have from me! But if you have nothing to say in answer, do, pray, let me know

something of Mrs. Mathews. The last time I saw her, she was ill in body and distressed in mind. That block-head, —— ——, had done something to plague her very much. I hope, and I know my wife sincerely hopes, she is quite recovered. At the end of April, I hope, I shall see you. Till when, with our joint love to you all, believe, my dear Mathews, that I am,

Yours truly,

JOHN FAWCETT.

TO JOHN FAWCETT, ESQ.

MY DEAR FAWCETT, London, March 13th, 1834.

I have received your kind letter. I am repaid by your approbation for the absolute misery, headach, sickness, and starvation I endured, until I was delivered of that speech. I could have wished you had heard it, for it was sadly mangled in the papers. I cannot complain, for it was kind in the reporters to take so much trouble, as I had not a memorandum to give them, and it was taken in short-hand, and delivered out in slips to each paper before they left the tavern. In one, they have dwindled 10,000*l.* into 3000*l.*; and make us pay 900*l.* a-year out of 9000*l.* &c.—72*l.* a week my salary instead of 17*l.*, and others which I mentioned; thereby marring the whole of my point and intention. When I quoted from Pope, I said, "Betterton was his associate. Was Betterton an outcast? —the intimate of two of the greatest moral writers. Pope was proud of having *painted* Betterton. His picture is now at Caen Wood, an heir-loom in Lord Mansfield's family; and I, 'an outcast,' have been invited by the noble owner into the mansion to see it." Why or where-fore, Heaven knows! They wrote, — "Mr. Young was

admitted as a visiter at Lord Mansfield's;" as if his dining with a nobleman was such a wonder. He does not know Lord Mansfield! It has such a *spoony* appearance, breaking out in a fresh place with such a phrase, "His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, afterwards George the Fourth, frequently presided at these festivals, &c.* Mr. Mathews came four hundred miles on purpose to attend." *Mais, n'importe!* Be assured, dear Fossy, it gave me sincere pleasure to speak of you as I did, behind your back; and it would have gratified you to have heard the response of assent to my eulogy from all your brethren and our visiters.

C. MATHEWS.

TO H. S. BELCOMBE, ESQ.

MY DEAR BELCOMBE, London, March 14, 1834.

There are no directions whatever with the carminatives. I have taken two daily, but presume that is not sufficient, as I am neither better nor worse. Send me four lines, I don't ask for more (with your avocations).

"*Pil. Hmfg. Xlfdip—forty, daily.*
"*Received Newspaper—Chronicle.*
"*Received oysters,*—(if true,)
H. S. B."

Also, send me the prescription, for I have lost it. *There*, now it is out.

How d'ye do? How is your kind dear wife? How did she like a chain I *found* i' t' Minster Yard, and sealed up for her. She never acknowledged it, which I thought uncourteous.

Our loves to all the B.'s.

* Another error.—A. M.

I wish you had heard me at the Fund Dinner. If you thought me lucky at the Alderman's, I know not what would have been thought. It was the greatest day of my life: half an hour, and really extempore!

Ever thine, C. MATHEWS.

P.S.—O the oysters! Mrs. Mathews fired off a double-barrel, and, once, we found a miss-fire, which was a miss-fortune, for the bill was paid, and one party swore they *went off;* and the other, that the first report of them was from me, three months after date.

Charles dines to-day with the *Premium*, as I heard the Mayor of —— call Lord Grey. What d'ye think of that?

The succeeding notice of Mr. Mathews's re-opening with his "At Home," will supersede the necessity of any explanation from me as to the arrangement he had made respecting this year's entertainment, induced by his ill state of health.

Mathews, the inimitable Mathews! — certainly the first comedian of the age — commenced his campaign for the season at the Adelphi a few evenings ago. He appeared as fresh, and in as full vigour, as when first we knew him, now many a good year since; and his audience seemed the same, for never did they laugh or enjoy themselves more.

Mr. Mathews gave a succession of selections from his old entertainments. These,—his *Youthful Days*, his *Trip to Paris*, *Trip to America*, &c. are all to appear in turn, and cannot fail to fill the house; for who is there among the play-going public that do not talk of them? — who is there that will not like to see them again? The talent Mr. Mathews possesses of delineating the mind as well as

manner of the person he is placing before his auditors, is most astonishing. His portraits of Curran, Wilkes, Macklin, and Tate Wilkinson, (and the old Scotchwoman, too, *must* be a portrait,) are cabinet gems of the highest finish: nothing can excel them.

TO CHARLES MATHEWS, ESQ.

My dear Sir, April 21st, 1834.

Nothing could exceed the gratification which I felt in witnessing at the Adelphi last week your beautiful representations of what I had once seen before, and which had lived in my recollection, like fascinating dreams.

The John Wilkes, the Tate Wilkinson, the Macklin, and the Scottish lady, I had remembered as standards to compare all other representations by, and was delighted to see them again with their accompaniments, as the indications of a power no one but yourself has ever before possessed, and which I feel quite sure no one but yourself can ever possess again.

Convinced, as I am, that a power so extraordinary has not yet reached its extent or its limit; that what you imagine, or what you derive from the observation of others, can be given with as much effect as what you have observed yourself, might I not venture to repeat, though with every feeling of deference, what I have made so bold as to submit before, whether those worthies we know only from hearsay and from books might not be made fit subjects for your genius to work on. Might not Samuel Johnson, compounding his Dictionary, and drinking his ninth cup of tea with Mrs. Piozzi, be a subject of that varied character from the ridiculous to the sublime, which

you have, in similar scenes,* made to tell with so effectual an influence; and if Samuel Johnson could be made to answer such a purpose, almost every character that tradition or history has handed down to us, might be made tributary to your magical representations.

The high station you have maintained renders you liable to this kind of importunity; but even in my little way, I am frequently written to about subjects; and the occasional benefit I have had from these must be my justification, and, with your obliging kindness, must be my excuse.

Allow me to say that I visited your portrait gallery last summer for a couple of hours, with *extreme interest.*

May I send respectful and kind regards to Mrs. Mathews, and also to your son, whom I heard of in Italy, and was gratified in meeting some months ago in London?

Pray, excuse this, and believe me most faithfully and truly Your very obliged servant,

DAVID WILKIE.†

Had this suggestion been made in earlier times, I have little doubt but it might have led the way to some interesting result. My husband thought Mr. Wilkie's idea admirable. But, alas! it came too late to be acted upon.

TO C. T. HARDING, ESQ.

101, Great Coffin Street,‡
MY DEAR SIR, May 22nd, 1834.

I must have been very unlucky in my mode of expressing myself when I requested you to name an hour to allow

* Witness, last year, your astronomer superintending the affairs of his kitchen.

† Now Sir David Wilkie. ‡ Great Russell-street.—A. M.

me to call upon you, as it has not produced the desired effect. I called on Sunday last for the second time. You are perhaps not aware of the absolute abhorrence I feel to spend one hour more than I can avoid in this city of horrors,—this collection of ruffianly Cab-men, and *Buss-es;* I therefore generally emerge after breakfast, and read in the Zoological Gardens until dinner-time. For this reason I look upon an appointment here as a committal to my prison. This is why I wished to give you what information I could *in the country*, which even St. John's Wood is to me.*

Miss Pope's Farewell Address was never published: the enclosed is all I can find on the subject. Pray, convey my kindest sayings to Mr. Campbell; and believe me, very sincerely yours, C. M.

In the spring of 1834, an agent of the American theatres came over, and held forth a brilliant inducement to Mr. Mathews, if he would once more cross the Atlantic. My husband, rather to my surprise, seemed unwilling to listen to any terms. It had been, a few years earlier, his most ardent wish to pay one more visit to that country, if only, as he said, to contradict the aspersions of vulgar and interested malice, which had accused him of ingratitude to the people who had used him so kindly: now, however, he seemed averse even to the thought. I regretted this, and pressed him to make up his mind to this certain mode of retrieving all losses. He looked at me in such a

* This information was requested, through his friend, by Mr. Campbell, the poet, for his projected Life of Mrs. Siddons. —A. M.

manner as brought tears into my eyes, though I hardly knew why, until he said, "If I go, I shall never behold you or Charles again!" I was silenced: but eventually the offers and temptations of Mr. Maywood prevailed, without any further persuasion from me; and, as soon as I was informed of this, I made known my determination to my husband to go with him. He was much affected at this announcement of the sacrifice I was anxious to make of my home comforts,—and to leave Charles! Mr. Mathews expressed his fear that I could not endure the fatigue and suffering of such a voyage. Indeed, the indulgence I had ever experienced from this best of husbands, who, it might be truly said, had never permitted "the winds of heaven to visit me roughly," had unfitted me for hardship; but I was positive: and well was it for my after reflections that I persisted in my determination. At the time I had no suspicion that my going would be of more importance to him than that of companionship; but I felt that I could not bear to see him depart without me. I had no forebodings of evil; on the contrary, I augured a happy result to his health from the voyage. He loved the sea, and always felt the better for its influence; and, next to his hoped-for restoration to bodily strength, I could not but rejoice that he had consented to a plan which was calculated to place him independent of future casualties and worldly difficulties, in comfort and repose for

the rest of his life.* Ultimately, all was arranged with his partner, Mr. Yates, and every other impediment surmounted.

A few days before quitting London, Mr. Mathews accepted an engagement to perform at Richmond† for *one night.* He consequently appeared there to a crowded house on the 25th of July; and it is remarkable, that his last appearance in England took place upon the very stage whereon his first essay in public was made in the year 1793.

My husband was excessively anxious to keep our purposed voyage, if possible, a secret until the last minute. His health and spirits were unequal to the task of leave-taking, or the probable remarks that would take place from those ignorant of his circumstances, especially respecting *my* accompanying him: thus, a very few, and those our confidential friends only, knew of the intention from ourselves. But rumour, with her hundred tongues, had somehow got hold of the fact, and Mr. Mathews was assailed by many inquiries from the idle and curious that distressed and annoyed him. It was always inconceivable to him, how persons not supposed to possess the authority to question the affairs and proceedings of their neighbours, could venture to do so, especially when such interference is evidently unwelcome. But this we had so often met with, that wonder had long ceased

* One year's absence would have done this. † In Surrey.

at such impertinence; and Mr. Mathews, anticipating a recurrence of such liberties, was restless to escape from them on this occasion. To one or two instances, however, of friendly surprise and regret at his going to America, and advice *not* to go, &c. he was obliged to submit. An interesting scene took place with Mr. Bannister, who *entreated* us to see him before we went to America; adding, that, if we refused, it would render him truly unhappy. Such an appeal was not to be resisted; and this distressing interview was such an overthrow of my dear husband's spirits, that he refused to see every other person who expressed a similar desire. Mr. Bannister had known me from childhood, and my husband for many years; and he declared that he *loved us both affectionately;* that it was a severe pang at his time of life to take leave of such persons prematurely, as it might be called, for that he was certain he should not live to see us again. He wept most affectingly, and saluting me, while he held his friend's hand in his, after embracing him, his head fell upon my shoulder, and he sobbed so distressingly, that my husband and I were completely subdued. Never shall I forget the benevolent and beautiful features of this aged friend, as he turned, for *the last time,* his silver head round to look at my husband, whom he thought not to outlive, and truly asserted he should *never again behold.**

* Mr. Bannister lived to mourn for his friend.

It was arranged that Mr. Mathews should now proceed, with his servant and luggage, to a friend's house in the Isle of Wight, there to remain until "The Canada" should reach Portsmouth from London, and that Charles and myself should follow him from home when all preparations were completed. He therefore left London for Mr. Cartwright's hospitable roof,* under which my husband and myself passed the last happy days we were destined ever to know in England.

On the 27th of August "The Canada" reached Portsmouth, where we joined it, and took our mournful leave of Charles and our friends.

Previously to our quitting England, the following letter, amongst many others, gratified my husband excessively. The writer had been one of his earliest companions, and the regret which he expressed at parting touched the heart of him whose constant nature clung to old friends and early associations. Contrary to his custom, Mr. Mathews seemed anxious to preserve this letter, which he gave into my hands again, after reading it with great emotion, saying, while his eyes were filled with tears, "Take care of *that*."

TO MRS. MATHEWS.

DEAR MRS. MATHEWS, Fulham, Monday.

I very much regretted that you were out on Thursday when I called in Russell Street, and very much regretted

* East Dene.

that I could not dine at the Garrick Club on Tuesday.* However, leave-taking is an odious ceremony, and so perhaps it is as well as it is. I write to *you* because I hear that Mat. is gone to the Isle of Wight, and I could not bear that my almost *oldest* friends—don't be angry—should depart without one word of adieu.

Assure yourselves that, however chequered my life may have been, and however much we have been separated by circumstances, that the early feelings of friendship and attachment are still fresh in my heart; and believe, for you may, that I shall, during your absence, hear of you, even if not *from* you, with the deepest interest. The next time we meet, if that may ever be, (which, as far as I am concerned,) I doubt, we shall meet under more agreeable circumstances than we should have met, or rather parted, if you and Mathews had been at home on Thursday. Till the time comes,

Believe me, dear Mrs. Mathews,
Yours and your sincerely attached friend,
THEODORE HOOK.

I publish this letter with great satisfaction, and I am sure the writer will partake of my feeling when I add that it was often referred to and dwelt upon by his friend with much gratification during the residue of his painful life.

The energy of his determined search after future rest seemed to continue with my husband unabated during the voyage. His spirits were at times surprisingly exhilarated, and seldom left him, except when he saw my sufferings, nearly at

* The day on which the Garrick Club gave a dinner to Mr. Mathews previous to his leaving England.—A. M.

one time fatal. He was, in fact, the support and dependance of all on board for means of getting through a harassing long voyage without *ennui*. The healthy had full enjoyment of his benevolent exertions, and the sick crawled from their berths, unwilling to lose the delight offered to them.*

One interruption to this general good will occurred. Mr. Mathews was, indeed, a universal favourite in the cabin, in which there was a passenger, an elderly simple-mannered man, who described himself as having been formerly the master of a vessel, who had saved enough to enjoy ease and independence away from his craft, and was then bound on a visit to a son resident in New York. This person was a devoted admirer of my husband,—ever at his side, he really appeared to love him, while he regarded his powers as superhuman. It was suddenly discovered that this person was in the habit of rising from his sleep, dressing himself, drinking his "grog," going upon deck, and retreating to his berth without any consciousness of such acts, which when alluded to the next day he would resolutely discredit, and with something like resentment silence the assertions of those who were witnesses of his proceedings. Mr. Mathews one day finding the old man more than usually earnest in his denial of the facts described, and sorry

* One of the "treats" he afforded was by reading Mr. Lover's admirable stories of Irish traditions.

to see him vexed, turned to his tormentor, and in an under tone begged him to *desist*, for that Mr. * * * * was probably a *somnambulist*. Soon after this the old man was observed to absent himself from the cabin; he would neither eat nor drink there (nor apparently elsewhere); he would not mingle with the mirth he used so much to enjoy, in short, he refused all association and *pined in thought*. Even his favourite had no influence to draw him from the retired part of the deck where he sat until he could unperceived creep into his berth. At last he became visibly ill, wept frequently, and, in fact, created much interest in my husband's mind as to the cause of his distress. Subdued one day, however, by the earnest kindness of Mr. Mathews, and his pressing him upon the origin of the shyness he showed, especially to him, with whom he had been so cordial, the old man confessed that he had overheard Mr. Mathews "*call him names*," and he had previously conceived such a regard for him, that his feelings were proportionably hurt. For some time the accused was at a loss even to guess the meaning of this accusation,—he denied the charge, and the old man persisted in it. He "would not," he said, "have *believed* any *reporter*, but he had heard him *himself*." — *When* — *where*, and *to whom* had he done this? was the earnest inquiry, and this brought a solution of the mystery. The old man had caught the word "*somnambulist*;" and being

totally unacquainted with its import, had fancied it a term of opprobrium, and naturally had felt wounded by it! A laboured explanation followed, which with difficulty reassured the old *master* that no offence was intended, or stigma cast upon him, by his favourite's remark.

After a six weeks' passage, and much suffering from it, we landed at New York, and from that time, in proportion as I regained health and spirits, Mr. Mathews's drooped, and a physician's aid was deemed necessary, who gave it as his opinion that the transition from one climate to another was alone the cause of the present symptoms, and that, once inured to the change, all would be well. The poor invalid shook his head; yet, happily for myself, I *believed* what I hoped.

My husband's progress during our stay in America will, perhaps, be best derived from my letters to Charles.

TO CHARLES J. MATHEWS, ESQ.

New York, Sept. 30th, 1834.
Congress Hotel, Broadway.

Let this assure you that your father and myself are at length arrived in this city, in health and cheerfulness of mind. You may the more rejoice at this intelligence when informed also of the suffering we have experienced for forty days and nights, which terminated yesterday evening in the most glorious sight I ever beheld or could conceive, namely, the Bay of New York. For the first time I lamented that you, my dear Charles, were not with

us; for during our passage I reckoned it as the only consolation that you were not a partaker of our misery,—my unbroken, and almost intolerable wretchedness. Assuredly everything we see now before us repays the long arrear of comfort and ease due at the close of our voyage, which I shall not scruple to confess has been worse than can be described. We experienced the most severe gales, storms, and every rigour of weather that might have been expected from a December or January season. In fact, so unfortunate a voyage had never before been experienced by the captain, who had his share of sickness and chagrin, and in vain attempted to hide his anxiety and vexation from his passengers. Your father happily, with the exception of one or two *qualms*, kept his usual health, although without sleep the greater part of the time.

Well, here all the difficulties, sufferings, and vexations of the cabin are changed to a pleasant, indeed I may call it an elegant room, as large as our own drawing-room. Thus all is reversed, and the bright side of the medal is before us. Everybody seems ready to oblige, and all are glad to see your father.

I have not yet been out, but I am reminded of Paris; the street is as gay as represented in Mr. Burford's Panorama, the ladies as fine. Miss "Clara Fisher" has just passed, in the form of an omnibus, and "Washington Irving" is represented by a similar machine. *Mr. Buckstone* has just left the room (with a *black face*), having trimmed the lamps;* so that some English associations are allowed us. There are private cabriolets, too: one has passed this morning with a gentleman seated in the very centre of it. Of *course* no servant or tiger, because the master leaves no

* A negro resembling Mr. Buckstone, when *made up* for a Black in "Grace Huntley."

room inside; and, as the entire back of the cab is *open*, it would be inconvenient if he stood behind it. The droll effect of this it is easy to conceive. One fact will surprise you: the weather, though sunny, is very cold.

New York, October 14, 1834.

Yesterday was "the day, the important day, big with the fate of Cato and of Rome;" simply, it was that of your father's re-appearance upon the American stage.

Since I wrote last, he recovered his health considerably; but yesterday morning his *symptoms of performing* appeared, and I yielded to his desire to be alone and took a trip to some opposite shore until dinner-time. We went over to the city of New Jersey. Mr. Maywood arrived from Philadelphia the night before to be present on your father's *first night*. He was apparently ill, and unable to eat any dinner; but when your father went away to the theatre to dress, he revealed to me that his state of mind since his arrival had been most wretched, for that "he found placards posted about New York, of the most abominable nature, inviting hostility towards Mr. Mathews, and that he feared great opposition would be made to his appearing; that a *party* was to be expected, undoubtedly, and that he had abstained from informing your father of this, lest the knowledge of what he might expect should incapacitate him from meeting the opposition meditated; he would not therefore be prepared for it until he was ready to go upon the stage, when Mr. Simpson* would apprise him of the *probability* of disapprobation, &c.

I need not tell you how *I* felt at this intimation; but I was resolved to be present, and near your father, let good

* The resident proprietor.

or ill befall him. Isidore Guillet arrived, by invitation, to take me to the theatre; and *he* also seemed full of care, looked paler than usual, and when he found me acquainted with what was threatened, owned that he was also aware of it. He, as well as Mr. Maywood, were very apprehensive that a vulgar mob would "*annoy*" Mr. Mathews very much at the least, by endeavouring to prevent his performance.

We arrived at the doors of the theatre, which we found clogged up with crowds of people endeavouring to gain admission *in vain*. It was within five minutes' time of the curtain's rising. The day had been rainy, but it poured in the evening, and here stood more than I can guess the number of, in this wetting weather, striving to enter a place evidently filled. I was full of alarm, for I saw in this extraordinary anxiety all that was to be apprehended. It was impossible for us to think of penetrating this dense mob of pressing people; and had there not been an entrance by the stage-door, we must have returned home. When I got behind the scenes, Mr. Simpson met me with a countenance of dismay. "*Wished I had not come,*" but said Mrs. Simpson was in the box to partake of my feelings. I found this dear little creature in dreadful agitation. She declared her fears of the result, and endeavoured to stimulate my courage should the worst be realized, namely, Mr. Mathews not being allowed to perform. We entered the private box, and there, what a house!—not a nook that was not crowded. I looked at the pit, where every night before I had seen the lowest orders of men mixing with the more respectable,* and saw, what appeared to me, *all gentlemen.*

* Females do not go into the pit at New York.

This revived me. I looked at the boxes, and beheld all *elegantly-dressed people*, such as I had never seen there since my arrival.

Isidore endeavoured to prepare me for the peculiar and startling manner which the Americans adopted to express their anger in a theatre; and with a sort of fright unlike any I have before felt, I saw *dread preparation* for the threatened outrage. After the table and lamps were placed, a dead silence ensued for a minute—(my heart died almost in that minute),—when the prompter's bell was rung; and before the curtain could begin to obey this announcement of the actor's readiness, a burst of the most stunning applauses I ever heard, put all my fears aside. The curtain then rose, your father walked on sternly, but as pale as death, and was met with such plaudits and cheerings as can be scarcely imagined. He was like the traveller who refused to yield his bosom to the rude assault of the cutting wind, but who instantly threw aside his cloak to the kindly beams of the sun. He was prepared for violence, but the warmth of what seemed almost *affection*, so overset his firmness, that I was afraid he would not recover it sufficiently to fulfil his task.

In his address, it was requisite that he should touch upon his expected repulse, the injustice of which he was bent on proving, by his purposed performance of his "Trip to America," during his engagement. He really spoke well, and was frequently interrupted by the most vehement general applause and acclamations. The *pit rose* to a man; and, waving their hats, gave three cheers. He then commenced his performance, and nowhere has it been more judiciously appreciated, or more joyously and attentively listened to, for the audience waived the general custom of leaving their seats (usual even in the boxes,) between

every act: during the whole night not one person moved. "Monsieur Tonson" succeeded the two *Table-acts*, and was equally well received, and, when over, your father was called for. After a short resistance, he came forward, reiterated his thanks, &c., and the audience left the house. Whether those who came to scoff remained to *applaud*, is not ascertained; but as no hostile effect appeared, from first to last, it is fair and charitable to suppose that the *enemy* had repented his "foul intent," and withdrawn it altogether.

You will be glad to hear that your father never played better or stronger: he even *danced*, gratuitously I may say, in the last scene of Morbleu, so little did he feel his lameness. During the evening, it appears, "the weak invention of the enemy" was successfully peeled off the walls of the rival theatre:—I give you the benefit of a copy:—

"Notice.

"We understand Charles Mathews is to play on Monday evening, the 13th instant. The scoundrel ought to be pelted from an American stage, after his writing that book which he did about six years ago, called 'Mathews's Caricature on America.' This insult upon Americans ought to meet with the contempt it deserves. After using the most vile language against the 'too easily duped Yankees,' as he calls us, he thinks thus to repay us for our kindness towards him. But we hope they will show him that we are not so easily duped this time as we were then, and drive the ungrateful slanderer from our stage for ever."

Thus ends, without printer's name, this precious *morceau*, worthy of a place in our *Book*.

The few we know here have been with us to-day to talk

over and congratulate us upon this extraordinary turn to the affair. Your father is quite well, and in high good humour: the sun shines brightly, and all is *in keeping* with his triumphant success.

I send you the newspaper accounts of the night, which are accurate, and consistent.

A. M.

"Long before the rising of the curtain, every part of the house was literally crammed. A belief generally prevailed that a determined and systematic opposition to Mr. Mathews had been formed, to prevent his re-appearance on the American stage, in consequence of a report that he had, after his return to London from the United States, ridiculed our national character and reviled our institutions. Placards of a most violent and inflammatory description, calculated to enlist the worst feelings of the community against him, were industriously circulated in the course of the day, and a stormy night at the Park Theatre was generally anticipated. Our expectations, we are happy to say, were very agreeably disappointed. A most tremendous shout greeted him, and the plaudits and clapping, and stamping and cheering, and throwing up of hats in the pit drowned everything for some seconds. Not a solitary hiss was heard. Mr. Mathews, placing himself behind his table, continued bowing and bowing, deeply affected. Silence being obtained, he addressed the audience in a strain of eloquence. He sincerely thanked them for their warm and generous reception of him, and asked,—was it possible, if he was guilty, that he would have thus come here to face them?—No. "I am *not acting now*," said Mr. Mathews, with great feeling, which

had an electric effect. The most tremendous applause followed this speech, and the play proceeded.

It is unnecessary to say, that his rich acting was the same rich treat of exquisite humour, under a succession of remarkable, some of them almost supernatural, transformations—more perfect even than when here before. His voice, perhaps, is not quite so vigorous. The Police Court, and the old Epicure in bed, were admirable; also his Monsieur Tonson. After the latter he was called out, and repeated what he had said on his first entrance, adding, that, to prove that he had not done injustice, or been ungrateful to us, he would, with their permission, take occasion hereafter to enact before them his whole "Trip to America," *verbatim et literatim,* and abide the issue of their verdict.

"Mr. Mathews appears to-night in his far-famed and much-discoursed-of "Trip to America." It was this piece in which he was said to have perpetrated those awful and unpardonable slanders upon our nation, its manners, character, and institutions. The New York audience who have consented, in spite of these terrible calumnies, to be amused by Mr. Mathews's unequalled performances, will now be able to judge for themselves of the enormity of his guilt towards our countrymen. We were very proud of the high feeling and intelligence manifested by the audience on the first night of his appearance, when, fully believing all that was charged against Mr. Mathews, they went in vast numbers, not merely to hear him courteously, but *resolved* to suppress any opposition. The calumny most undeniably was started by some personal enemy to Mr. Mathews,—some Englishman, who strove to wreak his spite through the agency of our prejudices and credulity. The fool was mis-

taken; we are above such things, and could not be made his tools. Mathews has done no more for us than he did for his countrymen, and they laughed, as we did, at their own caricatures. We are assured that the piece will be given exactly as it was in London.

TO CHARLES J. MATHEWS, ESQ.

Broome-street, New York, Oct. 30th, 1834.

You will see by the above address that we have quitted the hotel we were at; in fact, we were *turned out*, the master of it having been compelled to *sell up*, and not apprizing us of his situation until a few days before. We (that is, *I* and Mr. John Mason, Charles Kemble's nephew) walked about the streets, morning, noon and night, in search of some habitation, *in vain!* It is hardly comprehensible to a person in England that two people, in such a city as New York, could, with money to pay for it, be without shelter in any house of entertainment; but, as there are no *lodging-houses* here, and all the boarding-houses and hotels were full, we found ourselves, after the most persevering and strenuous efforts, on a Friday evening destitute of a place to receive us on the following morning, when all our hotel furniture was to be removed and servants discharged!

In this really alarming dilemma Mr. and Mrs. Simpson proposed to "do their best," and take us into their house. We had no alternative, and in spite of the manifest inconvenience they must undergo, we came in here with all our baggage a fortnight ago, and everything that old and dear friends might have been expected to do to make us comfortable and happy *has been done* by these amiable persons.

Your father has played his "Trip to America" twice. The first night was an anxious one, as you may imagine, but the same determined spirit sustained him throughout, as was so remarkably displayed on his first appearance. One "ill-natured fellow in the pit" * *tried* to be heard; but his attempt was drowned in the ocean of general approbation and good humour, and he gave up the effort. Your father's benefit comes on to-morrow night, the last of his engagement, and we then proceed to Philadelphia.

If I have less amusement for you than you expected, you must place the failure to my cold, our removal, and the bustle and anxiety of your father's professional affairs, —harassing I will confess them to have been,—but the worst is over, I trust, and we shall enter Philadelphia with renewed hope and health. I think your father's indisposition was chiefly nervous; but a physician whom I persuaded him to call in, the second week after we arrived, and who went away without writing a prescription, confessed to us the day before yesterday, that when we entered New York the *cholera* was fearfully prevalent, but every care was taken to conceal the fact; and that though your father had no part of the disorder, nevertheless he felt what all previously healthy strangers felt, and I might also have experienced a similar feeling, had I not been so very ill just before I entered New York. The disease has disappeared since the colder weather, for it is *consistently* cold now, though brightly sunny; I can, however, understand now why this climate is so trying to strangers. It is neither the cold of winter nor the heat of summer that

* A dramatic fallacy.—It being common for an unsuccessful actor or author to fancy that the opposition proceeds only from one person in the pit.

injures the constitution of a European, however rigorous both of these may be, but it is the transitions, the changeableness of the weather, — one day muslin and lace too much to bear,—and the next, flannels and furs insufficient to keep out the severity of the cold! These extremes I have felt already, but the *Indian summer* is commencing, and I understand that the weather then is not so variable as any other,—not warm, of course, but unclouded and dry.

When I began this letter I did not mean to dwell upon the subject of the partial opposition endeavoured to be *got up* by the few who were enemies to the theatre, as well as to your father, because I felt it difficult to make you understand how he triumphed; but as the scraps from the newspapers will in some part give you intelligence, I shall briefly add, that "The Trip to America" was followed by an appeal by your father to the house, to pronounce whether he was guilty of the charge of abusing the Americans in it, or not guilty? In answer to this, all the pit, and I may say, every gentleman in the theatre rose, and in a thunder of voices, simultaneously shouted "*Not Guilty.*"

It was a curious result in a theatre. Much excitement, and, indeed, harass of spirits may be imagined by you out of all this, but I do not attempt to withhold the truth: having told you everything, you would at once conceive every consequence, your father's agitation, &c. *It is over* now, and there is no harm therefore in this confession. To-night he takes his benefit, and completes *this* engagement.

We are inundated by *gentlemen-beggars* of all sorts. Not a day but some disappointed Englishman applies for money; all want to go back to their own country, and all, need I say it? require your father to pay their pas-

sage home. If he had answered every demand of this sort, all his profits would have been disposed of.

Your father was shocked, on his first day's abode in Broadway, to find that the "Omnibus nuisance" was threefold what he experienced in London. He, to my amazement, appeared as much a stranger here as myself: everything was as new to him as if he had never been in the country before; — not because it was much altered, but because he had ceased to remember anything; and he verified the remark completely, that nothing is more new than that which has been forgotten. One thing he witnessed which much surprised him, — a trotting-match between two horses in harness, at the rate of twenty-two miles an hour, in three *two-mile heats*. I suppose this is interesting to every *horse*-man, and so I mention it for your especial wonder.

Fop — I have never yet mentioned Fop, I believe. He is at this time well and happy; but he detested the ship, and the sailors, and all nautical sounds. He is immensely admired here by all ranks; and as he is unique, he is considered and looked at as a "*lusus naturæ*" by all untravelled Americans.

The following address I prepared for your father, he being too anxious and agitated to write anything himself, or to trust to his nerves at the last moment for appropriate words. He spoke it with good effect previously to the commencement of his "Trip to America."

"Ladies and Gentlemen, — The moment long promised to myself is arrived, and I am about to place before you, in my entertainment called the 'Trip to America,' in 1823, the very head and front of my *(supposed)* offence, when I presumed to use this country, as I have so many others, for the purposes of good-humoured mirth and amusement.

"It has been insinuated,—maliciously, I will say,—that

I have in this instance misemployed my humble talents in misrepresenting and abusing a country which, in fact, I quitted with the warmest feelings of esteem and gratitude. This evening's trial, I hope, will release me from the charge; and as I shall, in my performance, *nothing extenuate*, nor set down aught *un*said in England eleven years ago, when first this entertainment was given to the public, I trust your candour will give me a patient judgment, and form your decision.

"For a period of fifteen years, during which time these peculiar performances have been before the public, I never recollect, except in this instance, having been charged with using my small powers for the purposes of mere ridicule or personal pique. My aim has been to please; my *interest*, had my disposition been otherwise, prompted me to avoid giving offence and making enemies. My sketches are strictly those of *manners;* and as amusement is positively required of me, I naturally and necessarily seize upon those prominences of character most likely to afford it. In my several delineations of the English, Scotch, Irish, Welsh, and French, I have unhesitatingly delivered to them, upon their *own ground*, their respective peculiarities and manners, and have never, in a single instance, given offence. As I dealt with them, so I dealt with America: what I found a source of innocent amusement, I certainly made use of; but I never intentionally, or *with knowledge*, touched upon individual feeling with ill-nature or a desire to wound; and, least of all, could I deliberately put forth any matter so grossly contradictory to my known sentiments of America, as that insinuated by persons evidently as indisposed to truth as, in this particular case, they were ignorant of it.

"Ladies and gentlemen, — I will briefly add, that my

reliance is on your kind and patient hearing, and at the most, if I *offend*, that you will believe I do it *unconsciously*."

The performance proceeded with general approbation; and at its conclusion all present were fully satisfied that the nature of the piece had been misrepresented, and that it really contained nothing whatever offensive to the American people. Your father then addressed the house, and said: — "Ladies and gentlemen, I have redeemed my pledge. I assured you I would deliver the entertainment called the 'Trip to America,' verbatim et literatim; I solemnly declare I have not omitted one line, excepting descriptions of localities; such as the distance between one city and another, &c. which would have occupied time without being amusing. I made use accidentally of the expression, — 'I will put myself on my trial.' I have been fairly judged. Now, gentlemen of the jury, what say you, 'Guilty or not guilty,' of having libelled or ridiculed you?' — '*Not guilty!*' shouted the whole pit: and he withdrew amidst cheers from all parts of the house.

A. M.

After this agitation had so happily terminated, and his attraction proved unabated, something like convalescence appeared, at least good spirits, which, (constituted as he was,) always bore the name of good health: and in a short letter to Charles, enclosing a bill of exchange, he wrote, elated with the result: — "I have only time to say, that all's well! My ninth and last night, — first engagement. I have finished as I began, with glory. The enclosure, as Inkle says, is 'no bad specimen of savage

elegance.' Pay it into Cockburn's directly. Love Captain Britton for my sake.* Pay him what attention you can afford." *

TO CHARLES J. MATHEWS, ESQ.

MY DEAR CHARLES, Philadelphia, November 14, 1834.

Your father opened here on Monday night to an immense and enthusiastic audience, unmixed with any idea of anger against him, like that dreaded at New York; and to-night he is performing for the third time. His success is now certain here and elsewhere. He is gone to the theatre in better health and spirits than on any preceding night, — for he has not been *quite* well since he landed in America. Though he has persevered in performing on the appointed nights, he has not always been fit for so much exertion; nor will he, I believe, be able to fulfil his original hopes and intentions by working often enough, to render that advantage from his coming which he could derive from more frequent performances. He is not *ill*, observe, — but he is *not well*. The climate has not agreed with him; his spirits are not good; yet there is no fear of anything worse befalling him than the realization of less money than he calculated upon, had he the strength to work for it. If the climate continue thus to affect him, I shall encourage his return in the spring; that is, so as to be in England before the autumn. What he will receive will be worth coming for; and if not as much as we hoped, we must all, nevertheless, be satisfied: but I cannot allow him to do more than seems consistent with his perfect safety, let what will befall. Those who love

* The Captain of "The Canada," in which we sailed to America. For this gentleman Mr. Mathews conceived a great partiality.—A. M.

him will not wish it; and for those who do not, why, what are they to us where your father's health is at stake?*

It is extraordinary how quickly the weeks slide on: although we have little to record, yet we have much to occupy us. I *never read*, visit little, and still I am never at leisure.

Philadelphia is a city quite of another character, yet equally to be liked with New York. Its white marble and dove-coloured marble would, I think, vie with Italy. Indeed, you would see much in the public buildings here to admire and praise. The weather is lovely, warm, and sunny. They call November their Indian summer.

A. M.

* It will easily be understood that it was a difficult and painful task to write the truth, and yet not seriously afflict Charles, — hope still supporting me and promising a happy change.

CHAPTER XIV.

Dinner at Philadelphia in Compliment to Mr. Sheridan Knowles. —Mr. Mathews's Speech on that Occasion.—Letters to Mr. C. J. Mathews: Mr. Trelawney: Illness of Mr. Mathews, and Probability of his premature Return to England: Reception of Mr. Mathews at Boston —Letter from Mr. Trelawney to Mr. Mathews.—The Scots' Charitable Society of Boston. —Letter from Mrs. Pierce Butler to Mr. Mathews: Information touching the Canadas.—Letter from Mr. Mathews to his Son.—Letters from Mrs. Mathews to Mr. C. J. Mathews: Announcement of a speedy Return to England: Inclemency of the Winter in America.—Preaching of Dr. Wainwright.— Fop, and his impudent Claimant.

On our arrival at Philadelphia, a dinner in compliment to Mr. Sheridan Knowles as a dramatist was in anticipation, and Mr. Mathews was invited to it by Mr. Pierce Butler and other leading persons on the occasion.

In the course of this dinner, Mr. Richard Penn Smith, one of the vice-presidents, having been called upon by the president for a toast, rose and said: —

Mr. President, — It has been remarked that he who made two blades of grass grow where but one grew before, is an important benefactor of mankind, — and so he is:

but, permit me, sir, to add to this just observation, that he who has taken one wrinkle from the brow where the hand of care may have planted two, is, in my judgment, a benefactor of a much higher order. With these brief remarks I will propose the health of a gentleman, distinguished both abroad and "*at home*" as one of the highest ornaments of his profession—I drink the health of Charles Mathews, the first comedian of the age.

This sentiment was received with great enthusiasm by the whole company. When the lively expressions of applause had subsided, Mr. Mathews said:—

Gentlemen,—I am taken by surprise, and must confess that I am therefore unprepared to acknowledge, in a manner adequate to the occasion, those feelings which now really almost overpower me, for the honour of your invitation, and the kind, flattering manner in which you have drunk my health. I had believed this day to have been devoted to one particular object, and I am therefore convinced that you neither expect nor wish me to occupy your time by addressing you at length. As I am more famed for delivering the matter of others than my own, I shall parody a speech of the celebrated French tragedian, Talma, when a farewell dinner was given to John Philip Kemble, upon his retirement from the stage, and, with your permission, in his manner.—"On a day consecrated to my dear friend { Kemble, / Knowles, } it will not be expected dat I should be lisen to vid interest, more particulière as I am not capable to express in your language vat I feel; but ven de tongue cannot speak, de heart most, and I tank you from de bottom of dat heart for dis honour."—Proud and happy am I, indeed, to witness a day consecrated to my illustrious countryman;—I say countryman, for he is a Briton—and Irish, English, and Scotch, are of the same

country, and long may they continue brothers! It is indeed gratifying to find so many enthusiastic friends to the drama on this side of the Atlantic. This is a cheering sight: this meeting does equal honour to those who give and him who receives. It is calculated to elevate the drama in the eyes of its enemies, and I cannot but proudly feel that a part of the compliment is paid to my profession. I have the gratification of being able to boast that I am a contemporary of James Sheridan Knowles; and I share in common with him the delight of witnessing our art upheld by such an assemblage. One thing I selfishly rejoice in, — which is, that your kind invitation has given me an opportunity of an explanation which otherwise would not have been afforded me. Certain calumnies have been circulated against me. It has been asserted in print, that I have caricatured, — libelled, — ridiculed this country: it is false! Your talented guest of this day can vouch for the consistency of my expressions of gratitude.

Mr. Knowles bore testimony to the warm and generous terms in which his friend Mathews had invariably spoken of America on the other side the Atlantic; and alluded to the astonishment with which he had heard of rumours attempted to be circulated prejudicial to the distinguished comedian, knowing, as he had every opportunity of knowing, the admiration which Mr. Mathews always expressed towards the citizens of this country.

Mr. Mathews himself, who was an invited guest, and largely contributed to the conviviality of the evening, satisfied the company of the gross injustice that had been done him, and of the utter absurdity of supposing him capable of speaking disrespectfully of a people to whom he is under so many obligations, and for whom he had always felt and expressed the highest admiration.*

* Philadelphia paper.

TO CHARLES J. MATHEWS, ESQ.

Philadelphia, December 3, 1834.

We are in the habit of seeing Mr. Trelawney, (Lord Byron's Trelawney, and, moreover, your friend Sir William Molesworth's cousin,) and think him a most agreeable and clever man. He has dined, supped, walked, &c. with us; recollects and talks of you; and in fact, is a sparkling jewel in our way, picked up in this huge mine of dulness.

I shall, when I next address you, be better able to form an idea of the probable plan which your father's health and experience may find it expedient to determine upon. Boston may agree with him better than these warmer places, and reinstate him sufficiently to allow of his making other engagements, which I pray Heaven he may be able to do. But the transitions of weather are really more surprising than I could believe: frost and snow one day; the next, *summer*, and the heat insupportable.

But I am well, thank God! and doubly thankful for being so, as it renders your father's indisposition more tolerable to him than it would otherwise be. Fop is also in good health, and fresher in intellect than ever: indeed, he is a most sensible and desirable friend here. He made his *first appearance in America* a few nights ago, and *repeats the character* of "Dragon" in the "Lone House," to-night! His performance was *perfect*, and met with universal approval. Mrs. Pierce Butler was *enchanted with his acting*, and she is a judge, and Mr. Trelawney thought him excessively good. Your father is just come home: his benefit was very great.

Tremont Hotel,
Boston, December 7, 1834.

I meant to finish this letter during a day's stay at New York, we having intended to halt there Friday night, and resume our journey to this place yesterday evening. Instead of this, finding that no packet sailed until Monday, we were obliged to proceed from New York, merely quitting one vessel for another, with scarcely time to effect the removal of luggage: we therefore arrived here last night. Your father wishes me to apprize you of the possibility, nay, probability of our return to England by the middle of February. This will surprise, and, I fear, alarm you. But it need not; for though your father has not been well here, I am satisfied that the climate of England would speedily set all to rights. He is affected certainly, by climate chiefly, and Dr. Patisson thinks so too. The fuel disagrees with him; the food, and manner of dressing it; the transitions of weather, &c. In short, *Boston* is to decide everything: if he is not better here, it will be useless to remain; since he is not capable of going through his work, and it is distressing to me to see him attempt it.

I only went *one* night at Philadelphia to see him, and it made me ill to perceive how great an effort it was to him to get through. He is always breaking into the most profuse perspirations, even on the coldest day: his skin is yellow, and he has fits of wheezing and difficulty of breathing, which deprive him of speech for the time, and alarm me *(for the time)* exceedingly, although I am assured, both by observation and experience, that these attacks are not dangerous. He is lethargic too, and, at the best, in low spirits.

The medical men say that the country affects him, and will continue to do so, they think, as in every respect, ex-

cept the wheezing, (which he had sometimes in England,) his indisposition is such as most strangers feel in America. In short, if Boston does not tend to improve him, we must return to England; and if *I* feel it right he should do so, I am convinced you will be satisfied that it is necessary. Yet, believe me, there is nothing serious in his complaint, — nothing to alarm; and were he a private man, he might remain and not suffer materially; but it is when his time for exertion arrives that he *feels* his illness, and almost incapacity to perform. His success is great, and he is required to renew his engagements at New York and Philadelphia. Every manager in America is pressing him to go to them, but he must positively give up the scheme, unless, as I have said, his health returns.

Now, my dearest Charles, do not for a moment suspect that I tell you anything but the truth, nor imagine that I would deceive you. It is a sad disappointment — that is, it *will* be — to return with our object only in part accomplished, but it cannot be helped. Nevertheless, make up your mind to the event, which may be averted by the time you receive this letter; and you need not be told that my wishes are to remain, if we can do so without danger to your father.

He desires me to say, that under the impression that he will be obliged to return, it will be expedient that you inform Mr. Yates of the probability of his doing his "At Home" at the usual time at the Adelphi: and he wishes you to see Mr. Peake immediately, for the purpose of asking him whether he will undertake, in concert with you as formerly, to get ready an entertainment for the forthcoming season. If so, you may both go to work, to have study ready for him without loss of time.

I am well. Heaven seems, in its goodness, to have

strengthened me in proportion to the necessity I have found for exertion. Your father declares that my coming has saved his life; for that he could never have borne his depressing sensations, or kept up, had I not been present to cheer and assist him. This is consoling and satisfactory.

And now I must tell you that I have had a drive to-day, and think Boston a charming place. Philadelphia is a very clean and pleasing city, but formal as a draught-board, which it resembles in plan, and is almost as lifeless. Boston is as clean, as bright, but more lively and matured than this or any other place I have seen in America. We are more *comfort*-able in our inn than we have found ourselves elsewhere; and, indeed, I cannot help reckoning upon your father's improvement under these improving circumstances. Boston, everybody says, is more English than any other place in its manners and ideas. Prepare to expect us (that is, prepare your *thoughts*); but be not quite assured until I write again.

A. M.

Boston, December 18, 1834.

Your father has appeared at Boston on the 10th, and I should earlier have apprized you of his gratifying reception from a great house, but that this pleasing event had an alloy from his being seized with a hoarseness the next day, which has precluded a second appearance up to this time, to the general regret of wife, manager, and the public. Last night, however, his voice burst from the "palpable obscure" of the last seven days into clearness. To-day promises a complete dissolution of the ice-bound matter, which, like Munchausen's frozen-horn, will, I trust,

next Monday, come to a complete thaw of words before a warm and genial audience.

It is hard to see a heap of shining gold lying ready to be taken up, and to have one's hand held back just as it is opened to grasp the treasure. But though this is to be deplored, I do not allow myself to be quite cast down, and I hope you will not entertain any desponding feelings; for though the extent of our expectations cannot be realized, yet much more will be effected than the same period in England could have given. The climate must be blamed; it disagrees with your father. The physicians of the *three cities* refuse to prescribe for him, and recommend his return to his native air. Your father tells me that he suffered in a like manner here formerly; but, doubtless, his being then eleven years younger, rendered his sensations less distressing in this respect. He is much better to-day, and, I trust, he may be able to proceed with this engagement, which promises so well; after which, if he be able, he will enter into another at New York; but he is advised not to wander far from the ports, where, if he become worse, he can every week find a vessel ready to sail for Liverpool. As to his taking journeys *thousands of miles* from place to place,—to say nothing of the fatigue and *hardship* (for such, in truth, it is) of travelling in the "new country" where literally

> "All is uneven,
> And everything is left at six and seven,"

it is out of the question. Any gain away from the three great cites is not to be sought for under his uncertain state of health, and the dismal intervening distances.

Now, my dearest Charles, I entreat you to be prompt

and diligent respecting your father's intimation of a probable necessity for an entertainment next year at the Adelphi; for, though we shall cling as long as possible to this country, yet I would have you consider our speedy return probable, and to expect in every future letter an announcement of the time.

The weather here last Sunday was twelve degrees *below* zero, yesterday *five*, and to-day it is twenty-eight *above* zero! so you see what fluctuations we are subject to. This city is superior, as far as I can judge, to the others in its comforts, its habits, and its people. I have received more attention, and therefore perhaps am more favourably impressed. A very charming woman, a person of fortune and the best connections, has really behaved like an old friend: she is a sweet mild being, the widow of the gentleman whose carriage carried your father that journey, when he met with the little landlord, whom you will remember in the "American Trip." Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Eliot were with him there on that occasion. She is the image of Lady Beresford, and quite English in her language, intonation, and manner; so that I am happier in Boston than I have yet been.

Your father has been three months in this country, and has only performed nineteen nights. The managers have all been distressed exceedingly by these interruptions, and play to empty houses while he lies by: the people and their dollars lying by also for your father's re-appearance.

ANNE MATHEWS.

TO CHARLES MATHEWS, ESQ.

Boston, Philadelphia, Dec. 18, 1834.

DEAR MATHEWS,

A thousand thanks for your kind letter. Words of kindness are doubly welcome in this cold climate amongst these icy people. For eight days I was bed-ridden like an old crone, and then my lamp of life was replenished and trimmed, and is now burning brightly. I am glad you have cause to like Boston, particularly so that Mrs. Mathews has found friends, and that you are decently housed. This is no country for our delicate lady-kind, or for "those that mingle may" with the refined and noble-minded of the Old World. This is an itinerant nation of traffickers, — a paradise for your handicraftsman, — your artisan and artificer; and I am glad there is such a place of refuge for the wretched. As to me, I like to go as far as "God has any ground" to see what stuff 'tis made of.

* * * * * * returns here. Poor fellow! it seems as if every man of genius must be wedded to some monstrous folly. Mediocrity alone has common sense, and keeps the high road like a respectable, gentlemanly, damned bore!

Fanny Kemble (that was) will write to you. The morning you called on her, she had gone to her farm. The thermometer is now twenty-two degrees below freezing: my hands are freezing, and my faculties are frozen; but my heart has still vital warmth enough to assure you, and Mrs. Mathews, that I am truly obliged for your friendly inquiries after my health, and that it will be a real pleasure to shake hands with you in England, or anywhere else.

Yours truly,

ED. TRELAWNEY.

TO CHARLES MATHEWS, ESQ.

DEAR SIR, Boston, Dec. 20th, 1834.

We, the undersigned, at the particular request of the Managers, Members, &c. of the Scots' Charitable Society of Boston Mass: are deputed to present unto you this certificate as an Honorary Member of their very honourable and ancient Institution, in testimony of your liberal donation of fifty dollars, received through the hands of Messrs. Ben^{m}. Russell, and James A. Dickens, as desired by you.

In performing this pleasant duty, may we be permitted to communicate to you the feelings of those we represent: That your success abroad as well as "at home," may be equal to the benevolence of your exalted and talented mind.

We have the honour to be, very respectfully,
Your obedient servants,
JAMES KETT,
JAMES CRIGHTON.

The donation above alluded to was *left* by my husband when he quitted Boston in 1823. It is rare to find an obligation of this kind outlive the time; and I insert it as honourable to the source whence it came. However, this society is composed of *Scotsmen*, and that partly accounts for the result. This long memory of a boon my husband prized the more, because it added another reason for his love of the Scottish nation. Several other flattering tributes of recollection were given during our stay, equally gratifying to Mr. Mathews's feelings.

The following letter from Mrs. Pierce Butler* was solicited, not only for the information it contains, but as an addition to my husband's collection of autographs.

TO CHARLES MATHEWS, ESQ.

MY DEAR SIR, Philadelphia, Sunday, Dec. 21st, 1834.

I learned with much regret that you are still suffering from indisposition, though I am happy to find that it is not aggravated by quite so many inconveniences and annoyances as you had to endure in the course of your visit to Philadelphia. The pleasure I derived from hearing of the greater comfort of your surroundings, and hospitality of the people among whom you are at present residing, was partly owing to the confirmation which your account gave to a previous opinion I had entertained, that the New England folk are far more like the old England folk than any other set of people in "these United States." It was a source of great mortification to me to be unable to offer either to yourself or Mrs. Mathews any civility, but that barrenest of all social ceremonies, a morning call: however, I could not help myself. Had I had a roof of my own over my head, I hope it would have been otherwise; but as it was, I placed my situation, during your visit here, down on that long account of inevitable vexations which, as we grow older, seems to grow longer, as our patience and power of endurance wax stronger.

You ask me for information about the Canadas; I rather hope that is only an indirect way of getting at my abominable hand-writing, which I know you desire to

* Formerly Miss Fanny Kemble.

have. I hope so, because the information that I can give you will, I fear, prove of very little use to you. We went there, I believe, upon the same terms as everywhere else, i. e. division of profits. Vincent de Camp* had the theatres there, and (truth is truth) of all the horrible strolling concerns I ever could imagine, his company, and scenery, and *gettings* up, were the worst. He has not got those theatres now, I believe; but they are generally opened only for a short time, and by persons as little capable of bringing forward decent dramatic representations as he, poor fellow! was.

You are, however, so much less dependent upon others than we were for success, that this might prove a slighter inconvenience in your instance. Heaven knows the company would have been blackguardly representatives of the gentry in Tom and Jerry: you can fancy what they were in *heroicals*. Our houses were good; so, I think, yours would be: but, though I am sure you would not have to complain of want of hospitality, either in Montreal or Quebec, the unspeakable dirt and discomfort of the inns, the misery of the accommodations, the scarcity of eatables, and the abundance of eaters, (fleas, bugs, &c.) together with the wicked dislocating road from St. John's to La Prairie, would, I fear, make up a sum of suffering, for which it would be difficult, in my opinion, to find an adequate compensation. In the summer time, the beauty of the scenery going down the St. Lawrence to Montreal, and of the whole country round Quebec, might in some measure counterbalance the above evils. But unless Mrs. Mathews's and your own health were tolerably good at the time, the daily and hourly inconveniences which you would have to endure, would, in my opinion, render an

* Mrs. Butler's uncle.—A. M.

expedition to the Canadas anything but desirable. The heat, while we were in Montreal, was intolerable—the filth intolerable—the flies intolerable—the bugs intolerable—the people intolerable—the jargon they speak intolerable. I lifted up my hands in thankfulness when I set foot again in "these United States." The only inn *existing* in Montreal was burnt down three years ago, and everything you ask for was burnt down in it. Pray remember me to Mrs. Mathews. I am glad she likes Boston: I am very fond of it. I have been very happy there, and like the place and people infinitely.

I am, my dear sir,

Very truly yours,

FANNY KEMBLE.

I sign thus because I was told you wish to have my unmarried name. Trelawny is quite recovered.

On the 29th of December, Mr. Mathews (unknown to me) addressed a *private* letter to Charles from Boston, in which the following forcible and affecting observations on his own state of health and feelings occur.

"This *will not do.* I *must* come back—I am blighted. I cannot work. I have been eleven days confined here. Siberian weather has set in. Thermometer 10 degrees—sometimes more—below zero, and I jumping from a sick room to a stage, surrounded with blasts (not draughts) of wind. A rhinoceros could not endure it. All the illness of my fifty-eight years of life added up is not equal to the number of days I have been ill here. Forty days' perfect health at sea, succeeded by instantaneous effects of miasma on landing. Your mother the exact reverse—sick forty

days, in better health than I have known her for years. From 29th September I have acted in all twenty-two nights. Back I must go, and directly, if I am not dissuaded from fear of bad weather. I play six nights more at New York, and think of returning on the 16th of February. I have done all I can (say to D.) to pay him.

God bless you, my dear fellow.

Your affectionate father,

C. M.

TO CHARLES J. MATHEWS, ESQ.

Jan. 4th, 1835.

MY DEAREST CHARLES, Boston, Massachusetts.

I hope you have made up your mind to the inevitable result of our premature return home. To-morrow will be your father's last theatrical night here (his benefit); and when he has done his entertainment in a *room*, to enable certain scrupulous Christians and Unitarians, who, like Mawworm, think it "a sin to keep a shop," to patronize him, we go again to New York, where, after he has played six nights, unless something *very unexpected* offers, and your father's health improves, we positively sail for Liverpool, where, all things agreeing, he will perform. But, as *hope* is still at the bottom of my Pandora's box, other plans may be formed, and strength given for their execution. Therefore say nothing to any but parties concerned of our probable return, until my decisive letter, which I shall write from New York, as soon as all is settled, giving you notice when and where to join us on our arrival in England, where I have happiness awaiting me in your greeting, my beloved Charles, enough to repay any sacrifice

past, and to stimulate me to bear all future trials, whatever they may be.

I must now tell you that I have been more happy in Boston than I have felt anywhere since I parted from you. Even your father's illness, &c. has been soothed by the attentions and friendship we have found in this place—I especially. A dear woman, one of the highest grade here, a widow, whom I believe I mentioned to you, has been an affectionate and devoted friend, never omitting a day seeing us and showing us every kindness. She has introduced us to her family and numerous friends, and done everything that she possibly could to render us happy, and has so endeared herself to me, that I shall suffer a severe pang when I say farewell to her. Indeed I like this city also very much. Boston is decidedly the England of America.

Your father bids me tell you that Fop is admired everywhere, and by everybody. He is indeed handsomer and cleverer than ever. A few days ago some gentlemen on the road (strangers) offered to "exchange two pointer dogs, (animals of great worth here,) with an addition of fifty dollars," for him!—but Fop, whom you know is a "*family dog*," was inflexible, and the strangers drove off, convinced that he would not take any money for himself. Questions are frequently asked about him, such as "where he was raised?" which of course does not make him think *little* of himself. A. M.

To the above Mr. Mathews added a few lines, by way of postscript, in further expression of his feelings and situation.

I should have sent 1000*l.* but for this calamitous week. "Destiny,"—fate—fatality—call it what you like,

pursues me. I CANNOT, MUST not, get beyond a certain point. The worst description of ill luck overwhelms me. Every seat was taken in the Boston theatre, when I totally lost my voice: nine days in one room. On my recovery, the winter had commenced. I cannot describe it to a European. You have never seen anything like it: twenty degrees below zero at night—10 day time; houses warmed up to 90 — cold stage at night; no chance of a partial thaw till March. Thank God ****** cannot reproach me. If I was not in his debt, I would not endure what I do here. C. M.

TO CHARLES J. MATHEWS, ESQ.

MY DEAR CHARLES, Boston, Jan. 5th, 1835.

The following extracts from the newspapers relate to the weather here —

"The thermometer, at sunrise yesterday morning, indicated a temperature at least five or six degrees colder than has before been experienced in this vicinity for many years."

"Yesterday was one of the coldest days we have experienced in many years. To face the wind for a short time would cause the ears to tingle, and the tears to flow."

"We received from all directions reports of the severity of the cold. Our harbour is frozen over. A large number of persons came up on the ice yesterday from vessels which were intercepted by the ice near the fort," &c.

So much for our *luck* in coming in the *only* severe winter that has been known "for many years," as the above extracts truly assert; and I have now a paper before me with the following advertisement of to-day, which

will serve to giv you some idea of the state the country continues in: —

"*Ice Notice.*—Those persons disposed to contribute to raise a sum sufficient to defray the expenses attendant upon cutting a passage through the ice to Fort Independence, are requested to leave their names at the Central Wharf."

I have not walked out for days until this morning, when I begin to hope the weather is relaxing in a small degree. Nothing, however, but sleighs and buffalo skins are to be seen, nothing to be heard but the jingling of the bells attached to the horses' heads, which are truly distracting, in the streets. Your poor father cannot make the least effort towards air, and, much less, exercise. I induced him on Wednesday, to accompany Mrs. Eliot and myself in a "Booby Hut," (for so a *covered* sleigh is called,) to make a few calls; but though the *hut* was almost air-tight, the *boobies* within it were nearly frozen; and after I had got out once, and grazed my leg from ankle to knee by slipping through the *iron steps* on my first attempt to get in again, we all returned home, where, after half an hour's experiment, we were satisfied that we had *not* lost our *noses.*

You have said that Italy is cold in winter; so, perhaps, (mind, I only say *perhaps,*) you *may* form some idea of the state of this climate, which, however, strange to say, does not pinch and wither me as it does your father. To be sure, the first effort in the morning is immense, for the stepping out of bed is an act of courage worthy a Roman hero (of the old school). If you could see me dressed for a walk!—*such* a bundle of woollen, indian-rubber, and fur!—you would scarcely own me; but as everybody here is bundled up in the same manner, the effect is lost. And what makes all this bearable?—why, the general

warmth of all the houses, and a brilliant sun out of doors. The houses, in fact, are generally too warm. What we call a *draught* is not to be experienced, unless in drinking, passages and staircases being full of warm air from stoves and furnaces, which are built in the ground-floor. This suits me, but debilitates your father.

Jan. 12*th.* Weather abating, as far as a fine sun is concerned, which warms even the hard-hearted ice, and melts it partially during the day. Your father has finished here; but we are detained by the frost, which robs travellers of all American facilities; and therefore as we have friends at Boston who are somewhat consolatory, we naturally cling to them until we are forced away to New York, whence we *positively* sail on the 16th of February. In one respect this will grieve you, as it does us; but in another, you must rejoice that we are released from a scene of perpetual vexation, excessive disappointment, and, alas! sickness to your poor father, who is on alternate days varying only from a *little better to worse.* If he were earning all he *hoped* to gain, he could not stay; he has robbed his life of years by the efforts he has already made, and our return must express, stronger than anything I can write, the absolute necessity of his turning his back upon this country.

Heaven has supported me; and, with the exception of the indisposition of a day now and then, I have had better health than I have known for years, through a period of the greatest anxiety and trial, of which I will some day tell you; but it must be when I find myself seated by your side, by a wholesome fire, and safe from constant *tappings* at the door, and entrance at *all hours* from nine in the morning till twelve at night; breakfasts, dinners, and suppers not being exempt from visiters of all ranks,

strangers and acquaintances, whom no ingenuity or forethought can keep out. Then will you hear how harassed and wretched we have been. But while I had a hope I kept up your spirits; and not till every part of expectation had vanished, have I fully told you the utter inutility of our further banishment.

And now, my beloved Charles, bear this disappointment, as I do, with the full assurance that, unlucky as this termination of our speculation may seem, some good may attend it; and *certainly* we shall have the satisfaction of feeling that we have done our duty in making the experiment, and have undergone a severe penance in its performance. As it is, you must open your arms to us upon our return with compassionate affection; for nothing less than finding you as we left you, can compensate to us for this unfortunate and disastrous voyage.

I think I said something in my last of your father wishing you to join us in England upon our arrival. But he now says positively *no*. The expense would be an objection; and when we land, (should it not be in London,) the difference of time would not exceed a week of our seeing each other, therefore you must wait at home for our arrival there.

Since I wrote last we sleighed to Cambridge, where there is a *Yankee university;* a very handsome range of buildings, worthy the name. Beyond this place, as was *our plot*, we visited an American artist, Mr. Alston, a man of genius, and a great friend of Mr. Coleridge and the Gilmans. His painting-room was "located" in a solitary wild-looking place, and we found him in the midst of his work, part of which we saw. He is a superior painter, and an interesting man. He had indulged himself in making a water-colour *drawing* of Polyphemus, after

his sight had been taken away; a splendid sketch, which I longed to possess. This gentleman is a poet as well as painter, and of no mean order.

Another knock, and a person entering caused the last blot. It is impossible as folks say here, to "get along," where it is not allowed to one to be alone; and even I, who am not ill,—indeed I may truly say I am well, eat without appetite, and lie in bed without sleep. My body is strong, while my mind is harassed; and it is as strange as new to me that I feel thus. A. M.

Notwithstanding my husband's general state of suffering, and utter inability to shake off his depression, he was able for a few hours to make the most gigantic efforts to overcome both. On the stage, for instance, for which he would prepare with tearful eyes and painful frame, his *audience* never felt that they were extracting amusement from a sufferer. Occasionally he would dine out, with a very kind friend, Mr. Manners (the English consul), whom we had known many years before in England, and others, and never allowed his ill health to be guessed at, farther than his altered *looks* betrayed it. He was so attached to Mrs. Eliot and her children, that with them he felt at home and often cheerful. He even did not object to meet parties at her house, as well as at Mr. Augustus Thorndike's, to whom we were indebted for many valued attentions. At these parties we became acquainted with Doctor Wainwright, whom, as the customs of America would

not allow a churchman to visit a theatre, Mr. Mathews took great pleasure in entertaining whenever they met.

The preaching of Doctor Wainwright, as well as his reading of the service, was most impressive and beautiful. His harmonious voice, perfect English, untainted with any local intonation or vulgarism, his benign countenance, and fine mind, rendered him very popular, especially with Europeans; and my husband, ill as he was, never omitted to attend service when he could possibly go out. To show how strong was his will to rise above his complaint, when not utterly cast down, one Sunday he had announced that it would be impossible for him to go out that day; he was not, he said, able to walk to church, (the weather, being bright and dry, no carriage had been prepared, and could not then be had in time;) and he begged Mrs. Eliot and myself to proceed without him.

In a few minutes after our arrival, to our great surprise, he entered the pew, telling us afterwards that, considering it would be his last opportunity of hearing service performed by Doctor Wainwright, he had, notwithstanding all his suffering from lameness and want of breath, managed to follow us.

It happened that this *was* his *last attendance at church!* The doctor's sermon turned on a very affecting subject—the probability that a reunion

with those we most loved on earth would form a portion of the joys of the blessed hereafter. My husband wept continuously throughout the sermon, although he seemed unusually tranquil and happy the rest of the day.

Wherever he went (except when he dined out) his little *Fop* was his perpetual companion. He derived the greatest solace from his presence and attachment, which was as remarkable as his intelligence was extraordinary. When Mr. Mathews went to church, Fop walked to the door with him, and was sent back with the servant who had followed to take care of him; and, on our quitting church, there the little animal was sure to be found, either reconducted by the said servant, or, in case of the man being behind *time* (of which this creature was a correct calculator), Fop would find his way without him, and appear sitting at the porch (not attempting to enter) when the service was ended, patiently waiting for his master.

The circumstance of this little creature being constantly with him, caused a very ridiculous dilemma, *and a scene* on board a ferry-boat one day, when going over to the opposite shore, during our stay in New York. A large Glumdalka-like woman, attended by a female "*Nigger*," laid sudden and vehement claim to poor Fop! She positively charged Mr. Mathews with having *stolen him* from her. It was soon

pretty evident that this *lady* (whom, I am sorry to say, my husband discovered to be *English*) had appeared before the American *Bar** that morning, where she had been found guilty of "*stealing*" away her own "*brains.*" In fact, she *was tipsy*, the only word I dare borrow for a crime, so monstrous in woman as to have no name of its own provided in our language. Well, this unfortunate being clamorously contested my husband's right to the little creature, whom she called by the name of some ancient hero; and though Fop disdained to "answer" to it, and her "nigger" assured her *Missy* "dat *dis* dog, not *dat* dog," in other words, not the dog lost, the wretched besotted woman expressed her intention of taking possession of the animal, and asked who dared to oppose her will? For a moment American valour quailed under this defiance: but in the next, Justice resumed her scales; and the deportment of the lady — the evidence of her black attendant, — and, above all, the shyness of her alleged favourite, who was proof against all her invitations and endearments, refusing, moreover, to acknowledge the name with which his would-be mistress dignified him, availed to invalidate her claim, and Fop eventu-

* The "bar" of a hotel, or steam-boat, or "grocery," is nothing more nor less than a counter covered with spirituous liquors, offering at once a temptation and cheap opportunity to the intemperately inclined.

ally landed at Hoboken the undoubted property of "his master;" while the enraged female staggered from the vessel breathing vengeance, and honouring my poor husband with many epithets not mentionable "to ears polite."

CHAPTER XV.

Curious Visit to an old Friend.—Letters from Mrs. Mathews to Mr. C. J. Mathews: Accident in a Steam-boat: Mr. Mathews's Appearance at New York: Anticipations of return Home: Renovation of Mr. Mathews's Health: a "*Cold Snap:*" interior of an American House.—Letter from Mr. Mathews to the Rev. Thomas Speidell. — Mr. Mathews's last Appearance in New York. — Embarkation for England. — Letter to Mr. C. J. Mathews: Arrival at Liverpool: the homeward Voyage: sudden and alarming Illness of Mr. Mathews: a violent Gale. —Letter to Mr. Mathews from Mr. Ryley, the "Itinerant."

During our residence at Boston, Mr. Mathews had frequently expressed an intention of calling upon Mr. and Mrs. ***** who had been civil to him on his first visit, but who had now removed to a great distance out of the town. He could not bear, however, he said, to omit going to them: "it would look so *forgetful*," and *would hurt their feelings so* much." From day to day this drive was deferred, from his inability to go so far in such weather in his state of health. At last, however, he accomplished his wish, undergoing great fatigue, and indeed risk, from the cold and distance. Before the expected time he returned to the Tremont very much overcome with fatigue,

and remained silent upon his visit for some time; when, however, after dinner a short interval of comparative ease was allowed him, he convulsed us all with laughter (I say *all*, for our apartment was seldom without several persons in it besides ourselves) with his account.

It appeared that the friends he had left years before, strong in health and intellect, had, by the rigour of eleven Boston winters and summers, become aged people in more respects than years. He described to us his plan of giving them a joyful *surprise* by presenting himself suddenly before them with some familiar phrase, given in tones that had made them merry when he formerly knew them. In pursuance of this intention he walked into the room where Mr. ***** was said to be, and without announcement introduced himself in the manner that he deemed would be at once recognised; but, as soon as he had what he called "made this *fool* of himself," he perceived a feeble old man with spectacles on his nose, and, with all the effects of superannuation about him, looking up at the person who had made such extraordinary antics before him, with evident amazement, at the same time asking "his *pleasure?*" Of course, this acted like a wet blanket upon the friendly warmth of the visiter for the moment, and he dropped at once into sober matter of fact; and told his *old* friend (such he now *literally* was) that "his name was *Mathews.*" No emotion

followed this intimation. The old gentleman simply inquired whether he had brought his *little dog* to be *painted*: he was by profession an animal painter. Mr. Mathews disclaimed this motive for calling, and asked for Mrs. *****. He was informed that she was gone to Boston. My husband then made another feeble attempt to render himself known and understood, saying, rather impatiently, "I came to see you and Mrs. B—— before I left Boston for England." — "Oh!" said Mr. B——, "what you 're going *back*, are you?" —"Yes," replied Mr. Mathews, thinking now that a dawn of light had entered the crack of his friend's memory, — "yes, I find myself induced to return sooner than I intended, so made a point of coming to shake hands with you first."

The old man politely held out his hand to his visiter, shaking it cordially, but with an evident absence of any former recollection of my husband; mistaking him perhaps for some speculative Englishman who had come over as a *settler* in the back woods, or elsewhere; for he observed in a kind and regretful tone, — "Ah! what, then, you don't find it *answer?*"

In short, after all my husband's *sentiment* in going to see this person—his exertions to effect the drive — his fear of "*hurting his* friend's *feelings*," by omitting to visit him, he actually left the house without making himself further known, the last remark half angering, half

amusing him; and it was, therefore, his *whim* to return home unrecognised by his *dear* friend of 1822, and to console himself for his trouble by making us laugh at his adventure.

To resume my letters to England.

TO CHARLES J. MATHEWS, ESQ.

MY DEAR CHARLES, New York, January 31st, 1835.

I have allowed a fortnight to elapse without writing to you, which unusual circumstance you must attribute to the state of suspense we have suffered from being ice-bound at Boston until two days previous to our departure (the 23rd), before which we almost despaired of the steam-boats going for months to come.

The land journey was represented, even by the natives, as so miserable in all respects,—dangerous, as well as tedious and expensive, that your father was induced to postpone from post to post his engagement here with Mr. Simpson, until the vessel was suddenly announced to start, the partial thaw enabling it to work, although it was fearful to hear the boat tearing away the ice occasionally in its passage. We arrived here, however, without other accident than my having a piece of burning wood blown from the furnace by a sudden gust of wind into my left eye, blinding *both* eyes, the one which escaped, sympathising in the misery of the other so truly, as to shed incessant showers of tears. I was led down to my berth in the most indescribable agony, which continued unbroken by a moment's ease from three o'clock in the afternoon till six the following morning, when my head presented a frightful spectacle. Imagine this added to my usual degree of suffering on board, and your poor father's additional care from the accident. Your father could

not look a second time at me. In proportion as I have improved in health, your poor father's has decreased; and the manner in which he sometimes gives himself up to the effects, calls upon me for the exercise of all my fortitude. Still I am happy to say he is no worse, — nor is he better. The weather has been beyond description severe, and in proof, I send you another quotation from a paper as late as the 10th of this month.

"The memory of our oldest citizens runneth not to such extreme cold weather as has been sent upon us within the last two days: ships have been frozen in their harbours, — people frozen to death, — ice, — ships cutting passages through the rivers for vessels," &c.

Three days after our arrival here, I had the happiness of receiving your packet by Captain Britton; and the only painful part of your letter was that where you congratulated your father upon his success, which reaching us just as we felt the necessity of giving up further pursuit, and preparing to return to England, was *mal à propos*. Our disappointment is grievous; but all that time and health have allowed, your dear father has done, and, when he has completed his present engagement, which is short, and at a time when *numbers* are not to be calculated upon, it being out of the season, all that can be expected is enough to take us home (having forwarded the rest to England). He reopened here on Wednesday to a wonderful house for the time of year; and met a most flattering reception and success in Ollapod and Caleb Pipkin last night, although it poured rain, with thunder and lightning, (*such* thunder!) these were the whole evening's accompaniments. The house was as good as on the first night, — Lord Duberly and Trefoil. The audience is warm and full of glee, applauding him every time he comes on. He is in-

duced to keep to the drama, being too weak to do his table acts, without too severe an exertion of his lungs. New York is the most animated of all the audiences, and evidently enjoys his *acting* very much. The truth is, the entertainment is too much for the natives generally. It is not understood; and, independent of the local allusions which naturally preclude certain *hits* being taken in America, the sort of thing is not understood by the million: their minds are too narrow to admit of many perceptions of character, or peculiarities not familiar to them. The nature of the entertainment confines their attention more than they relish; and their habits of restlessness in a theatre preclude enjoyment from any position where quietude is insisted upon. An American cannot bear to be still for more than five minutes at one time. The well-educated, well-bred and *travelled* American owns this to be the case with his less-favoured fellow-countrymen, and deplores the cause of the *general* failure of your father's points, not only for his sake, but the individuals who have great pleasure in this species of entertainment. Your father has made every effort to pursue his course; but circumstances and health combine to urge his return.

This is the truth: and, though I grieve thus to put an end to your expectations, my dearest Charles; yet, as the fifth act of our drama is arrived, all must be developed without reserve. You know the worst; and your father's health reinstated by his voyage home, we must be satisfied that we have tried to do all that a sense of duty suggested; and with this feeling be grateful that our speculation has not been still more unfortunate.

Your father's horror of return is almost as great as his anxiety to go hence. His spirits naturally droop at what he must encounter at home: his present weakness does not

admit of his rising of his own accord after any violent depression; neither can he on every occasion grasp the nettle, but generally shrinks from the slightest touch of it. Increasing years render him more timid under fresh trials, and especially the experience lately forced upon him. Let not these necessary truths affect your spirits and dull your alacrity; neither must they check those exertions for yourself and him which youth and talent admit of. I rely upon your moral courage to uphold mine; for *I* have shrinkings too at times when I think of all we shall have to encounter on our return, with calculating minds and cold hearts, unsusceptible of generous wishes towards us, and made still more cold and indifferent by time and changed circumstances.

One thing, however, assure yourself of, my dear Charles, that if I find you cheerful and well, I shall not droop under any personal infliction. I have suffered much — and since I came to this country, more than I can ever tell; so do not mourn that I am forced to leave it. Heaven has supported me — still supports me: and, in the midst of your dear father's more than wonted sensitiveness occasioned by ill health and the consequent disappointment, in the midst of perpetual causes for annoyance, and in the absence of rest night or day, I can and will be cheerful, and I fully trust in all being smoother and better in England than your father's timidity teaches him to expect. To be sure, it is alarming to find that, in the fulness of "the Adelphi's success," no emolument arises to any but the performers and the tradesmen. Out of these enormous receipts, *all gone* without a shilling your father can call profit. The building is not large enough to pay for splendour and salaries which Drury Lane cannot now afford. This should be

seen to. It is a fallacy to say the concern prospers because the houses are filled: if the proprietors get nothing from it and go on *believing*, like alchymists, that gold is brewing, although they experience nothing but the actual loss of what they put into their crucible; but *nous verrons*.

On the 16th we sail for Liverpool: hitherto I have never been able to induce your father to secure berths, yet he is fixed, he says; but his *mood* is on him, and he cannot act upon his intentions until he is in the humour. I trust he will not find the ladies' cabin forestalled. The moment the return for which he languishes is talked of there comes before his mental view, in terrible array, all the host of cares that *difficulty* is heir to. He is most anxious to receive your reply to his first notice of return, and of wanting an *At Home* got ready, which we can barely do before we start.

I anticipate and feel for your surprise, and the difficulties of such a task so suddenly imposed, and required to be so hastily performed; but I could not help it, and wish I had mind and leisure to help you, even by suggestions of subjects; but, I am so totally occupied by a course of *nothings*, that I have sometimes difficulty in finding half an hour to alter my dress in, for comfort sake, after a harassing morning. Your father has accustomed himself to appeal to me for and about everything; and, amongst other things, I must help him to *talk* with the eternal visiters, who take up his time and mine, and wear us out; but there is no retreat while we remain here, and I must submit to be always in a hurry, always pressed for time, yet doing nothing worthy of record, from one week's end to another.

American idling has increased my distaste to the form

of *calls:* but let not what I say here serve to strengthen your equal dislike to the custom in England, where a young man must pay those attentions to persons of rank which may be considered their *born right* from those of "baser stars." Remember, my dear Charles, that a connection is not to be preserved, even when equality exists, without certain remembrancers. *Friendship is not like the terrestrial paradise, where the fruits grow without cultivation;* and yet, my late experience would almost teach me that it is otherwise, for, what love-filter I used to create such attachment as my dear Mrs. Eliot feels for me, I am at a loss to guess. Our parting was most trying, and her whole conduct and feeling towards me is a *romance* in this professing world, where "nothing is, but what is not."

A. M.

New York, Feb. 7th, 1835.

I have the pleasure of informing you that your father's health, and spirits also, are renovated in a great degree, within the last week. I mentioned to you that he did not feel strong enough for his "At Home," on his return to New York, and, therefore, he was compelled to act in the drama; and, it is to be regretted (too late) that he did not do this first, as well as last; for, contrary to all calculations, the attraction is such, that a night or so has been solicited, in addition to the stipulated number; and, spite of the frost and snow, he has played in "Married Life,"* three successive nights, to great houses, and he performs two nights next week, and finishes in the same character on Wednesday next, his benefit.

* The character of Coddle.

I went to see him last Wednesday, and I never anywhere heard a more joyous and delighted audience. All this is gratifying, for he will close as brilliantly at New York as he began. "My Wife's Mother" would have been an additional hit, but it is now too late.

Since my last letter we have had what is called by the Americans "*a cold snap!*" again,—*such* rain, thunder, lightning, snow, wind, and frost!!! In order to be in some measure freed from taps at the door and intrusive visiters, we have, with *great interest*, procured a lodging in the house of an English family, very well educated, intelligent, and kind persons, who do all their restricted means will admit of to make us comfortable; giving us a sitting-room to ourselves, and our breakfasts, teas, and suppers (when we want any) there, but we dine with them. So here we are *quiet* at least, and have the privilege *sometimes* of denying ourselves to *bores*. But, when I tell you that it is a corner-house, with one window looking upon the river (of course, a *really* delightful view, and as such a great comfort to your dear father,) two other windows round the corner looking into the street—one door opening on to the staircase, another into the next room, and *no curtains* —you may "guess" pretty well how "Eolus, Boreas, and all the *gentle* breezes," are excluded! Next, figure to yourself (having placed these windows and doors, and a fire-place, at equal distances all round a room, not larger than my *boudoir* at the cottage) *white-washed walls*, with a great number of superannuated nails, that have once "done the state some service," but now, from the absence of pictures, rendered only fit to point out what *has been*. Then carry your eye to the pier between the twin-windows, exhibiting large gaps in the wall torn away by the absent mirror, reluctant of removal, which once

decorated the space, and now possibly transplanted to gayer scenes; then observe a thin drugget, meanly assuming the name and character of a carpet. A wooden "*mantel*," ornamented with a pair of curling irons, left there by the hair-dresser, and employed by your father to "fix" coals upon the fire (no tongs in the house); a cork-screw, (our own purchase); a parcel of used pens; sundry snuff-cannisters; a stone-bottle, with "*English* ink;" a small glass ink-holder; a wine-glass of "yesterday's" use (overlooked by the young Irish *lady*, who does us the honour of *helping* us, when she "fixed" the room in the morning), blushing with shame (or perhaps *claret*) at its improper *location*. Then behold six reed-bottomed, ragged, ricketty chairs; a little pier-table, covered with books and newspapers from England; and a *square one*, upon which I now write, and you have the complete inventory of our drawing-room ("parlour"), which would puzzle Mr. George Robins himself to print with any effect.

The bedroom adjoining is in perfect harmony with this apartment. Last night the drapery, which I insisted upon having put up for my *peculiar* notions of comfort, and which was nailed to the ceiling by a piece (a *bit*) of packthread, from which depended a rod of wood resembling a stage truncheon which held up the poor, thin, unlined, scant curtain — all fell upon my devoted head, and at *one fell swoop*, covered me with mortar, nails, dust, and crackling calico. Such a fright! I thought the *new* world was at an end! Well, with all these *conveniences* and *luxuries* we are obliged to be satisfied, and for all these "appliances and means to boot" of *enjoyment*, we pay about as much as we should for rooms at the *Clarendon!* But I must reserve something for our evenings at home, and will not surfeit you with sweets, and our *advantages* over

you, but gradually break them to you on our return, when they will serve for *sweet discourses, lovingly sustained.*

Before I proceed, let me premise that eye and pen at this time combine to render my writing rather obscure, and my *English ink* is rather murky.

What your father means to do at Liverpool, before we proceed to London, I do not know, and must not inquire until we are there; for, though I assure you he is much better than he was, he is yet far from re-established in health, and I am obliged to use great caution not to agitate him. The medical men and others all believe that a reaction will take place when he gets to England, and that he will be as well as ever.

Still I shall have regrets when I leave this country; the more than kind Simpsons, and my Boston friends must be ever dear to me. In Mrs. Eliot I leave a *sister;* and, the idea of parting, as it must be, *for ever*, is painful indeed. If you knew how amiable and how superior she is, you would allow that I have reason to be proud of her friendship, as I am affectionately attached to her.

My spirits are elated at the prospect of being again united to you, my beloved Charles; difficulties are to be re-encountered, but I shall again be near you, and your poor father's health will be restored by the voyage. At all events we shall feel vexations and care lighter in England, after what we have encountered elsewhere; and, when you are aware of the extent of our sufferings, you will rejoice to have us back again, under any circumstances. I fear to hear of the embarrassment thrown upon you, as to the writing for the entertainment at such short notice.

Oh! for an evening of positive privacy! a room *sometimes* to myself; the power to pursue any rational plan of

passing time without the fear of interruption! Oh, the first evening that I find myself sitting with you and your father, doors and windows closed, in a chair *without a rocker*, and a window curtain at my back!

God bless you, my beloved Charles! Pray for us, that my best anticipations may be realised. A. M.

New York, Feb. 15, 1835.

MY DEAREST CHARLES,

If the "tide serves, and the wind 's fair," we quit this country to-morrow morning; and the enclosed is a small *addenda* to the work done here, — more properly, a bill of exchange for one hundred and fifty pounds, in consequence of a great house on your father's benefit night, when he and the New Yorkers parted more than in common cordiality with each other, and they huzzaed him, *all the audience standing up.* He is much better in health; but may be, and I trust will be, still better after his voyage.

Now, if the packet which carries the letters, and quits this port at the same time that the "ship Columbus" (by which we sail) departs, — if, I say, by dint of *galloping*, said packet should take an unfair advantage, it may arrive in England before us. Your father, therefore, on the chance sends this by it, enclosing the bill of exchange (which send immediately to Cockburn's), and a piece of newspaper, containing an account of the last night.

It is agreed between your father and myself that I shall proceed home without him from Liverpool;* so remember,

* This plan was in anticipation of Mr. Mathews being well enough to accept an engagement at Liverpool to perform.

if I am well enough, I shall proceed forthwith to *home, dear home!* Let as much be got in readiness as possible. What a glorious feeling will be the first actual "*Not at home*" that I shall have occasion to give!

I am up to my ears literally,—packing and paying, with a room full of successive callers. I hear nothing but the words, "Columbus," — "delivery of letters," — "east wind,"—and DOLLARS. So can no more than add my blessing, and a prayer that we may meet again in safety. My beloved Charles, may Heaven grant that I may find you well!

Your ever affectionate mother, A. M.
And father, C. M.

TO THE REV. THOMAS SPEIDELL.

New York, January 30th, 1835.

MY DEAR SPEIDELL,

Though I believe you are not one of those friends who exacted from me a promise to write from the *dis*-united States, yet I cannot allow you to reproach me on my return for my silence; nor can I allow my own conscience to be burthened with the reproach of having neglected one of my kindest and most hospitable friends. Therefore be satisfied,—take the will for the deed,—and be assured that I have not *selected* you for the object of indifference on my part. I have constantly endured pangs on your account, and reproaches from Mrs. Mathews; but I hope to draw upon your approbation, after all this preface, by telling you that you will be one of four who alone have heard from me. The fact is, that I have been ill, literally every day since October the first; and my wife never urged me

to write during the whole of that period that I did not look at her as if she had proposed the most preposterous undertaking.

After forty days of uninterrupted health and boyish spirits, I was attacked on my landing by concealed riflemen, or bush-fighters, under the name of mal-aria, or miasma, or something to be aimed at me like the brave President behind the cotton-bags, without a chance of my knowing my enemy. When I tell you that I have since that date acted but thirty nights, you may suppose how my speculation, in a mercantile point of view, has failed, and the mortification is infinitely greater than a real failure,—I mean neglect of the public,—for to sickness alone can I attribute my disappointment. I am now playing a farewell engagement of six nights, and then I am resolved to return.

It is my intention to leave on the 16th of February, in the Columbus, for Liverpool. Mrs. Mathews, thank God! has supported me by having enjoyed excellent health from the first day of her landing, after forty days of sickness. But for her, I believe I must have sunk. My spirits have been so deplorably depressed, that, but for her cheerfulness, arising from health, my burthen would have been doubled. We have had the good fortune, also, to encounter the severest winter since 1787, disputes only arising as to the state of freezing, — whether the thermometer was thirty or twenty only below Zero,— or Nero, as the niggers say. This climate is only fit for butterflies in summer, and wolves and bears in winter.

One cause of my depression has been the remorse I have endured from having compelled Fop to accompany me. He is, however, remarkably well, and has been a great comfort to me. O dear Speidell, you will find me a

converted man. This visit has destroyed all the pleasing recollections of the country. There are a few most pleasing and intelligent persons; but there are a hundred thousand Irish tyrants at least, who, from a hackney-coach upwards, drive you as they please. I congratulate you on the return of the Tories. I wish you could send all the Whigs here. I should like no better punishment than their being compelled to visit America in search of liberty.

Ever sincerely yours, C. MATHEWS.

I here introduce the bill of his *last appearance in public.*

Farewell Benefit of Mr. Mathews at New York.

This evening, February 11th, 1835, will be performed the comedy of

MARRIED LIFE.

Mr. Samuel Coddle,—Mr. Mathews.
Mr. Lionel Lynx,—Mr. Mason.
Mrs. Lionel Lynx,—Mrs. Chapman.
Mrs. Samuel Coddle,—Mrs. Wheatley.

In the course of the evening, Mr. Mathews will sing the Comic Songs of

The Humours of a Country Fair, and Street Melodies (a medley), including Welsh, French, Scotch, Irish, African, Italian, Swiss, and English airs, with embellishments.

After which, an entertainment by Mr. Mathews, called

THE LONE HOUSE.

Andrew Steward, Butler and Leader,—Mr. Mathews.
Bechamel, a French valet,—Mr. Mathews.
Frizwaffer, a German cook,—Mr. Mathews.
Cutbush, a gardener,—Mr. Mathews.
Captain Grapnell, a naval officer,—Mr. Mathews.

Doors open at a quarter before six o'clock; performance commences at a quarter before seven.

So near a prospect of return to England had the effect upon Mr. Mathews's *spirits* as almost to give an appearance of amended health, and so it ever was with him. We dined with our hospitable friends, Mr. and Mrs. Simpson, who had kindly collected on this occasion a *knot* of my husband's favourites, their friends; and amongst them Doctor Holland, an intellectual and refined gentleman in any country; Mr. Placide, an American actor of great talent; and Mr. Mason, nephew to Mr. Charles Kemble.

On this day my husband's warmest and most exuberant feelings arose to make the meeting most cheerful and delightful; and his partiality for his excellent host and hostess, led him to exert himself in a manner that I now reflect upon with *wonder*. We expected to sail on the following day, but were detained by weather. On the morning of the 18th, when we joined the ship, his spirits again mounted. A number of friends, gentlemen of the theatre and others, came on board to take leave of him; and several accompanied us as far as the pilot went. During the whole of their stay, the deck rung with his sprightly sallies; he was all energy and hilarity, and, as far as his voice could follow the pilot's vessel which took his laughing friends away, he continued to amuse them with his drolleries and overflowing spirits.

My next letter to Charles will give particulars of our voyage.

TO CHARLES J. MATHEWS, ESQ.

Waterloo Hotel, Liverpool, March 11, 1835.

My dearest Charles,

We arrived here late yesterday evening, Heaven be praised! after a voyage of nineteen days, having sailed from New York on the 18th of February. The earlier part of our passage was warm * and prosperous, the wind favourable, and our progress surprisingly rapid; a *palace* of a ship (a *ship*, mind), an accomplished seaman for our captain, and every accommodation, I verily believe, that can be possibly given under this dreadful species of imprisonment and torture. Only three passengers besides ourselves — myself the only lady on board; for females seldom sail at this period of the year, it seems; nor is there at any time a fire to be had in the ladies' cabin, so unusual and unexpected are female passengers after the warm season. I remained during the first ten days (the time of my *extreme* suffering) in the apartment appropriated to me, wrapped up in cloaks, and occasionally a small feet-warmer to keep mine in vital warmth, only one stove being fitted up; and that a small one, inadequate to the comfort of even the few gentlemen whose cabin it was in. But this was unimportant while the wind and weather continued fair.

Your father was unwell and restless; but he eat and drank and "got along" as well as I could hope after his severe illness and general indisposition since we landed in America. His cough continued, it is true; but he was not worse than he had been for some time. I

* For the time of year, and compared with the frost we left behind us at New York.

had been well enough to dine two or three days with the gentlemen, and was recovering a little of my exhausted strength, when one day (the 3rd of March) your father's absence after dinner was noticed, and he was supposed to have gone on deck; but a dreadful groan from the lady's cabin alarmed us all, and a simultaneous rush discovered to us your poor father apparently in the agonies of death: his face so drawn in and pale, that it was hardly possible to conceive such a change in so few minutes, — his hands clenched, and his whole frame distorted with agony. He managed to make me understand that he had spasms in his chest. One of the gentlemen, a Major Young, humanely rubbed him violently, every one was alike kind and anxious, and ultimately successful in restoring him, though in a dreadfully weakened state, to comparative ease. The captain medicined him as well as his small skill allowed, and he became partially well by night. As for me, it will sufficiently convey to you an idea of my despair and horror, when I tell you that for some minutes the captain and the other gentlemen believed your father dead, in which belief I joined.

Imagine my misery, — for I cannot represent it by words, — I was up the two following nights in attendance upon him, in despite of my own ailings (brought back by this fright), and the entreaties of those kind men, that I would entrust the poor sufferer to their care, and who *would* partially assist. The captain came several times at night to the berth, and was most affectionately attentive, as indeed he had been from the moment we entered his ship. Thus, with constant care and watching, your father returned to something more like ease than we expected he could, until better advice could be had.

Unfortunately the wind and weather changed, and then succeeded to our heretofore prosperous progress, the most alarming and boisterous gales of wind that can be imagined. Friday and Saturday the captain and crew (all in the most unremitting state of exertion) knew not where we were, — the foresail torn all to ribbons before it could be taken down. The whole ship was made bare, and the horrors of those two days and nights can never leave my memory. About Sunday these alarming gales subsided, when the wind altogether forsook, or if not, became adverse to us. I was perforce, after my two nights' watching of your father, confined again by illness to my berth for two days and nights, *packed* up as the means of preserving me from from falling out of it at every motion of the ship, during which your poor father, sufferer as he was, insisted upon watching me, having his mattress placed on the ground by my side.

We had very bad storms in the Canada, as we thought: they were ripples on the sea compared to this; and the captain has since confessed, "though he had been a sailor from the time that he was no taller than a musquito, and out in all sorts of weather, he never encountered so serious a gale as this, and that he should have despaired had he not relied on the soundness of his ship." He added that he would not have been in the *Canada* under such a trial for the bribe of all it contained. I tell you thus much, my dearest Charles, that our present safety may make you more than commonly happy, for it has been decidedly in peril.

I have occupied more of my space in this letter than I ought; for I have still something to add as to the future. Your father has had a night of much suffering: no sleep—nor I either, as you can suppose. He

will not allow of a physician being sent for to-day, but has had Doctor Rattray's prescription made up, which relieved him when so very ill at Mr. Speidell's in order to try its present effect first. His reappearance in an "At Home" this season in London is *not probable*, even were he prepared; and it is more than doubtful whether, ill as he is, he *could* study had he the materials ready: all is, therefore, for a day or two unsettled. He is anxious for *one reason* for my return home; but, of course, I cannot — will not leave him here alone, unless he improves in a day or so, which may be likely from his present quiet and comfort, and the change of climate: in that case I must travel alone. Prepare for me, therefore, my beloved Charles, as I may only give you a few hours' notice of my appearance. Let there be as little to do after my arrival as possible; for I am wearied with noise and excitement, and pine for a little repose.

I have performed a painful pilgrimage: may it be received in past atonement for my sins! You will find that I have pursued it with all possible constancy and patience. My progress has not been uncheered; for I have found friends and comforters even in the barrenness of the land. *Selfishly*—I must own that I have met with a succession of kindnesses from the moment I entered the *Canada*, which have continued without intermission up to the moment of my return; *such* interest as places my oldest friends, in a comparative point of view, far inferior to strangers. Were I in love with vanity, I should not wish to return to the cold hearts and hollow professions, of the "*old world.*" Nevertheless, I am rejoiced at turning my back upon the "new world" for general reasons, and particularly as it has swallowed up so much of your poor father's health.

Let not these remarks depress you; for I am not further damped than concerns your father's health, of which I still trust to the restoration in *time*. I shall write again as soon as I have anything fresh to say,—that is, when your father is better or worse, the latter of which Heaven forbid! He joins with me in a fervent blessing to you, my beloved Charles.

Your affectionate mother,

ANNE MATHEWS.

P.S.—Write by return, addressed to your father here; because, if I am gone, he will like to have a line from you; and, if I am not, it will be a comfort to me. Suspend your brain labour until you get another despatch from me, and rest your imagination for a day or two. Tell Mr. Yates of the chance against an "At Home" this year without delay, and our arrival here: but do not own when *I* intend to arrive in London to any one but *Sophia*, and beg her to be secret; for I cannot be broken in upon at first. Read her this letter with my kindest love. To all who mention our landing, say we are detained at Liverpool by your father's illness for an indefinite period."

The following kind-hearted letter from his "old cruet of cayenne," the "Itinerant" Ryley, followed immediately after our arrival in Liverpool:—

TO MR. MATHEWS.

Saturday, Cottage, Parkgate.

MY OLD FRIEND,

I see by the Saturday's paper that Charles Mathews and his better half are in Liverpool. Oh, how I long to see them! I cannot come over, but—God bless you both!

Take a car, and come and dine with me. My health is not so bad as represented. I have an excellent bed likewise at your service; and the fineness of the air, and beauty of the place, will, I hope, induce you to stay one night at least with me. *Do come.* I 'll keep all misery in the back-ground, and make you both as happy as the sight of you will make me.* "Should auld acquaintance be forgot, and days of auld lang syne." Drop me a line, dear Mathews, per return post. Give ten thousand blessings to Mrs. Mathews, and accept a hundred yourself. A car will hold four or six, and I shall be glad to see as many as you bring.

"' God bless you. In haste,

SAMUEL RYLEY.

In the state I have related the poor invalid remained doctoring himself from old prescriptions, and refusing any other assistance.†

* Mr. Ryley was Mr. Mathews's *study* from which he took his "Mundungus *Triste*."—A. M.

† He had not been in bed more than five times between the 18th of February and 17th of March, but sat propped up in an arm-chair all night.

CHAPTER XVI.

Mr. Mathews's Anxiety as to his Affairs.—The Excellence of his Character.—Letters to Mrs. Mathews: State of Mr. Mathews's Health, and Treatment of his medical Attendants.—Mr. Winstanley's Account of the Illness of Mr. Mathews.—Letters to Mrs. Mathews: Improvement in the Health of Mr. Mathews: his Endeavour to mingle Jest with Pain: Preparations for removal to Crick: the Journey thither.—Application from the Committee of the Theatrical Fund.—Mr. Mathews's Reply.—Letters to Mrs. Mathews: Despondency of Mr. Mathews.—Correspondence with Mr. Gyles.

Business of great importance required immediate and personal attention in London. Mr. Mathews fretted about it, and at last conjured me to go to town, and set his mind more at ease by communicating with him upon its progress; declaring that it caused some part of his illness not to have me transacting an affair of such vital importance to the future. Alas! he was then morbidly sensitive about money matters; and, for the *first time* in his life, considered them in *everything*. Charles was miserable at not being allowed to join us at Liverpool. His father would not hear of "the expense." In short, the remnant of his property, the Adelphi Theatre, caused him the

most intense anxiety. He often reverted to it; and, as if in apology to me, deplored that he had no more to leave me than I could live respectably upon; and that, when I might most require it, I must necessarily resign a carriage, to which I had been so many years accustomed. To preserve this little freehold property entire occupied his thoughts day and night. This in a year or two he calculated would pay off what, in one of his calamitous failures, he had borrowed on interest, and thus would be left unincumbered.

That he was allowed to indulge in this comfortable fallacy throughout his illness, is the most consoling reflection I have to reconcile me to his death. Troubled, indeed, would have been his last days, had the crisis arrived some months earlier, which, *for the time,* deteriorated the property upon which he depended so entirely for my future support;* I am gratefully sensible of the mercy which concealed this from him, whose whole life was one continuous care to preserve those he loved from

* The cause of this sudden change from success to failure in the Adelphi theatre (and which lasted only with the cause) was the unprecedented arrangement at Covent Garden theatre, which suddenly reduced its price of admission to the rate of the minor theatres, thus giving the Adelphi audience the novel advantage of entering a theatre to which they had never before been able to afford admission. Though this effect lasted but a brief period, it proved too long to enable us to support the *chance* of continued loss.

suffering. Few better merited the prosperity he met with, and few misused the advantages of fortune so innocently. His heart was without guile, — his character untainted with a shade even of dishonour. His failing was from not having studied the world's craft, by which want of knowledge he was continually open to the specious and false; for he was trusting and benevolent in his nature, a benefactor without ostentation, a friend without reserve. His tender consideration, his unvarying affection for his family, his meekness and simplicity in prosperity, his constancy in adversity, his moral and religious feelings, of the sincerity of which his life was a practical illustration,—his conscientious fulfilment of all he professed, his patient endurance of wrongs, his submissive resignation to inflictions were admirable.

Writing, as I do, after more than two years' reflection,* and constantly dwelling upon his character, I can appeal to Heaven to witness my sincere conviction, that I have been unable to detect in it one serious blemish. He had acknowledged failings of temper, deplored more by himself than any other; but they were transient in their effects, and, as it has proved, as much the result of bodily infirmity as of natural sensitiveness. On looking back, I can even remember these ebullitions of a moment as *virtues*,

* These pages were written in the autumn of 1837.

knowing, from the disclosures after his death, the *sufferings* he concealed under the imputation of a faulty temper. Let those who were fond of commenting upon his infirmity remember his countless excellences, which, while I dwell upon them, teach me to thank God who made him without other alloy to his great talents, and left me without one fear as to the perfection of his future happiness. He died without earthly riches, it is true; but he laid up treasures in Heaven which will never decrease; and these thoughts are too precious not to make me satisfied with the result of his good intentions. Had he left me millions, acquired by hard accumulation, or snatched away from his debtors in the midst of their misfortunes,—had he selfishly neglected the needy, or proved harsh to the erring, — I should have been less happy than I now am in the consciousness of his deservings and his extensive Christian charity.

> "Of all the legacies the dying leave,
> Remembrance of their virtues is the best."

But I have suffered my feelings to run away with my pen. I was compelled at length to obey my husband's earnest desire that I would set off for town; and, as no very material change had appeared from the time of our arrival at Liverpool, I assented, leaving him to the watchfulness of several attentive and attached friends, upon whose

care I had entire reliance. I carried with me, however, a heavy heart; and at the moment of parting he, who had almost *insisted* upon the act, sunk upon my shoulder into a convulsive expression of feeling. I begged still to stay; but, in spite of his tears and sobs, he persisted in the *necessity* of my departure, and that he should feel *better* in consequence of knowing that the business he was anxious about was regulated by my attention to it. He would have sent his servant with me, but this *I positively forbade*, and under these distressing circumstances I proceeded *alone* to London.

The succeeding correspondence will describe all that followed my departure, when the dear invalid was all anxiety to proceed to his old friend and schoolfellow, the Rev. Thomas Speidell's rectory, to whom he had written before I left Liverpool to apprize him of his wish.

The first letter to me was begun by himself, but finished by a friend.

TO MRS. MATHEWS.

Liverpool, Saturday, March 21st, 1835.

MY DEAREST NANCY,

Speidell writes, "Come to Crick,—come when you like, and make up your mind to stay some time there."

I have the pleasure to tell you truly, that last night I slept from half-past two in my crib until half-past eleven, the first night's rest I may call it since I arrived. They have all visited me. Mrs. —— sat two hours with me last

night. But for a violent irritation in my feet and ankles, I believe I should have gone through the night without waking.

The letter was thus continued:—

My dear Mrs. Mathews, pray don't be alarmed at my finishing this letter. By great good fortune I have persuaded Mathews to have advice; and the reason why *he* cannot finish this is, that my excellent friend Dr. Bryce, after *patiently* listening to Mr. Mathews's accurate description of his case from the first attack, has ordered leeches to his chest, and he is now reclined on his chair, with some twenty or twenty-four of those gentlemen on his chest. A poultice of linseed is to succeed this; and Dr. Bryce has great hopes that to-night our poor invalid will be able to *lie down* in his bed.

The Doctor says, that had he lost a little blood on his first arrival, his legs would not have been affected; that he did quite right to put leeches on his foot; but that the disorder of the legs IS NOTHING but a natural consequence of his complaint. Dr. Bryce is now assisting him most adroitly with the leeches, and feels much interest about their performing properly. He read Dr. Rattray's prescription with great approbation, and seems to have no doubt but in a short time Mr. Mathews will be able to travel; such is the state of his system at present, that it would not be advisable to hurry him. The Doctor has ordered Mr. Mathews to inhale steam, and I have sent for an inhaler. It gives me great pleasure to have at last prevailed, and I give myself credit for a little management. Dr. Bryce was with me last night. I mentioned to him Mr. Mathews's case, and his obstinate opinion that he knew his own case *better than any one*. Dr. Bryce replied, "Then why does he not cure himself?" This I repeated to-day

to my friend, and he almost immediately asked me to bring Dr. Bryce, to my great joy.

I hope all will now be well. If Mr. Mathews can be relieved from his suffering, and *lie down to rest*, all other ailments will speedily cease. So make yourself as happy as you can. Don't be too sanguine as to *time;* and be assured nothing shall be wanting.

Kind remembrance to our favourite Charles.

Conclude me, my dear madam,

Faithfully yours,

THOMAS WINSTANLEY.

TO MRS. MATHEWS.

Liverpool, March 22nd, 1835.

As I suppose you will be disappointed without a letter, I write to say that the treatment of my physician has been successful, and satisfactory so far; but the penalty, as you may suppose, is, confinement to the Waterloo for the present.

However, my promise was sacred, and I was alarmed about my legs. Doctor Bryce positively states that no evil consequences will result, and that it is not of any importance. I lost about twelve ounces of blood from my chest, and put my legs in hot water up to the knees. The early part of my night was disturbed by pain in the feet: but I slept beautifully from about four till ten o'clock, and I have no doubt that the old symptoms are abating, and the cough very, very much relieved. I have been to ——— in Lewis's carriage with him, and am the better for the ride. Beautiful sunshine, and very mild.

I told Speidell I hoped to move on Wednesday, but I see it is decreed otherwise, and, I suppose, I must submit; — most unwillingly, indeed, but I am cheered that I have neither gout, dropsy, nor erysipelas.

Half-past five. Your affectionate letter, dearest, has just arrived with the 30*l.* inclosed. I rejoice at your safe arrival. My sufferings have, indeed, been most intense: oh! how little did I prize the hundreds of nights of repose I have enjoyed! The last three weeks have been like ages of misery: no human being but myself can ever know their extent. I like my medical man much: he stayed with me four hours, and sanctioned my delightful ride to-day. Winstanley has been more than a brother to me, — most feeling and affectionate. Mrs. F. came while I was all *a*-bleeding last night. I can no more, for I can't write without some pain. Be assured, dear kind creature! that my spirits are as good as possible, under all circumstances. God bless thee, darling! and dear, dear Charles!

Ever affectionately yours,

C. M.

Mr. Mathews has kindly permitted me to add a postscript, which I do in the best humour with him, myself, *Fop*, and "everything in the world." I saw, to-day, Dr. Bryce's attention to our friend, and I am well assured that all is going on well. We (that is, Dr. Bryce and I) had much talk together; and indeed, and indeed, we have occasion to rejoice that we obtained our wish in the shape of advice. From the doctor's description, the delay even of a day or two might have been dangerous. He is quite sure, that, on any future attack, the disorder may be checked instantly by following his directions. I wish you could see him now; his voice, his eyes, and even his face, are become like himself. Dr. Bryce will see him again in the morning; and having given him some comforting lotion to his legs, we all have hopes of a good night's rest. That point gained, all will go well. Accept my best wishes,

and assure yourself that I will not neglect your good husband. Remaining, dear Mrs. Mathews, yours very faithfully,

THOMAS WINSTANLEY.

TO MRS. MATHEWS.

Liverpool, March 26th 1835.

I am certainly better, and my cough trifling to what it has been. I had the first good night last night in the big bed;* and, but for the intolerable trouble of the legs, should have slept, I believe, all night. My surgeon, Dr. Bryce, smoked with me till twelve o'clock: he has been a great traveller, in Egypt and many other countries, and is very intelligent. My legs are bandaged up to my knees, which is a painful process, and I am undergoing it now, propped up while I write.

I have just received your long letter. I can't say a word about the time of going; my legs must be reduced first. Speidell must not expect me till I write to him to say I have taken my place. Don't expect to hear from me to-morrow, for it is a great effort, as I dare not put my legs down. I am supported by the pleasure in perspective at seeing you and dear Charles. God bless, &c.

C. M.

TO CHARLES J. MATHEWS, ESQ.

MY DEAR CHARLES, Liverpool, March 28th, 1835.

I cannot suffer a post to pass away without sending you the pleasant intelligence that your father is better. I have

* He had caused a sort of *crib* to be placed by the side of the large bed, as it was easier to get into.—A. M.

observed, both yesterday and to-day, that he has been considerably relieved. Yesterday he complained that his appetite failed, and so it did, no doubt, which may be accounted for by the medicine. But, *malgré* his grumbling and feeling dissatisfied, *we* are all pleased with the effect of the medicine; for it has produced a diminution of the obstruction he suffered in his breathing; and, as far as I can judge, a general improvement in his system. His legs are reduced to their natural size; but one of his feet is a little inflamed this morning. Dr. Bryce has ordered leeches to reduce the inflammation. The blister being purposely kept open in the night has made him restless and has disturbed his sleep; but he slept almost the whole of yesterday, except for about an hour in the evening, when he amused himself by abusing the doctors and me, and stating very seriously that he was *poisoned* by drinking cream of tartar and gin punch, very weak. Dr. Bryce seems to think better of him to-day than ever, and feels assured the treatment has reduced the water. Thank God! I cannot say I am without my fears at his breathing being affected when he moves: if, on a gentle trial, that is not the case, he may look forward to see Dr. Rattray in a short time. You shall have immediate notice should any change take place for the worse; and, if you do not hear, you may conclude that all is going on as we could wish.

Offer my kind assurance to your good mother that Mr. Mathews shall be carefully attended to, both by the medical man, and your sincere and faithful friend,

THOMAS WINSTANLEY.

TO MRS. MATHEWS.

Liverpool, March 28th, 1835.

There is no chance of my moving yet. I am sure Bryce is sincere in wishing to get me to Crick: it is *I* who feel it to be impossible. I have had a blister on to-day, from which I expect relief; but it is a foe to writing. Bryce, for his own satisfaction, has called in the most experienced man here.* Winstanley dances for joy at this. He is a very old Quaker: he perfectly approves of *all* that Bryce has done. My nights are gradually improving, and I can lie on my back, though a blister all night drawing was not favourable. The old gentleman gives a very cheerful view of my case, but recommends rest here: yet I am glad you have declared yourself; for Mrs. Waldron, has threatened to come to you here, and nurse me. I am in a perspiration. I have fully expected her by the mail to-night; — only fancy, her without you. I had another long ride yesterday with Lewis. I have great — very great, faith in being much better to-morrow; but the dressing of a large blister is not a pleasing operation; and this has been "a bad day for the honourable Mr. Wyndham," &c. God bless you all,

C. M.

His endeavour always to mingle jest with pain was part of his kind system when absent from me.

The woman to whom allusion is made at the close of the above letter once attended him as a rubber. This person was always anxious to impress upon my husband's attention her *great connection,* and that he was the only commoner she

* Dr. Ruttor.

condescended to attend; she would ingeniously, as she believed, introduce those boasts incidentally in the course of her remarks upon weather, &c. Sometimes she told Mr. Mathews how Lord and Lady B—— were affected by frost, the Duke of C—— by rain, and the Marquis of D—— by heat: but one day, having come to the end of her *noble* list, she observed, during a boisterous sort of morning, "This is a *bad day* for the Honourable Mr. Windham."

" TO MRS. MATHEWS.

Liverpool, Saturday, March 29th, 1835.

On Monday morning I have no doubt at all of my improvement; but it is, and it will be, very slow. The worst symptoms — the shortness of breathing — are conquered, and I can rest in bed as formerly; a great point. I am tortured by their keeping the blister open till to-night. This is a horror; but my "leeches" are cheerful. I have had another set on my foot to-day; I don't mean Doctors ——. My complexion is absolutely ruddy, and I could eat if they would let me. The Canada, I see, is arrived. Now I *do* hope Britton will set that affair right with Price.* Excuse more.

God bless thee and dear Charles,

Ever, ever affectionately yours,

C. MATHEWS.

* This "hope" referred to an erroneous report made to Mr. Price that my husband had been implicated in a quarrel which had taken place during the voyage out between the *agent* of the theatres and a Yankee passenger; and Mr. Mathews wished the captain of the "Canada" to contradict this.—A. M.

TO MRS. MATHEWS.

Waterloo Hotel, Sunday Evening, March, 1835.

MY DEAR MRS. MATHEWS,

I am most happy in being enabled to say that Mr. Mathews is *considerably better.* He looks cheerful to-day; and has, to my great pleasure, walked about the room, and in and out of his chamber with the aid only of his faithful *stick.* You would, I am sure, be pleased to see him. I have not seen Dr. Bryce to-day; but I am convinced he must be satisfied the medicine has been most favourable in its effects, and all is going on as well as we could wish, and certainly far beyond my hopes.

Mr. Mathews has been a little annoyed to-day by being disappointed of Mr. Lewis's carriage. He got ready for the trip, and seemed delighted to think he could manage the down-stairs journey without affecting his breath, when, after waiting beyond the time fixed by Mr. Lewis, a messenger came, saying that one of the horses was ill. Mr. Mathews says he felt the disappointment like a child who had lost his "*coachy poachy,*" and "*ridey pidey.*" I think seriously it was a disappointment; and, had I been here, I would have procured an easy hired carriage, and, a pace slow, as I love *fat* quadrupeds.

I do not know what description Mathews gave of himself yesterday; but mine was a true and faithful one. He was much better, but low in spirits. To-day his spirits, breath, cough, and legs, are better. The latter are reduced and of the natural size, and, except a little stiffness, and inflammation on the left toe, which leeches have subdued, they are quite easy.

It is necessary again to see Dr. Rutter; it will, I trust,

be only for etiquette. I feel now quite a hope advices will soon reach you that a day is fixed for his journey towards Daventry; but we must not expect too much. I have read your kind and most welcome letter, and am well pleased that I wrote to Mr. Charles last night. When I did so, I feared our poor invalid was not inclined to do so, and if he did, that he would write in low spirits; for he seemed inclined to sadness and sleep alternately. I hope you will depend on my constant attention to him, and I can answer, I am sure, for Dr. Bryce, who feels more than a common interest both in his patient and his case. With kind regards to my young friend,

I remain, my dear Mrs. Mathews,

Most affectionately yours,

THOMAS WINSTANLEY.

My dear, dear, affectionate Nancy, on the faith and truth of man, I am not only better, but have every indication of recovery that will thereby enable me to proceed; therefore let me entreat you not to return. I cannot state my reasons at length; but I am sure the idea of it would fidget me back into old symptoms. I feel all your affectionate anxiety; but I know it is better as it is. Bryce wishes me to go on, and in two or three days I feel confident I can. He says every experiment has succeeded — medicine has not once failed. I have not missed a dose. A better nurse than I have could not be found. I have regained my sleep, — I have no uneasy position in bed; — *in* fact, such a resuscitation has seldom been seen. Bryce says the strength of my constitution forbids the very idea of danger. The reduction of the legs is marvellous. In this case you would just check me in my departure. Be assured there is no deception: I am infinitely better.

God bless thee, dear, dear, kind Nancy. Everything that is affectionate to Charles.

C. M.

Mesdames F. N. T. who are all with me, desire kind regards.

Mr. Mathews has given me the privilege of telling you, dear madam, my opinion of his present state. I am happy to relieve the great anxiety and distress you must have endured these last few days by the assurance that he is now out of all danger, and will be able to resume his journey homewards about the end of this week. I am anxious he should be in your hands as early as possible; for kind nursing will soon avail more for his recovery than doctoring. We have had some hard tussles for the mastery; but he is now a good boy, in cheerful spirits, and tolerably contented. Allow me this opportunity of offering you the expression of my esteem, and am very sincerely yours,

S. Bryce.

P.S.—Write oftener: it acts well.

In this manner I was induced to remain in London, anxious and waiting from post to post for a summons to Crick, whither on his expected convalescence he was to proceed.

TO MRS. MATHEWS.

My dear, dear Nancy, Liverpool, March 31st, 1835.

How good you are to write so much to me. I did not expect a line to-night, therefore the *Molesworth* was a God-send. If you could know "how low they have reduced" a man, you might fancy my childish joy at any

touch of pleasant news. The —— and —— have set me up. I can't trust myself to remarks: I am truly pleased. Pray cultivate this feeling; I know you will for my sake. The attention of all is most cheering. I deserve the *Canterbury tale.* Lady C. is right not to go to Canada. I am sure you think so. If they did but know how they have worried me by night. I spent as scratching, tumbling sleepless hours as Lord Canterbury. I always liked him; and, had he been a brother, I could not have had my thoughts more occupied than they have been about him. He never will know it: but the sight of her hand had a very odd effect on a mind tottering, at all events, as mine has been. Convey from me how obliged I am by inquiries.

I have almost been sobbing over your list of kindnesses, and your own affectionate expressions. This morning's letter would have settled all doubts as to the folly of your coming here to return to Crick — at least, I hope so. I am better every hour; but the recovery of strength you are aware is not very magical. My legs are of the proper size. This is marvellous! My knees since you left me have been as large as the thickest part of my thigh. It was truly appalling.

I was nearly four hours in Lewis's carriage yesterday, and could have gone forty miles in my way, I am sure. One of his greys was taken with a pain under his saddle on Sunday; and, as the flurry on Friday before of my getting ready had almost brought on suffocation, it was agreed that I should be got *ready* for starting; so I was dressed. You have seen a child of about five and a half got up for such a ride, all stiff and uncomfortable, trying to look happy, — the fingers all poked unnaturally out for fear of crumpling the gloves, —

expecting to be lifted into the *shay*, — the lip ready to be poked out if not lifted with ease and nicety. At two on Sunday I was thus equipped, and allowed to sit at the window to watch for the carriage. Every grey pony that showed his ears round the corner occasioned the clapping of the little hands, — "here he is!" Thirty-five minutes were thus occupied, when lo! the footman announced that one of the horses had been taken ill while dressing. Fancy the rest; "give me my hat and wig again:" the sun shining brilliantly too. Lewis came at three to explain; but the little dear had dried his eyes and got his gloves off, and had his great coat off and folded up in the drawer, and was reconciled. He could have had another horse, but postilion was obliged to turn veterinary. Yesterday made up for all. Your parcel last night almost alarmed me till I opened it: of course you did not look out for an answer, it having been anticipated by the *tria juncta in uno* of this morning. Cobb has twenty-five cabin people ready for turning off to-morrow: think of them to-morrow night. Bryce says I may move this week. It now depends on my feelings; but be prepared. He says I owe all to my constitution and temperance. No person could have recovered with the inside impaired by rich living with my symptoms. Willy Thompson cheered me last night by three hours' chat. Poor James Henderson died a month ago at Geneva.

Love, &c. C. MATHEWS.

TO MRS. MATHEWS.

Liverpool, April 1st, 1835.

After my last nice long letter, you will, I hope, be satisfied with a short one, assuring you that I am forty-

eight hours in advance; for I have a little run of visiters, and slept till nearly eight o'clock before I got your frank, which I did not expect. Dr. Rutter came with Bryce to-day, and they both say I may travel in a day or two; but the how is a puzzle: they want me to post, — but then — how? The carriage! However, on Saturday morning you shall have my *ultimatum*. You never say a word whether you and Charles mean to meet me at Crick. If you do, I think I shall be there on Sunday. I shall write to Speidell to-night also.

God bless thee, dearest Nancy, and dearest Charles.

Ever affectionately yours, C. MATHEWS.

"

TO MRS. MATHEWS.

Liverpool, April 2nd, 1835.

The deed is done. I have taken two places in the mail, one for me, the other for my legs, and what position I like best. This, I think you will allow, is a sensible plan; and, after thinking the matter over every way (and three hours' more experience of a carriage to-day, and perfect confidence as to strength), we are all agreed that I shall be popped into one carriage, and popped out within seven miles of my new home without anxiety; therefore, to-morrow night, Friday, April 3rd, please God, I leave my melancholy prison, and on Saturday hope to be fetched at Dunchurch at twelve; "so no more about." I am in the dark as to meeting you there, of course; therefore remarks are useless. I have no more to say; but God bless and reward you for all your care and affection to me, for I am sure it is boundless and never will be forgotten by me.

Greatest love to thee and dear Charley.

Ever affectionately yours, C. MATHEWS.

TO MRS. MATHEWS.

MY DEAREST NANCY, Crick, April 5th, 1835.

How grateful to God I feel when I look at the above! I have looked forward with such anxiety to reach this spot; that I can hardly believe my own senses,—that my wishes are realized. That dreary dungeon of a bedroom became at last intolerable. Oh, what a contrast is this! I hope Mr. Varneham* was faithful, though I suppose he did not get admitted; but Speidell's parcel would. I thought it would be an agreeable surprise to you to see somebody who had seen me, and I hope it turned out well. The way in which I bore my journey is perfectly marvellous. After I had taken my place on Thursday, I felt a sudden alarm that I had undertaken too much, and did repent me. On Friday I was so weak and low that I studied Paterson as to the convenient places to stop at in the night. As it came towards execution time, I was one mass of nervous tremour, and terrified at what I had undertaken. Lynn had made interest for the mail to take me up at his door. Fauntleroy felt no more: he *could* not. "Mail had gone wrong way,"—was enough for the idlers. They ran to the Waterloo, and my own little knot of farewellers were enough to warrant the reading of the riot act before their arrival. Meshim Mirza, or some such name, was at the Waterloo a fortnight ago, a Persian, and I heard that name actually articulated. You may imagine the rest. I rejoiced when I was *safe* away, and was fortunate in my strength to adhere to a re-

* A gentleman whom he travelled with, who, though a stranger, showed the most humane and valuable attention to him during the journey.—A. M.

solution of keeping awake if possible, and I did. I had thus an opportunity of gazing at *Mister* Willson "without blushing." Oh, could you have seen him! He *did not* resemble "my father as he slept." I *do think him very plain.* Well, no matter; I may say I felt not an inconvenience, and, I should say, my journey did me service. Up to this moment I have no evidence that I am a sufferer by it. Is not this astonishing? I *thought* I should get here all along. The Quaker* they can tell me now, said when he left me, having heard me say my great anxiety was to get on the road to London,—"Poor fellow! he little thinks what road he's going." You were, of course, not aware I was given over. I did not know, till I began to joke, that I had been in danger. Bryce has very kindly written a very long medical report of my case to Rattray, with all the symptoms, the mode of treatment, — with all the prescriptions, &c. Was not this kind as well as judicious? I am very weak, and my cough still troublesome; but I do not feel otherwise as if I should want medical aid. Rattray is, however, coming to-day. Wonder knows no bounds! for they all felt that they only yielded to my obstinacy in attempting to travel for a week to come. The dreaded expense of advice brought me within the verge of eternity; I may say in a double sense the *leeches* saved me, and now I must bleed again. *By* Sir William Molesworth you must send a 30*l.* note to Winstanley to-morrow night; but I am alive. Speidell says you and Charles must come directly. Fop wags his tail at you. His first lawn, since August, delights him.

Yours has just arrived; and I have only five minutes while postman waits. We are very sorry; but, of course,

* Dr. Rutter.—A. M.

can say no more as to our disappointment. As to wanting you as a nurse, the above will prove to you I do not. I have not time for more remarks; come as soon as you can. God bless you both, my dear loves.

C. MATHEWS.

Tell Charles there is no cure for his complaint, and no relief from medicine. Leeches or lancet alone will do. Don't believe in any drug. I wish Charles Young were at home: *he* could tell him. I grieve — truly grieve, at an attack at his age. No reward here for temperance.

An application from the Committee of the Theatrical Fund had, of course, been answered by myself, expressive of my husband's deep *concern* that he was unable to give his customary assistance at the anniversary dinner.

The day before it took place he felt able to write, and a copy of the following letter has been furnished me for insertion by my husband's old and esteemed friend Mr. Farley :—

TO THE COMMITTEE OF THE COVENT GARDEN THEATRICAL FUND.

Crick Rectory, Daventry,
April 7th, 1835.

MY DEAR BRETHREN,

I need not say how much I regret I cannot be with you to-morrow. You all know my sincerity, when I say, my heart will be there. I vainly flattered myself that I should take you all by surprise, and present myself last week, "armed at all points;" but, alas! I knew not my own weakness. As I am now so near you, I could not endure the thought that you should remain in utter ignorance of my situation,—or imagine I was indifferent,—or neglect-

ing you without good reason. The newspapers too, I understand, have announced my arrival in London, &c. Therefore, as I thought it probable that, on the day of the anniversary dinner, inquiries might be made by the visiters of the stewards, I felt some little anxiety that you might briefly inform them of the cause of my absence, and say the information came from myself. On the 2nd of October last, I sickened at New York, I felt blighted — my energies withered, my appetite destroyed, my spirits broken. I was not confined to my bed one day; but, I was never in health one hour from the time of my arrival until I quitted America.

In December, I announced to my wife my conviction that I must fly or die. I could not play out my engagement at Philadelphia. I performed one night at Boston to a great house; all the tickets were sold for the second. I could not appear, and was confined nine days. When I came out again the thermometer was at twenty-four degrees below Zero. I stood at my table one hour and a half, and, the bolt of ice that entered my head, and extended to my feet, has, in fact, remained in my lungs until this present moment unthawed! From my landing, 30th September, till I fled, 18th February, I performed in all thirty-two nights. I had the satisfaction of concluding as I commenced at New York, to one of the greatest, if not the best house of the season. The Americans and I parted friends on the night, I believe *now* to have been the *last* upon *any* stage,* and my spirits were cheered,—but I landed, "poor old Mathews" indeed, at Liverpool, broken down (very feeble for *eighty*) with inflammation of the lungs, asthma, swelled dropsical-looking legs, and, in fact, at one time was given over.

* This augury was correct,—it *was* his last!—A. M.

These are the facts. I have rallied against the predictions of the Liverpool physicians, and to the amazement of all who surround me; but I am robbed of all energy, I am weak as an infant, and my stock in trade, my hitherto leathern lungs, give strong indications of being under the influence of the Bostonian shaft of ice with which I was stricken in January.

Mrs. Mathews, who was compelled to leave me when I was pronounced out of danger, has been exceedingly ill herself since her arrival in London; and, it struck me to-day, that she might not have communicated my exact situation to any of my good fellow-labourers in our great cause. I have removed, as far as this, by easy stages, where I have excellent advice, and shall remain for a few days.

God bless you, dear fellows! if I could be wheeled into the room, *I do* think I could sing one song to-morrow; but, perhaps, I had better not try. Do one of you, good boys, write me six lines on Thursday, and say how all went off; directed as above (saying also Northamptonshire.) Success—success—huzza! I *am* doubly hipped. Let all the stewards sign it. Farewell. Remember

Poor "old Mathews."

TO CHARLES MATHEWS, ESQ.

My Dear Mathews, Liverpool, 9th April, 1835.

After making *new* laws, and amending *old* ones, on Monday evening I took Dr. Bryce home with me, in the hope of meeting a letter from you, in which we were not disappointed. I cannot express to you the delight we both felt on reading your most welcome and interesting letter. We devoured its contents before we joined a large family

group and their friends, who partook of our pleasure and enjoyed our good spirits. Indeed, altogether your illness and recovery seem like a passing dream to me. Your journey was almost as miraculous as the effect of the medicines on your much-deranged system. Thank God! it is over; and, I trust you will not only be again Charles Mathews, but "At Home" as usual.

Your good wife has enclosed me 30*l.* for which I thank her. She values too highly my attentions, for I am amply rewarded by the result.

Mrs. Winstanley and my family join in same congratulations with your affectionate friend,

THO. WINSTANLEY.

P.S. I had nearly forgotten to say, that Dr. Bryce requests me to send his best thanks for your letter, and to express his great delight and satisfaction at the termination of your illness. He is "quite well" satisfied that he was recalled from the Glasgow steamer. He says, he would not have missed your "case" for all the money his absence from Scotland placed in jeopardy.

TO T. LEWIS, ESQ.

MY DEAR SIR, Crick Rectory, April 15th, 1835.

You were kind enough to say that you should be anxious to hear "of me or from me," and I have waited thus long that I might have some intelligence that I flattered myself would be pleasing to you. The rapidity of my recovery has been perfectly marvellous. To say that I could endure fourteen hours of a stage-coach journey, literally without inconvenience, was sufficiently astounding; but to assert, which I can with truth, that I

believe it improved my health, I think came not within your contemplation. I have been progressing, as we Yankees say, ever since; and I have, without the assistance of any of their horrible drugs, fought off every fatal symptom. But, alas! for my legs, they defy me still. Double-distilled essence of stinging nettles, with a small infusion of cow-itch, and a few grains of cayenne pepper, well rubbed by a sturdy hand, but not till the patient is ascertained to be asleep, — this may give you a faint idea of my sensations for three weeks in both my legs during the night.

Now, dear sir, allow me to thank you very cordially for your attention and kindness to me during my melancholy sojourn at Liverpool. Be assured I entertain a high sense of it; and with respects to your sisters,

I am, very faithfully yours,

C. MATHEWS.

TO MRS. MATHEWS.

MY DEAREST NANCY, Crick, April 15th, 1835.

You will find, in one of my first letters, that I admitted I was better: and it is true, therefore I did not deceive you; but my feet, independently of the original disease, were quite enough to worry and irritate me.

16th. Just got yours, too late for post yesterday. Sunday will *not* do for your being fetched; Speidell never sends a horse out on that day, and you must have a chaise, or his carriage. It is settled that I stay till May. Really and sincerely I am better, and have *no* cough. I am tender as to lungs, but all dropsical symptoms are cured. Rattray says I shall get quite well. But I am very weak and *old*, and *shake* at your letters.

My spirits are deplorably low, I will confess; my appetite ravenous; but I hate the sight of a liquid, and am like the Count as to wine. Speidell drives me about, and I feel very cheerful in sunshine, of which we have had abundance; but he invites everybody to meet me, and I *cannot* talk. I should wish you definitively to fix Tuesday, as he wants two or three days' notice for a visit to Sir Charles Knightly. I do say ay, to your keeping my "miseries" from me till you come; I hope I shall be so much stronger to bear them. C. M.

TO MRS. MATHEWS.

My dearest Nancy, Crick, Sunday, 1835.

I hope we shall see you on Tuesday. I am much better. I have been occasionally so ill and desponding this week, that I did not wish you to see me. My feet have been two masses of swelling and inflammation, and the irritation enough to drive any one mad. The poultices, as large as quartern loaves — the only chance I had to get rest, as they preserved my feet from the ferocious attack of my own nails. Then the old affair, gout or not, has prevented my moving, without being wheeled about. The original disease, I believe, to be now nearly conquered, and I am to-day truly better in every respect. I went as far as Daventry yesterday to see Rattray. To-day I am a victim to calomel. The cough almost gone, and no shortness of breathing.

I have more than one or two reasons for fearing I cannot act much longer, if at all.

These things weigh upon my mind night and day, and impede my recovery of strength. Your tone of courage, I fear, is mere bravado, to encourage me. Therefore, I

should like a well-considered answer to my question from you and dear Charles.* I do not doubt you will believe me, that, if it pleases God to restore my strength (and MEMORY) I will work to prevent my leaving you, as I fear I should, had I died at Liverpool, and I would do it as willingly for Charles as if he were only three years old. I consider *that* as much my duty as ever, for I cannot reproach him with his ill luck; but, need I say I am most unfortunate. The trip to America I thought my *only chance* left. Look at the result — and my annihilation now. Oh! that D—— could but see it in the right light, and believe the fact, that integrity as regards him has almost, if not quite, killed me.

If you come on Tuesday, let us know, as I will fetch you; and whenever it is, Speidell is to take me the same day to Sir Charles Knightly, whose leg was broken by his horse dropping down dead in a gallop, and falling on him!

C. MATHEWS.

TO H. B. GYLES, ESQ.

Crick Rectory, Daventry,
April 23rd, 1835.

DEAR GYLES,

I am, thank God! recovering, after a desperate struggle of more than a month; indeed I may say that I have been a severe sufferer, from the 1st of March until the 15th of April, the first eighteen days of which I never went to bed. Inflammation of the lungs, asthmatic symptoms, produced a sensation of suffocation the instant I was

* This *question*, as well as other allusions obscure to the reader, involves the feelings of existing persons, whom it would be painful to me, as useless, to wound by explanation.—A.M.

placed in a horizontal posture. I was pronounced dead during the voyage (but I never *was* dead.) Luckily we had a beautiful passage of only nineteen days (we had forty going out), and landed early in March, in hopes of change of climate restoring me. I became, however, instantly worse; and suffered horrors, paying off old scores, and making up, as it were, for years of health. I did not know till I partially recovered, sufficiently to move here, that I had been given over by two physicians at Liverpool. My recovery is a wonder. But I am totally incapable of attempting anything professional. My "At Home" has been abandoned; and, in fact, I have lost a year's income by my fatal trip to America. In six months I performed thirty-two nights, and went there with every rational hope of setting all affairs right for life. I felt a conviction that die I must if I stayed, but did not anticipate such ill fortune on my return.

I fear my lungs have done their do. I felt withered and blighted by the Siberian winter of America, and fear I shall never quite recover it. Now I will explain my inuendo. Since I came here a physician said, "the change of air has done all for you here, I do believe. If I were you, I would go, when I moved, to the sea-side, and get some warm salt-water baths," &c. In about forty-eight hours comes your letter; and, I will say I was really pleased to see it, because I don't want another niche in my misanthropic calendar. *Now* I can ask you to deliver a message for me, for I don't know how to direct to him. If it is convenient to him, and he recollects asking me, and was sincere, and he would really like to see me, &c. I should of all things like to come in some part of May. I should in that case go across from hence to Portsmouth, and go thence per steam.

TO H. B. GYLES, ESQ.

DEAR GYLLY, Crick, April 30th, 1835.

You did not give me Daddy Franklin's address, so I have enclosed a few lines to him through you. I am not well enough yet to travel. Indeed, the severe weather has thrown me back, and I have no motive for changing my comfortable quarters here, but the lure of a softer climate.*

I was not quite satisfied with my mode of proceeding—writing to Franklin through you; nor the phrase "Daddy's answer *implies* a welcome." Nothing can be more horrible than a doubt upon such a subject, so I have just told him "as how" your unexpected letter made me think of his old invite, and my leeches' advice as to soft sea air for my lungs, &c. In short, I want "more *Daddys* to welcome me," and I almost doubt my own strength, for I am very faint still, and incapable of any exertion, I find. At all events, I must have a proper understanding. Write—write,—yours in a gallop.

MAT.

TO C. MATHEWS, ESQ.

Windsor Terrace, Plymouth,
MY DEAR MAT. 26th April 1835.

We were delighted with such a convalescent account, after so serious an attack, and hope that you have paid the fine of your copyhold tenure, and renewed a life so valuable to all who enjoy your friendship.

* One of those *mistakes* that have been explained. Devonshire is *not* a soft climate in the *spring* of the year, and this my poor husband proved by the severe weather which attended him almost the whole of the time he was there.—A. M.

Your dear brothers *Blue*, and Franklin *too*, are delighted at your intended visit to Devonport. The former will receive you with open arms, and conduct you at once into the deepest recesses of their convent, where you will find, provided for your particular ease, a cell most elegantly furnished with granite sofa, cast-iron bed, and a robe of sackloth to enfold your limbs. A vast quantity of ashes are prepared to strew your reclining head, and Brother Tonsor will shave your devoted sconce. Daddy's answer implies a welcome. He says, if you will come to him, you shall have everything your own way, — wind and tide included; and that, when you resume your beef-eat'rical habits, the victualling department shall furnish prime articles in that *loin*.

Your superlative friend Robins, who adorns the landscape he intends for sale after the manner of Puff, and can fix the temple of Hygeia in the fens of Lincolnshire, may help you to the name of my informer on your present location, when he talks of *irrigating the thirsty fields*, and eulogises *Drinkwater Meadows*.

I am, my dear Mat.,

Yours truly,

HENRY GYLES.

CHAPTER XVII.

Mr. Mathews's Departure from Crick.—His Journey to Oxford.—Arrival at Gosport.—Embarks for Plymouth.—His Arrival there.—Mr. Harris's Report as to the Progress of Mr. Mathews's Illness.—Letter to Mrs. Mathews.—Mr. Wightwick's Anecdotes of Mr. Mathews at Plymouth.

My stay at Crick was again unsettled by the same consideration of business in town, which urged my husband to enforce mine and Charles's return; he thinking himself better, and proposing to proceed to Devonshire to visit his bachelor friend, where he felt the presence of a lady would prove an inconvenience. Charles and I, therefore, took a reluctant leave of our dear patient, leaving him prepared to depart from Crick also in a couple of days after; previous to which our host was unexpectedly and suddenly compelled to visit London on business.

TO THE REV. THOS. SPEIDELL.

My dear Speidell, Crick, May 11th.

When you requested I would write, I presume you meant that I should announce the time of my departure from dear Crick. I have therefore waited for the purpose

of informing you that I have the decency at length to depart, having performed the part of *Sponge* to the life, and with ease, in less than six weeks. Indeed, had you not in your romantic hospitality pressed me to stay so often, even after your departure, I should be ashamed to acknowledge the extent of my presumption, while I should think it my duty to express my gratitude.

The reason of my stay after the departure of Mrs. Mathews and Charles, was, that Fawcett, with whom I stay a day or two, could not get home till Sunday, nor did I know it till that day, — and that the steam-boat-days are Tuesdays and Fridays; so that I must have spent all Sunday in Oxford, in preference to the rectory (for which you will think me too good a judge), or left Crick to-day for Oxford, with the great doubt of being in time for the Plymouth boat on Tuesday.

I shall now have ample time, and therefore have taken my place for to-morrow, — proceed on Wednesday to Winchester, where Fawcett meets me, — and embark on Friday. I am so afflicted with shortness of breathing, that I am in horror of a relapse; but this *entre nous*. I have once or twice wavered as to going to town; but I am too weak to encounter the cares that would crowd upon me at home, and this I soon discovered when I talked upon business here. I say all this, dear friend, to excuse myself a little in your eyes, for my horrible encroachment on your good nature.

I did the honours yesterday in your absence, to the best of my ability, though albeit unused to the luncheon ceremonies. Mr. Bird did the duty in the morning, and Mr. * * * * afternoon, — with the *utmost timidity*, I should think, from his manner of taking refreshment. He had a large congregation, and told me that the size of the church

almost frightened him, he being used only to small ones. He was greatly fatigued, and doubted whether he had made himself heard.

I have, in addition to your great kindness and attention to me, to record the unceasing watching and petting of your servants. Messrs. Smith, Cotter, and Hodgson have called; and I have been once out in the gig to call on the latter. I had hoped to have seen some of the Rattrays. Daventry was too far for me, on the chance of seeing the doctor, and therefore I must quit with the load on my mind of my affair with him. I have written to him to say, I have left the delicate subject in your care and keeping. Pray talk it over with Mrs. Mathews. I never was fit for money matters. My impression certainly was, that I had sent for him professionally, and had no opportunity of offering him a fee, as he refused before, unless he wrote a prescription. I leave my honour in your hands.

And now, dear Speidell, allow me to say that I never can forget your unwearied affectionate attentions to me:—they are engraved on my heart, be assured. You have saved my life, if it be but for a short time, by the aid of your hospitable roof. 'Tis but a poor commodity; but if you could be placed in a situation to want it, you should be welcome to the wear and tear of it.

God bless thee, thou kindest of friends, prays your ever grateful and sincere friend,

C. Mathews.

Alas! this excellent and dear friend outlived the writer of the foregoing letter but a few months. Mr. Speidell died suddenly, from an attack of spasms, at his rectory, to the grief of all who had

known him. In quitting the world before him, my dear husband escaped the severe pang of losing one whom he loved as a brother; and I have to thank Heaven for this mercy added to the many sorrows that the sufferer was spared by his own timely removal from this world of trial and sadness.

TO MRS. MATHEWS.

Crick, Sunday, May 11th, 1835.

You are aware that you could not hear from me on Monday, but with the penalty of my writing while the postman waits, so that I have little to say to satisfy your "longing or dread." I have been two hours shut up with the Rev. * * *-*, one of the timid race,—frightened at me. You may suppose what a time I have had of it. Fop a great resource.

Well, if Fawcett had not invited me, I should have gone *viâ* Birmingham and Bristol, after all. I write to Fawcett to meet me on Wednesday at Winchester, and go from Portsmouth on Friday. This arrangement gives me time. I can proceed slowly, in all respects a great matter. I am much as you left me; no actual complaint, but the shortness of breathing in any exertion. I continue to sleep beautifully in any posture, thank God! I have great faith in the change of air. I shall write to Speidell to-morrow to meet him on Tuesday. God bless you!—you are a dear affectionate being; and if I do not, I ought to love you better than ever. Love to dear Charles.

In great haste.

C. M.

TO MRS. MATHEWS.

Oxford, Tuesday night, May 12th, 1835.

Considering the bustle of my moving off at half-past nine to Rugby in the gig, changing coaches, &c. I have every reason to be satisfied with the result of my journey. I am, thank God, better than I expected to be, though feeble, as you know. I have had better nights since you left me, from feeling less anxiety about you. The Rev. Mr. Townshend, whom Fop bit at Crick, joined me at Southampton. He came into the room where I was sitting till the Leamington coach arrived, and knew his foe first, — Fop had *not* the advantage of him, he bore no malice,—and, through him, knew master. Here we are, dining in the coffee-room of the Angel, where I have met with two or three old friends. I have taken my place for Winchester to-morrow at eight. Fawcett meets me there.

C. M.

After staying a couple of days with our friends at Kitnocks, he writes the following account of his plans :—

TO MRS. MATHEWS.

Kitnocks, Friday, May 15th, 1835.

I never was so disappointed at not hearing from you. I must remain four days conjecturing the cause of your silence. I believe there is a letter now at the bottom of the box. I arrived here on Wednesday, Fawcett having fetched me from Winchester. He drives me to-day to Gosport, where I embark for Plymouth. The boat arrives at Plymouth on Saturday at noon. I shall write on my

arrival, which letter you will receive on Monday morning. I am much the same—legs gradually getting better. Had two good nights' rest. Still sleep well in any position.

God bless thee, dearest, and Charles.

Ever affectionately yours,

C. MATHEWS.

On arriving at Gosport, where the steamboat awaited them, and Mr. Mathews's travelling servant with his luggage, whom he then dismissed, Mr. Fawcett, as he afterwards told me, took leave of my husband with a heavy heart, lamenting that he should pursue his voyage without any friend or attendant but his little favourite Fop; yet, feeling the validity of his reasons for going alone, under the circumstances of the time, he could offer no resistance to it.

TO MRS. MATHEWS.

Royal William Victualling-yard, Plymouth,

MY DEAREST NANCY, Saturday, May 17th, 1835.

I have just now time to keep my promise, and you from suspense, by announcing my safe arrival. "I never was sick *holl* the way." I believe I slept fifteen hours out of twenty, and am as well as I could have hoped. Beautiful situation—very fine garden, which suits both me and Fop. Franklin brought his own boat to the steamer to meet me, and I had neither trouble nor anxiety. Gyles was here to welcome me, and little Russell; in short, everything is right comfortable, and you would be as satisfied to leave me here as at Speidell's. I will have immediate advice,

and proceed at once to a system and course of treatment, until I perceive some amendment of the now worse feature, shortness of breathing.

I have not time now to give my final instructions about the things to be sent, but will in my next.

If Winstanley is not gone from London, show him the following extract from Dr. Bree on asthma.—"The mind of an asthmatic is impatient and suffers much from an opposition to his own method of management; after several accessions he has ascertained modes of comfort and gratification, which the anxiety of his friends may impede rather than promote by their solicitude and attentions. He therefore is irritable, and with difficulty restrains his disposition to petulance, and absolutely repels the most cautious attentions of friends."

Fawcett, like a good fellow, drove me to Gosport; and now, dear, dear wife, be assured I will do all in my power to recover and keep myself up. God bless thee and dear Charley. Mrs. Gyles sends her kindest regards.

Ever affectionately yours,

CHARLES MATHEWS.

Since writing the above I have seen Mr. Snow Harris, who seems confident in putting me immediately into a course that will restore me. He speaks very cheerfully.

The above extract from Dr. Bree is one of those instances, of which I could quote many, of my husband's generous regret when he thought he might have seemed rude and unthankful for well-meant attention and service. To me, who knew so thoroughly the nature of the apologist, it was very touching to find him indulging in after-thoughts

like these, at a time when the mind is generally apt to turn only upon the sufferings of the body. But instead of this selfishness, upon the first pause, a sort of tender compunction seized him, and a desire to make some excuse for any abruptness of manner or opposition to advice and opinion, into which he might have been betrayed towards a kind friend. It was ever so — he could not seem unjustly angry or ungracious without feeling deeply himself when it was over.

TO MRS. MATHEWS.

DEAR MADAM, Plymouth, May 18th, 1835.

Mr. Mathews has been prevailed on by my advice to apply a large blister over the chest, and to resort to some internal remedies requisite for his health. We cannot, therefore, permit him to undergo any sort of mental or bodily excitement for some days.

He appears to me to have greatly improved since his first attack at Liverpool; but, as is frequently the case with diseases affecting the chest, symptoms of distress in breathing will occasionally show themselves. Without cause for great alarm on your part, therefore, I may, perhaps, be allowed to say, that a slight return of these oppressive symptoms has taken place since his arrival here, brought on probably by the fatigue incidental to a long journey and voyage. We confidently hope, however, that they will effectually be relieved by treatment and *perfect quiet* in the course of a few days. There are favourable signs of amendment even this morning. I beg you to believe that Mr. Mathews is under the care of friends here, who highly regard and prize him,

and who will not leave anything undone which may contribute to his health and comfort.

Mr. Mathews is anxious to reply to the communications which he received last night; but we really cannot allow him to undergo the mental excitement which they necessarily imply. We must keep him altogether quiet just at this time. I am, dear madam,

Very faithfully and respectfully,

Your humble servant,

WILLIAM SNOW HARRIS.

MY DEAREST NANCY,

I have directed this that you might not suffer a suspense in opening it. I am only suffering under a huge blister, which has kept me in bed. I dare not even read all you have written till to-morrow. Love to dear Charles.

Ever affectionately yours,

C. MATHEWS.

I have Sir G. Magrath, physician, as well as Harris.

These communications, however satisfactory they might seem to others, only gave me a fresh anxiety to rejoin him, and I wrote to entreat to be permitted to do so, dreading to act without his consent lest I should agitate him, which I was warned not to do.

TO MRS. MATHEWS.

MY DEAR, DEAR LOVE, Plymouth, May 21st, 1835.

Be assured that if there were any necessity for your being with me, I would not allow of a separation. I have had a solemn promise from both my doctors to warn me if I was in any danger, and in that case I meant to send for you or

go to London. They both declare I am better than when I came, and do not doubt my being speedily better. The weather is now quite like summer, absolutely warm. I have been out yesterday and to-day. Yesterday nine miles. It is the treatment — the immediate use of an immense blister—and exertion that has affected me, more than new symptoms. As to Willson, *nothing shall make me submit to him.** My legs are, thank God! recovered. I sleep well. Harris puts me to bed, and attends me before I am up. What can I want with a nurse? I assure you, dearest, your coming would be the greatest inconvenience. F. is a bachelor,—you could not be accommodated. To be moved again would be a horror to me. Never had man such an attentive medical attendant. You would be in the way were you to come, and I *cannot* reconcile the expense. There is no new feature in my case, and the old ones are all mitigated. Mrs. Gyles is a nurse also. She has made me jellies, and some of the party are always with me. At all events, wait patiently till Monday, and I will then speak decisively as to the future; but I have faith in being well enough to remain alone. Writing yesterday was out of the question, and I did not like a strange hand again ——

This letter is continued in another hand.

The above blot is mine, and I confess it.† We are all of opinion here, except the invalid, that symptoms of im-

* I had suggested, that he ought to have a person about him to whom he had been accustomed, and proposed his late servant, not being at the time wholly acquainted with all my husband's reasons for discharging him.—A. M.

† A *feint*, as I afterwards learned, in compliance with my husband's desire, that the sudden disability which had caused *the blot*, should be concealed from my knowledge.—A. M.

provement have manifested themselves. He, however, appears to think that it is time to enter upon a system of tonics, and we all know, that when the best doctors have considered a case and prescribed for it, that the old axiom of every man at forty being either a fool or a physician, means simply, that nature has her own remedies in reserve and is eager to suggest them.

The weather is extremely fine, and that, combining with the novelty of the scene, may aid his spirits and amuse his imagination, tending eventually, though not so rapidly as we all desire, to that happy restoration of health which is essential to both your enjoyments. The season, and I think I may confidently add, the undoubted skill of his medical advisers, promise a happy result; therefore, my dear Mrs. Mathews, rest satisfied that, surrounded by his friends, and assisted by the best advice, your dear husband may be considered on the mending hand.

H. G.

My dear Mrs. Mathews,

I can only repeat what my husband has said before in regard to your dear husband, that every earthly attention that old friends can give he shall have; and, I do think, that in a few days we shall be able to give you a good account of our endeavours to restore him to us all again. The situation here is everything you can desire, and you may *depend upon our care.* With kind regards to Charles, believe me, dear Mrs. Mathews,

Yours affectionately,

Charlotte Gyles.

Thus was I beguiled, and thus was I prevented from doing what I *felt* I ought not to have been denied.

I shall in this place introduce part of an interesting paper, from which I have before quoted, written by Mr. Wightwick of Plymouth, which will present detached accounts of my husband's stay at Mr. Franklin's, with some interesting and extraordinary instances of his power to rally and support himself under his uncommon sufferings, and which power so often misled those about him. Mr. Wightwick thus begins this part of his recollections, which are full of interest, character, and truth.

The theatrical public of this country were looking forward to give him (Mr. Mathews) a fitting welcome on his return, when it was reported that he was given over, a prey to a mortal illness, at Liverpool. He, however, rallied, fancied himself convalescent, and, in the month of May, 1835, arrived by the steam-boat on a visit to J. Franklin, Esq. of the Royal Victualling-yard, Stonehouse, Plymouth.

I took the earliest opportunity to visit him. His vigour, physical and mental, as I last beheld it, was fresh in my memory. It had appeared so staminal as almost to defy decay; and it was, in sober truth, wonderful; for, though it yielded to death, it never gave up the conquest to disease.

I found him sitting upon a sofa, with his arms extended on each side, panting under the distressing effect of a violent paroxysm of hard-breathing. He gave me his hand for a moment, muttered a rapid and indistinct, "How d'ye do?" and then left me unnoticed until the paroxysm had passed. Sad, indeed, was the contrast between the

object of my recollection, and that which I now contemplated.

But, while I regarded him he seemed to get better, and was enabled to speak at some length upon the subject of his sufferings on his passage from America ("where," said he, "I passed a Siberian winter"), of his danger while at Liverpool, and of his having retrograded from convalescence by a measure which he fancied would have advanced him to health. On asking whether he felt no amendment since he had left the steam-boat? he replied,

"*Left* the steam-boat! What I complain of is, that I *can't* leave it; it's nothing with me but, steward, bring the basin! Nausea and thirst; thirst and nausea!"

He continued to suffer from the nausea, which he habitually designated, "Mr. Steward." It, however, yielded at length, to the remedies of his medical friends; but the thirst continued unabated. Mr. —— commiserated him the more from having himself experienced the wretchedness of protracted thirst when a prisoner on board a French frigate; "and where," said he, "having by accident found a bottle of ink, I drank it to the bottom." On our expressing the fears we should have of inducing illness by such a "black draught," Mathews for an instant opened all the brilliancy of his eye upon us, and remarked, with as much voice as his then exhausted condition would allow, "Why, all you'd have to do would be to swallow a sheet of blotting-paper."

The newspapers at this time were giving general publicity to a report that "Mr. Mathews was rapidly gaining strength, and might soon be expected to resume his professional duties." — "Oh!" very well," said the invalid, "I'm *very* glad I give satisfaction. I'm only sorry that my poor doctors here know nothing about all this; be-

cause it 's *rather* hard they should have so much trouble with a man who has got nothing the matter with him, and you 'll say its equally obstinate in me to continue occupying their attention. I wish one of you (if you 've any interest with the local press) would just help the newsmongers on a bit. Since *they* say I 'm so much better, *you* can say *how* much ; and then, perhaps, they 'll follow it up with saying when I shall be quite well. They 'll also, I hope, while they are about it, inform me where I shall be at the time; because otherwise I shan't know. I fancied, for instance, I was staying at the Victualling-yard, Stonehouse ; but the newspaper tells me I am still in Liverpool ! I didn't know it."

He was prohibited from much talking; but, when his spirits were up, it was as difficult for him to maintain silence as for us to wish him to do so. When suddenly checked by exhaustion or a paroxysm, he would say, " There, now, you leave *me* to do all the talking, while all know I ought not to speak ; it 's quite enough for me to get in a word edgeways. Now *do* talk to one another, there 's good boys, and never mind me. Here H——, are not you and W—— opposed in politics ? Say something to hurt his feelings, there 's a good fellow. Get up a political quarrel :—it 'll amuse me." We went at it like bulldogs. My Tory opponent fastening on me with the fangs of recrimination, and making me writhe with sarcasm. " Bravo ! " said Mathews, as he lay his full length upon a sofa. " Go on, H—— ; it 's all right ; he 's getting savage. Hear ! hear ! *à la lanterne !* rascals ! Radicals ! Robespierre ! keep it up !—he 's coming to the climax of personal violence. Get some policemen ready, and pray light my candle. Good night ! good night ! God bless you ! and you " (then, after a pause, and making a profound

bow) "Mr. W——, my compliments to Mrs. W——." He could not, however, carry his mimic hostility out of the room, but turned to shake hands with me at the door.

Mathews had his political bias, and his mind was sometimes during his last illness distressingly haunted by the conflicting spirits of Whiggism and Toryism. I found him one evening sitting on the side of his bed, attentively regarding a pile of pillows which had been placed there to support him in a half-recumbent position. "You 'll say it 's very ridiculous," said he, "but, during the last five minutes I 've been maintaining a violent argument with these pillows, which became suddenly transformed into the person of * * * * * the member for ———, and I 've worked myself into a fever, because he swears that he won't give up his hateful measures on the ——— question Now, what *does* it matter to me? I only wish I could fix my eyes upon something which would give an entirely new direction to my thoughts. As it is, everything I see reminds me of what I want to forget. There 's Bulwer's new novel, I *can't* get rid of it. That window looks out upon a quantity of unfinished walling and excavations, which *you* suppose form part of the victualling-office new works, but to me that 's Pompeii; and, though you may think that it is old F—— there, walking by a lime kiln, I say its Glaucus in the street of the tombs."

CHAPTER XVIII.

Formal Announcement to Mrs. Mathews of the Impossibility of her Husband's Recovery.—Mr. Wightwick's Recital of the Progress of Mr. Mathews's Disorder.—A happy Evening.—Final Interview between Mr. Mathews and his Son.—Mr. Mathews's Conversation in writing.—His Night-visions.—Delusive Symptoms.—His last Words.—His Death.—Mr. Wightwick's Account of the Funeral.—Local Notices relative to the Death of Mr. Mathews, and the last mournful Ceremonies.—The *post mortem* Examination.—Notices of the Metropolitan Press.

In consequence of an intimation sent unknown to him to apprize me of his dangerous state, I and Charles hastened to Plymouth with feelings of the most melancholy description, when, notwithstanding all my husband's opposition (from prudential motives) to admitting those about him whom he loved best, after the first surprise of arrival was over, the dear sufferer declared his satisfaction. From that moment I was his constant attendant, and O what soothing reflections are those to my disconsolate mind, that he would from that time *only* allow *me* to nurse him! Such thankfulness, such *gratitude* did he show, and such

affection during my task! but of this I must not write.

After a few days I was formally summoned apart from my dear husband, and informed by the physicians of the utter impossibility of his recovering. Who shall describe the agony of that moment! and yet, after the first burst of anguish, and I had stifled a part of the emotions excited, I presented myself before the dear invalid as if I had nothing new upon my mind! Nay, I attended him for weeks after; and, in spite of every evidence of his danger, entertained *hope* to the very last hour of his existence!

At length his doctors advised a removal, not only for a change of air, but in order that their patient might be nearer to them, and therefore more promptly and frequently visited in case of necessity. Even this proposition failed to startle me, and I took advantage of one of his least suffering days to convey the poor invalid to a lodging in Plymouth.

I am quite unequal even at this period, to recount the progress of my dear husband's disorder, and again refer the reader to Mr. Wightwick's faithful and interesting recital.

He several times took leave of his family and friends, under the conviction that he was dying. On one of these melancholy occasions I was present. A paroxysm, of frightful violence, suddenly came on, accompanied by

alarming faintness. His fondness as a husband, father, and friend, was most affectingly manifested in the sad farewell which he fancied he was then taking; and the condition of his soul was impressively shown by the prayer which with uplifted hands he addressed to his Maker. His surgeon alone maintained his composure, and bade us qualify our emotions, under the reasonable expectation of his getting through this, as he had through other fits of equal violence. It was impossible, however, for the unprofessional mind to regard his death-like struggle as less than it seemed to be. The words which he uttered were of too domestic and delicate a nature for publication; neither shall I set down the words of his supplication. A preparation of ether was administered. Its reviving effect first prompted him to question the kindness which restores, only for additional suffering, a man who had resigned himself to death. In a few moments, however, gratitude superseded regret; and in a quarter of an hour after he had been at the worst, he was as well as at any time during the last two months of his life.

He delighted in affording an agreeable surprise to his friends, as the following fact will show:—His medical attendants had left him one morning exceedingly ill, and without hope of his leaving his bed for the day. Such was their anxiety that they shortly repeated their visit, and proceeded immediately, as a matter of course, to his bedroom. There he was to all appearance lying as they left him, with little more than his nightcap visible above the clothes. In short, there was nothing beneath them more than a stuffed mockery; for the man himself had arisen, shaved, washed, neatly dressed himself, and walked unassisted down stairs into the sitting-room, where he received his surprised visitors with a significant "Aha!"

I called upon him one evening, and took the liberty of introducing a friend. During our stay, several visitors from time to time came in. It struck me that Mathews was more than usually irritable; I caught his eye, and he beckoned me to a close parley: "I don't know whether *you are* aware of it, but I have observed that your friend has given up his seat successively to each new comer since your arrival. He has now occupied, for a brief moment, every chair in the room *except* one; and I wish you'd ask him to secure that, and not suffer the next comer to take it from him. It is really hard upon him; because he gets no thanks, and I am sure he must be tired, if it is only from bobbing up and down. You can't think how it fidgets me. Now, pray ask him to sit down and hold fast."

In the latter end of June he removed from the Victualling-yard to a lodging-house in Lockyer-street, Plymouth, where he was within a short distance of the Hoe, so remarkable for its elevated promenade and the noble prospect which it commands. To this charming spot he was several times carried in a wheeled chair, and he would sit watching the numerous vessels ever sailing in all directions, more particularly looking out for the little pleasure-boat of his friend Mr. Gyles. He had been on three or four successive occasions disappointed in not seeing it; and thwarted curiosity was (as usual with him) becoming irksome beyond endurance, when positive "articles of agreement" were entered into by the respective parties, that each, at a certain time, should be in a certain express locality,—"Now, *is* that Gylly's boat?" said Mathews to Mrs. Gyles. Mrs. Gyles could not tell. "Humph! well, that *is* odd! Here's a woman don't know her husband's boat." He, however, espied the boat at last, and watched

it with that ever lively and child-like interest which constituted his success as a sketcher of men and manners.

He did not, like commoner men, "get accustomed" to things. His extractive power was such, that it never admitted the exhaustibility of a subject, while the subject retained "a local habitation and a name." The tacks of Gyles's boat were with him so many emblems of the shifts of men when the winds of fortune and the tides of circumstance are not directly in their favour; and I have no doubt that Mathews was one of those speculators who often anticipate from accidental metaphor, the nature of moral operations.

I was with him several evenings during his stay in Lockyer-street. "During his stay in Lockyer-street!' How thoughtlessly was that last sentence penned! where, then, was the spot of his next sojourn? But I anticipate my conclusion. It was not, however, a hopeless thought that he might yet be moved to London a living man. The symptoms of his malady were in some respects improved, an amendment chiefly showing itself in a more regular pulse, and the comparative infrequency of paroxysms. He was one evening enabled to take tea with his friends in full assemblage, and to give continual attention to the admirable song and guitar accompaniment of his accomplished son, in whose native talent and acquired grace he took, as well he might, an honest pride.

The evening alluded to was that of his *last* enjoyment. It had been arranged that Charles should go to town the following morning, as from the opinion of medical friends no immediate danger was to be apprehended; for the same anxious business that had so often disturbed

my husband's serenity required, as he thought, renewed attention; moreover, Charles had some intention of preparing a drawing for the new Houses of Parliament.

The dear invalid had not been seen to smile for many days,—nay, weeks. On this evening he was tranquil, and asked to hear Mr. Wightwick and Charles play and sing to the guitar, reminding Mr. Wightwick of several Italian airs he had formerly heard him sing, and pressing to hear them again, alternately requiring Charles to amuse him in a like manner by the airs he loved best, ending with his great favourite "Jenny Jones." As Charles finished singing it, he observed, "Ah! I think if I were dead, that song would restore me to life!"*

The next morning Charles went to his father's bedside; found him, as he declared himself, better; and received his instructions upon the several points to which he desired his son to attend in London, and Charles prepared to depart. It was remarkable that on this occasion his father *kissed him!*—a token of affection which had been discontinued since Charles's childhood, and which was not thought of even in the anguish of the separation in 1834.

My letter to Charles after his departure will

* This Ballad, first sung in public in 1837 by Charles, was written during a sojourn in Wales in 1826, when the prettiness of the air suggested the words.

spare the necessity of describing anew every part of the progress of his dear father's malady during the period of his absence.

Plymouth, June 25th.

I anticipate by an hour the letter I expect to receive from you, announcing, I trust, your safe arrival in London, and I do so in order to inform you of your father's improvement since he awoke this morning, after a quiet night; induced, it is true, by the opiate, yet succeeded by a more hopeful effect than from any previous draught of the kind, for he has remained until near five this afternoon without any paroxysm, even a slight one. He determined on finding himself free from struggles, not to speak much during the day, and has written with a pencil all he wishes, &c.

Soon after my husband awoke on this day (the 25th) he asked briefly for pencil and paper, and as soon as I took it to him he wrote as follows:—

"My first desire is to write, because I wish to put on record my own impressions, — because I think a *mono*-syllable creates about an equal degree of spasmodic affection, with the exhaustion of so much breath. I therefore wish to-day to *make* my *will** by correspondence, and Grimaldyize thus. I hope so far that I can make myself understood by action for what I want, as to questions put by yes and no,—with monosyllables, with or without paper,—the rest by having plenty of supply. Read *this*. Say. Say is it understood, and answer."

* Known.—A. M.

"No. 1," was placed in one corner of this not altogether intelligible intimation. A confusion in his mind, doubtless from the effects of the opiate, prevented his expressions being as clear as he intended; but I would not let him perceive that I was puzzled, and therefore affected perfectly to understand his meaning. He then tore up a sheet of paper into many sized pieces, and wrote upon them from time to time, all which I answered verbally. Some time after he put another paper into my hand, "continuation 1."

"My impressions are, that I took my medicine at twice (meaning the night before), and that after that period I did not awake until I was invited to coffee, which refreshed me."

I confirmed these impressions by a brief affirmative. After a short pause he again wrote—

"No. 2. Already I succeed,—God be praised, I have not yet had a *slight* spasm."

After another pause and some sleep, he from time to time during the day put the following scraps into my hands:—

"Three o'clock,—awoke. Still success. Has Magrath* been?—does he approve?"

"When did I see Harris† last?"

"Shaving materials."

"No more coffee."

"What's o'clock?"

* Sir George Magrath, his physician.—A. M.

† His surgeon.

Letter continued.—He has contrived to shave and wash. These operations have occupied a great part of his waking periods; but it is much to have done. He has not before even attempted it since you went; and has neither refreshed himself with water nor fresh linen, even to-day he has not been able to accomplish the latter comfort, being too fatigued with what he has done to allow me to trouble him with any other effort; yet I am cheered with this day's progress. He has broken sometimes through his *La Trappe* system upon sudden impulse. I am satisfied that he is much better; his legs, which have been bandaged, are smaller—much smaller;—and when I tell you that this is the first day since Sunday that he has been inclined to take nourishment, and that he has had two cups of coffee and one of broth, besides two small slices of bread and butter, eaten with something like appetite, you will, I hope, be comforted as I am.

I assure you, my dearest Charles, all has been gloom since you went. I have repented your going more than once, and feared seriously and hourly the necessity of recalling you. Your father one morning reproached his doctors for "allowing that poor boy to leave him," saying, he should not outlive the day: indeed he was very bad. He is now certainly looking much clearer, and his eyes are bright and full. A. M.

The next morning, June 26th, he took his pencil as soon as he awoke, and wrote as follows; "*Bulletin.*—Thursday," (it was Friday,) "28th, my birthday. Fifty-nine!!! Calm and beautiful night:" adding verbally, "*you always forget my birthday!*" I told him he was mistaken, that his birthday was not till *Sunday:* and

that "this was only the 26th." He considered a little, and then moved his head in acknowledgment of his mistake. In this manner, without much variation, he went on till Saturday the 27th. He awoke on that morning with a placid countenance; and in answer to my usual inquiries, said, at intervals, (as he had recently felt obliged to speak,) "Oh! I have had such beautiful visions!—such lovely heavenly visions! I wish some imaginative poet, like Coleridge, or Shelley, could hear what I have seen, what a beautiful account he would give of it! O such *heavenly visions!*"

(May this not have been a foretaste of what he was soon to enjoy for ever?—I am happy in so believing.) I observed to him, how well he looked, — (he had put on, with great difficulty, a change of linen,) — nay, that his appearance was youthful; and so fresh! — his complexion was glowing and his eyes bright. I placed it all to the account of his "beautiful" night and sweet dreams. I told him playfully, "that he looked quite handsome." To my surprise and pleasure, he replied, with a smile, imitating the tones and manner of John Kemble, "Go, go, you little flatterer!" I approached him with tears of joy at this unwonted sally, saying, how happy he had made me by this cheerfulness; but the very act of moving quickly towards him,— the

slight agitation of the air occasioned by it, affected his breathing, and he looked alarmed. I kissed his head, instead of his cheek therefore; and afterwards placed a looking-glass upon the bed, in order to show him his improvement. He deliberately looked into it, and, with affected vanity, held up his hands and eyes in pretended admiration of his own beauty, and I was all delight and hope.

After this, the young man who was employed to rub his legs daily (my strength proving unequal to the force required), entered the room, and I perceived from the window a pretty white pony which he had left there. I questioned him as to its safety and strength, and planned, in the hearing of the dear sufferer, to hire it as soon as he was strong enough to mount it for exercise, which I augured he would soon be. He fixed his bright eyes upon me, but without any particular meaning that I could understand; and I was full of the confidence, which his improved appearance gave me, that a very few days more would find him in progress towards recovery. In the course of the afternoon, he suddenly asked, in a tone like assertion rather than a question,—"Broderip has got my Will?" I paused, for I had never heard of one since that made when he went first to America, and which I now knew nothing of; I thought it best to answer, "Oh! yes." He

nodded his head, and seemed satisfied.* In the evening he relapsed into his usual state, and I wrote the following letter to Charles:—

June 27th.

Your father remains in the same state as when I wrote last, *not better;* and this is what, perhaps, checks my exultation as to his improvement within the last three days. It seems to me unnatural, that when pronounced free from present symptoms of a dangerous character, no gradual strength is to be discovered. He has this morning made an effort (really a *great one*, poor sufferer, it has been), and succeeded in changing his linen.

Last night a violent cough came on, after he was settled for the night. This recurred frequently,—expectoration always followed it with difficulty. This I mentioned to Sir George and Mr. Harris to-day, and my spirits are much damped by the *gravity* of their manner when I gave the information. Sir George waited, in order to hear the cough and see the nature of what he brought off his chest, and when he saw it his words were not explicit to me about it. I am easily cast down in my present state, and, perhaps, unnecessarily take alarm. The dear patient certainly *looks* better, and his paroxysms are not only "short," but "far between" and fainter, yet there is no increase of appetite. His opiate is gradually made weaker, and yet he sleeps well. His head is sometimes wild, and he is very visionary. He asked me to read the Bible to him on Thursday, and yesterday I *offered* to do so again;

* It proved that no other will than that of 1822 had ever been made, or even spoken about to his legal friend. This was afterwards found, after a long search, amongst his business papers in London.

but, after listening a few minutes he said, "It is a mockery, —my head is too confused to understand it." I placed the book by his bedside, and when I returned I found him reading it.—After this he seemed trying to find some place, and turned over the leaves confusedly. Seeing this, I said, "Do you want the New Testament? let me find it for you." He patted my hand gently, saying, with a half smile, as it touched the book, "I knew how to read the Bible before you were born," and I desisted.

He asks every morning, and again at night, about your letter, so write something every day till you return, as it is clear you must soon do; for *our* removal is, alas! distant I believe. Your father can scarcely bear the fatigue of getting up into the easy chair, and he is in perpetual perspiration from debility,—sleeping, certainly, twenty hours out of the twenty-four. He does not wish to see anybody, and therefore I allow only the doctors to enter his room. I seldom leave the apartment, or the view of him from the next room with the folding-doors open; indeed, he cannot bear me to be absent a moment, and when I began this letter requested me to sit where he could *see* me. I was not well yesterday, and all night I feared I should be worse. To-morrow will be your dear father's birthday, when, he has reminded me, his age will be fifty-nine. He says, if I should be ill he should sink immediately. He talks of you in the most affectionate words.

A. M.

Past nine o'clock.—Your father seems really improved since the morning, and more collected; his cough has not recurred oftener than six times to-day. He says you must write on *Monday*, and say when you think of being here again, and *wait for our reply* before you take your

place. I must not ask him *why* he wishes this; but do you adhere to his wish.

Before writing the postscript of this letter, my husband had got up and seen a visitor, Mr. Jacobson, one of the gifted "*Blue Friars*," who had just arrived from London. He appeared, indeed, much better, and only complained of his legs being cold. In the course of the evening I found my spasmodic complaint increasing, and fearing it might be observed by him and distress him, or incapacitate me from attending him, about twelve o'clock I approached him, and, kissing his head, said, "I want you to go to bed now." He closed the Bible which he had been reading; and, looking up at me, without his usual request to be allowed to remain up longer, replied meekly, "*I am ready.*"

About a quarter past twelve I had completed all the customary arrangements in silence, and by the physician's order diluted his night-draught with water, and seen him drink it, when he gave me the kiss which said "*good night,*" and I withdrew to the other part of the room, divided by folding-doors, which, left a-jar, afforded me the means of hearing the slightest sound or intimation that he wished my presence. For though he was uneasy during the whole day, if I was not continually with him; he had latterly, doubtless from humane consideration for me, finding my eyes always upon him during the night, declared

he could not sleep unless my sofa was away from his view. His little favourite, Fop, who could never be removed from the side of the bed, unless by *force*, was always carried with me, lest his breathing should disturb his master's rest.

I listened, as I was in the habit of doing, for some time at the open part of the door, until I ascertained that the dear sufferer was asleep, and then threw myself upon my sofa. On this night "tired Nature" must have sunk for some minutes into a half-unconsciousness, for a sudden spring of the little animal towards the folding doors, fearfully roused me to the hearing of an unusual sound in the next room. I instantly rushed forward, and as I reached the foot of the bed I missed the form I sought; he had fallen from the bed-chair, which always supported him, on to the side of the bed. I endeavoured to lift his head, which hung down, and replace him; but he was too heavy for me, even in the energy of my despair, to raise. — O my dear, dear husband! ——I knew not how they were summoned, but I found the bed soon surrounded by his physicians and other pitying spectators of my agony, as I held the dear inanimate remains in my arms, till I was at length conscious that all hope was vain, and that my best and dearest friend was gone *for ever!*

I was then led away, (O the separation!) upon being assured by the kind physicians that the final *pang* had been *momentary:* I believed what I was

told, for everything near him was as I left it; the hand-bell (which he would have sounded had he been previously conscious of a change) was unmoved, his smelling-bottle, Bible, all, all as I had placed them; the only indication of voluntary action was the position of a shawl which he always spread over his bosom when he lay back to rest. This shawl was found thrust under his waistcoat in a heap, next to his heart.*

"I am ready!" memorable words!—they were his *last*, and they recurred to me as I was taken from him, in a *twofold sense*, and ought, in some degree, to have tempered the anguish of the time, which

"Nipped not the life, but the heart."

Even at this remote period I feel myself so unfit to dwell upon the mournful particulars of the event, that I am induced once more to borrow from the expressive pen which has before been a resource in this most melancholy and painful portion of my task.

Mr. Wightwick continues his account as follows:—

He only lived half an hour into his birthday; a day which, having reason to be proud of the being whom it had ushered into life, claimed the privilege of "lighting him to dusky death." The sad duty of preparing for his

* During the latter part of his confinement, he wore a black velvet waistcoat under a dressing-gown, when in bed, lying without any other covering upon his chest and arms.

funeral devolved on his long-attached friend Mr. Henry Gyles; and, on Friday morning, the 3rd of July, his remains were consigned to the tomb. All honours that could be offered on the occasion were proudly, not less than feelingly paid, and such a general sympathy was awakened, as really seemed to betoken a national loss. The rank, intellect, and respectability of the three towns of Devonport, Stonehouse, and Plymouth, were satisfactorily represented by the pall-bearers and the numerous gentlemen who attended. The officiating clergy of the parish and the churchwardens manifested a gentleness of attention which will not be forgotten. The organist accompanied the deceased comedian to the grave with the most solemn tones of sacred harmony; and he was lowered into his tomb amid the heavy sighs and irrepressible tears —not of the *chief* mourner only.

Such was the affecting end of "dear Charles Mathews," as the feeling Coleridge designated him. Had he died in London, friends more numerous, "trappings of woe" more pompous, and a train more theatrical would, doubtless, have attended on his exit; but nowhere could he have been followed by friends more affectionate, nor waited on by ceremonies more truly suitable and decent than at Plymouth. Even the day seemed to take a part in the duties of the occasion; it rained until the mournful procession began to move forward, when it suddenly became dry. Still, however, veiling itself from the sun until the return of the mourners from the church, when the clouds were partially dispelled, and a gleam of sober cheerfulness admitted.

He lies in a vault in the western vestibule of the fine old church of St. Andrew at Plymouth.* A man so interwoven with the public should be in such a place interred.

* See Appendix for a description of his monument.—A. M.

Hundreds weekly pass *his* tomb in their way to prepare for that last home to which they are also hastening; and the verger who points out the interesting spot to the stranger, testifies the words of the pathetic Tristram—"not a passenger goes by without stopping to cast a look upon it, and sighing, as he walks on,

"Alas, poor Yorick!"

A brief while longer. I cannot help lingering over his grave, for I knew him as a man; *you*, perhaps, only as an actor. I had opportunities of observing his scrupulous integrity; his affectionate and grateful attachment to those who loved him; his forgiving generosity towards those who had wronged him; and, more than all, his Christian resignation when threatened by the death which has since laid him low.

And now adieu for ever! Adieu, Charles Mathews! for the many hours of innocent and instructive amusement thou hast afforded we proffer our gratitude; for thy purity of mind and unsullied integrity, our admiration; for thy warmth of heart, our love; for thy loss, our deep sorrow!"

The concluding local notices in relation to the "last scene of all," which ends this sad "eventful history," are from other hands, and contain particulars of the last mournful ceremonies.

TO THE REV. THOMAS SPEIDELL.

MY DEAR SIR, Plymouth, 1st July 1835.

You have, doubtless, received intelligence of the mournful event which has depressed the hearts of all who ever were acquainted with Mathews. He died soon after mid-

night on the morning of his 59th birthday; and as soon as his new-made widow could compose her mind sufficiently to name the persons who were first to be informed of the event, I was instructed to write several letters, and amongst them, of course, one to his affectionate friend Mr. Speidell; but, from some inadvertency, which it is now vain to explain, and which might only impugn my own discretion, your letter escaped my attention, and it only remains for me to express my regret that you should have been left to form a suspicion of neglect when you had so prominent a claim to consideration. This lapse of attention gives me, however, an opportunity of informing you how greatly the memory of our friend is honoured in this distant part of England. The Port Admiral,* the Lieutenant-governor General Sir Willoughby Cotton, the Commissioners of the Dockyard and of the Victualling-yard;† Colonel Abernethie the Commandant of the marines; the Commandant of engineers, Sir George Whitmore; the Mayor, and the Recorder, are to be his pall-bearers, and he is to be interred in a vault under the vestibule of St. Andrew's Church, Plymouth, on Friday next.

Mrs. Mathews continues in a very afflicted state, and poor Charles is not in a way to afford her more consolation than arises out of his presence, and a firm conviction of the great deliverance which it has pleased Almighty God to grant to his afflicted father.

I have the honour to be, dear Sir,

Yours sincerely,

HENRY GYLES.

* Sir William Hargood.

† Captain Ross and Captain Hornby.

Plymouth, Wednesday, July 1st, 1835.

Death of Mr. Mathews.—This celebrated man, whose severe sufferings we have several times recorded since his arrival at Plymouth some weeks back, expired at half an hour past the midnight of Saturday last, his life having just extended to the anniversary of his birth, which took place on the 28th of June 1776. Having been for some time a guest under the hospitable roof of John Franklin, Esq. of the Royal Victualling-yard, he had lately removed to lodgings in Lockyer-street, Plymouth, where, though still continuing to exhibit the most alarming symptoms, he experienced some alleviation. The assiduity of his medical friends, Mr. S. Harris and Sir George Magrath, has been as honourable to their hearts as their treatment of their distinguished patient has proved creditable to their skill, for a *post-mortem* examination has fully confirmed all their previous conclusions. There were no increased symptoms of immediate danger when Mr. Harris left him at half-past ten o'clock on Saturday night; nor does it appear that his death was preceded by any prolonged or painful suffering. It was supposed that he was sleeping, when a slight paroxysm came on, and at the moment Mrs. Mathews reached his bedside the great comedian was no more! This is not a time for any extended tribute to his talents as an actor, or to his virtues as a man. When the grave has closed over him, the tongue of an admiring and extended circle of friends, and the pen of fame, will be doubtless busy in eulogy and record. It is, we believe, intended that his funeral shall take place on Friday next, when several leading individuals of the three towns will be his pall-bearers, and the cemetery of St. Andrew's will receive his remains.

The following concludes another account:—

Thus terminated the life of this truly eminent man, so celebrated for delineating the men and manners of this and many other countries; who laughed at our foibles, liberalized our prejudices, and awakened in us a sense of our national peculiarities. His wonderful talents were so exercised as to enlarge our minds and improve our understandings, whenever we had the good sense to view his delineation of character with a philosophic eye. He may be justly considered as the great Hogarth of his age. The living portraits which he called into existence, will be long remembered by those who were so fortunate as to have beheld and studied them.

His symptoms since his arrival at Plymouth were as follow:—Distress of breathing, without pain, especially on the least exertion; great irregularity in the action of the heart, so that it was quite impossible to notice the state of his pulse; the palpitations being extremely irregular, and approaching very nearly to a general fluttering; appetite impaired; great drowsiness. He slept at first tranquilly, and with but little disturbance at night. On turning in his bed he was obliged to move slowly and cautiously. His disease had now evidently returned, so that the symptoms daily became more aggravated; paroxysms of difficult breathing, with a distressing sense of suffocation, gradually assailed him; his nights became disturbed and painful. He had severe nausea and loss of appetite, with intolerable thirst. His sufferings for three weeks, during which time he was under the hospitable roof of J. Franklin, Esq. were continuous and most alarming; he submitted to them, however, with great courage, resignation, and cheerfulness. At length some remission

of the more violent symptoms was obtained, and he was enabled to remove to Plymouth. His strength here visibly declined, notwithstanding that the pulsations of the heart had been reduced to a state of regularity, and he suffered but comparatively little inconvenience from difficulty of respiration except at intervals. The lower extremities, which had become much swollen, were greatly reduced; and up to midnight on Saturday, with the exception of an easy cough and a mucous expectoration, he was in a comparatively favourable state. Soon after midnight he was seized with a severe spasmodic action about the heart, which very suddenly put a period to his existence.

The following appearances presented themselves on examination of his body after death, which, for the sake of the general reader, we give without very strict adherence to anatomical phraseology.

On opening the cavities of the chest they were found quite full of water. The heart was extremely large; its muscular substance was generally dense and solid, and exhibited in some places externally a semi-cartilaginous appearance. The ventricles and auricles were large and dilated, especially the former; on the right side, at the lower part of the right ventricle, there appeared a layer of some adventitious substance, which seemed once to have been coagulated blood and lymph, but which was now in a semi-organised state. On cutting into the substance of the heart at its apex, immediately in the neighbourhood of this deposit, there appeared a sort of striated structure, as if the fleshy part of the heart had in that part undergone some change from previous inflammation. This appearance gradually interlaced with the continuation and more perfect portions of fleshy columns and fibres, and presented a very distinctive trace of previously existing

disease. The valves about the entrance of the large vessels and auricles were perfect, except that a very small osseous deposit was found in one of the semilunar valves at the root of the pulmonary artery. The lungs were generally dense, but crepitous in some parts, and, on being cut into, somewhat of the character of the spleen. The right lung was loaded with a sort of purulent secretion; and from the general state of the lungs, respiration must necessarily have been difficult. The viscera of the abdomen were for the most part sound and healthy, although the liver was unusually large and ponderous. The abdominal ring on the right side was enormously dilated, in consequence of an old hernia, from which he occasionally suffered severely.

It will be in the recollection of our readers, that Mr. Mathews, about eighteen years since, was thrown out of a gig in the Haymarket, in company with the late Mr. Terry; and, contrary to the anticipation of some of the most eminent men in London, had been lame ever since. Many conflicting opinions appear to have arisen as to the cause of this lameness, some persons considered that it arose either from a total or partial dislocation, in consequence of the great shortening and general appearance of the limb. We believe that Sir A. Cooper, Messrs. Brodie and Carpue all contended that no dislocation had occurred; the result of this dissection has set the point at rest,—the head of the thigh-bone was found quite in its situation, but it had been obliquely fractured through its neck and head within the capsular ligament of the joint; both the head of the bone and the articulating cavity were rough and unequal, the muscles of the hip had greatly contracted, and the spine in the region of the loins curved forwards in consequence of his lameness.

His funeral, which took place on Friday morning last, was, in its character, most grateful to his afflicted survivors and honourable to the town. Not a follower was there unprompted by feelings of affection or respect, nor was there one who wore the mourner's garb unmoved by a mourner's sorrow.

The friends of the deceased having assembled at the house of Mr. H. Gyles in Windsor-terrace, proceeded to Lockyer-street, where the corpse remained, and the procession moved onwards to St. Andrew's Church in the following order:—

Conductors, &c.—Rev. R. Luney; Rev. C. J. Smith; Sir George Magrath, M.D.; W. S. Harris, Esq. surgeon; J. C. Cookworthy, Esq. M.D.

The Body.

*Pall-bearers.**

Chief mourner—C. J. Mathews, Esq. supported on either side by Capt. Tincombe and H. Gyles, Esq.

Mourners—F. Brady, Esq.; J. Franklin, Esq.; W. Jacobson, Esq.; George Wightwick, Esq.

Numerous friends and admirers of the deceased.

The procession was closed by the carriages of Admiral Sir W. Hargood, General Sir Willoughby Cotton, and Colonel Abernethie.

The churchwardens of St. Andrew's, Messrs. Bone and Linnington, evinced every possible kindness and attention in their department, and the organist, Mr. Drewitt, proved the truth of Cowper's line, "There is in souls a sympathy with sounds." The "dead march in Saul" was the piece most appropriately selected to accompany the body to its final resting-place, and the most important of the hour's

* See Mr. Gyles's letter, p. 419.

solemn duties was impressively fulfilled by the Rev. J. C. Smith, assisted by Mr. Luney, the curate of St. Andrew's chapel.

The vault is situate in the central thoroughfare of the western vestibule of St. Andrew's Church, where a stone slab announces, with admirable simplicity, the last home of "Charles Mathews, comedian, born 28th June, 1776, died 28th June, 1835.

Mrs. Mathews and Mr. C. J. Mathews (the widow and son of the deceased) have left Plymouth, on a visit to Endsleigh-cottage, most feelingly offered for their occupation by its noble proprietors.*

Here follow some notices of Mr. Mathews's death which appeared in the metropolitan newspapers, and it is as remarkable as it is satisfactory, that the writers concurred in one deep expression of regret at the event, and an unqualified eulogy upon the character as well as genius of their departed favourite.

These notices are so interesting, and are written with such judgment as well as favour, that were they to meet the eye of any person who had not previously read the former part of the work, they would have the effect of turning the reader back, with an earnest desire to become acquainted with every particular of the subject.

Death of C. Mathews, Esq.—It is with deep regret that we have to announce the death of this eminent comedian, who expired at Plymouth on Saturday last. Another distinguished member of the ancient school has now been

* The Duke and Duchess of Bedford.

taken from us; and, according to the unsparing dictates of time, but a short period will elapse before every celebrated actor of the legitimate drama will be removed from scenes where mummery and spectacle have taken the place of the finest specimens of the histrionic art. It is, indeed, a bitter addition to the sorrow which must be felt by every admirer of the stage at the loss of this versatile son of Momus, who was wont to set the table in a roar, that no portion of the talent of the actors of the palmy days of the drama remains behind,—that as an additional branch of the theatrical tree is cut off, the trunk becomes more withered; and if not torn up by the roots or felled by the patent axe of the destroyer, it must die from the want of proper support.

Mr. Mathews bore a very high character in private life, and his circle of acquaintance included some of the leading rank and fashion of the day. He possessed a very fine gallery of theatrical pictures, which were exhibited a short time since. Of his merit as an actor it would be a work of supererogation to speak. Few men have enjoyed and deserved a more lasting popularity; whilst he could convulse an audience with laughter by his nice imitation of the peculiarities of the individual, he had at the same time an influence over their feelings belonging to the tragedian. Few persons who have heard him relate the story of "The Gamester," and recite the little episode of *Monsieur Mallet*, can forget the intensity and truth of his acting, if that can be appropriately called acting which was nature itself. "Take him for all in all we ne'er shall look upon his like again." If private worth, unblemished and unimpeachable reputation, and talents of the highest order as a comedian, are a passport for fame and immortality, then will the name of Charles Mathews be recorded

in the annals of the stage as one of its brightest ornaments.—*The Standard.*

Mr. Mathews has always moved in the higher circles, where his company was much courted. As an actor he would have been deemed greater, had not his peculiar entertainments given him a handle to Detraction, to call that mimicry, which was in fact creation. He was devoted to his art in all its branches. In private life, his habits would have done honour to any station. A widow and one son remain to lament his loss. For extent of observation,—for nice discrimination, and unceasing variety, Mathews has never had his equal. Poor Harry Stoe van Dyke summed up the character of his professional powers in one memorable line—

"Thou *live* kaleidoscope, thou single Co."

The stage has lost him when it could ill spare him: and the world could not have lost a better man; for he had a heart worthy of his genius, and a hand open as the day to melting charity.—*The Morning Herald.*

The death of this wonderfully gifted person, for whom alarming apprehensions have for sometime past been felt, took place at Plymouth on Sunday last. "Alas, poor Yoriek! where be his gibes now? his jests that used to set the table in a roar?" It is true, if ever true of any individual who adorned the stage, "we ne'er shall look upon his like again." His talent was peculiar and alone. Some have shone in approaching him in various ways; but, as a whole, "none but himself could be his parallel." In imitation he was the greatest master of his art; for he not only imitated the face, voice, gestures, modes of expression, and other peculiarities of the originals who sat to him, but their

characters, opinions, sentiments, and minds. As a superior author does not describe his *dramatis personæ*, but, as it were, himself becomes really each in turn, so did Mathews transform himself into all the various personages whose vivid portraiture and living likenesses it pleased him to present to view. He was a polyglot of men: now he convulsed his auditory by his humours, now he melted them into tears by his pathos. Timotheus, on the sounding lyre, had no higher power than he over the soul—over the enchained or enchanted senses of those who looked upon and heard him in his brightest and happiest moods. Such was often our good fortune, and the sad event which "has eclipsed the harmless gaiety of nations" has affected us with a sorrow not to be told in words. Dear Mathews, the life of society, is dead! The joyous hours we have spent with him are gone! never to be recalled. His seat is vacant at the hospitable and social board, and never shall we meet the man who can fill it, like him, shedding a halo of mirth and enjoyment on all around. The particulars of his life are familiar to the public from a hundred common sources, and it remains but for us to offer a heartfelt tribute of grief to his memory.—*The Literary Gazette.*

The late Mr. Charles Mathews.—It is with feelings of regret for his loss, and of respect for his memory, that we record the decease of the above-named gentleman. We are not disposed at this moment to furnish anecdotes of Mr. Mathews which might tend to make our readers merry, as it were, over his grave; neither are we disposed to add to the present distress of his family by aiding them to recollect what he was, only that they may the more painfully recur to what he *is*. But we are dis-

posed to assist, if possible, in soothing that distress by pointing the attention of the public to his great merit as an actor, and more (much more, because we can do it with the strictest truth and sincerity) by pointing the attention of his professional brethren to his great merits as a man and a gentleman. Passing by that little irritability of temper, which most of us have, without the same physical infirmities to justify it, we may safely assert, that no person previously a stranger to him, could be introduced to and converse with Mr. Mathews without speedily contracting a respect both for his head and his heart. When Mr. Mathews gave his "Trip to America," we remember certain prints which twaddled about his excessive ingratitude to the Americans in holding them up to ridicule, after the hospitality and liberality with which they had treated him, although the same prints did not, as in justice and equity they ought, exclaim against Mr. Liston's ingratitude to his own countrymen in *Lubin Log*. We have been favoured with a letter written by Mr. Mathews to a friend of his shortly after his second visit to America, and we shall conclude with an extract from it, because it rescues the inhabitants of New York from the absurd imputation cast upon their good sense, and places them and the lamented writer of the letter in a point of view worthy of both parties. "Briefly, I am well, and successful to the extent of my hopes, expectations, and wishes. My wife is well also. I have performed nine nights with approbation. There has been an attempt at opposition, but very trifling. There is an opposition theatre, whence it is supposed emanated a hand-bill, industriously circulated, to prevent my being heard at all on my first appearance. I was, however, to the discomfiture of my enemies, received with huzzas and waving of hats. The

house was crammed. The bill gave me a *grievance*, an opportunity to address them, and I did, I flatter myself, speak so boldly and independently on the subject, that I silenced for ever (which means during my engagement) the attempts to injure me. I pledged myself to perform the 'Trip' as I had in London; and on that rest my hopes of refuting the charges brought against me. In short I triumphed, and the Yankees have evinced their good sense in bearing with me good humouredly the jokes against them. The Militia Muster Folk and Uncle Ben (ditto Judge) went as well as in England." — *The Athenæum.*

The following slight memorials, connected with the career of this eminent comedian, whose death (to borrow the fine hyperbole of Dr. Johnson) "has eclipsed the gaiety of nations," have been obtained from a well-known literary and autographical collector. They will be received with peculiar interest at the present moment, for we are apt to cherish with a tenfold tenacity every token or memorial relating to a friend, as soon as we have lost him, — and Charles Mathews was the friend of the public in the truest sense. He was one of their best physicians, and, albeit of the school of Momus, one of their wisest counsellors. His face and his fun were a better cure for the heart-ache than the whole body of precepts to be deduced from old Burton's "Anatomie of Melancholy;" and well, indeed, may the numerous sensible souls who liked him despair of ever meeting with his like again.

Copy of a letter to C. Mathews, from his friend Tate Wilkinson, the York manager. The writer's characteristic negligence of style will be found to be most amusingly exemplified in this epistle.

Hull, 1802.

Dear Sir, — My health is so very poor that I am not able to enter into any particulars more than to say I wish, for my credit and your own, London will answer all your wishes; if not, misery need not be the consequence. Mrs. Siddons failed, and vowed to me at York she hoped never to see London again. Yet what wonderful alteration! As to your return, it involves such a variety of chances that occur for and against, makes it impossible to decide, for instance, who may tumble up, or the contrary way. If your casts are well supplied, you could not expect the parts again; on the contrary, if not well supplied, why, I shall be glad of your services: but it is not sound policy for to make my theatre a stage-coach, and come back again full after breaking my catalogue. Mr. Litchfield has wrote me word that, if in town this winter, there will be always a knife and fork, a family dinner, and a bottle of port at my service. It will almost induce me for a trip, and live cheap. Observe, at present, I have not any arrangement. I might say you have no regard for me, because you leave me. No, I think the contrary: for you would have acted very wrong not to go; and you would never have been happy not to have gone; and we should have been cross. Events must prove necessity on both sides. It is too true, that scratching this has given me much pain, but I am your well-wisher. T. W.— *Court Journal.*

Death of Mathews. — Charles Mathews, the comedian, has made his exit from the stage of life. His face, with his Protean varieties of look, has undergone its final change. Our Yorick is dead! — yet he lives in our recollection. We have him before us, seated behind that little

green table, his rosy flexible face radiant with the light of the lamps, and its expression fluctuating with the alterations of character in his narratives, — who that has seen him can forget him? Who that has not, can have an idea of his powers? Mathews was a mimic in the full sense of the term: he not only imitated the look, the voice, and the external peculiarities of an individual to the life, but he conveyed a distinct and a true impression of the nature and disposition of the man. His mimicry went below the surface; it was moral as well as physical. Mathews had all the delicacy and refinement which belong to the nice perception and delineation of character. His humour amused all, and offended none: it was effective in the serious as well as in comic incidents, — witness his touching episode in *Monsieur Mallet*. But the ludicrous was his forte: whim, eccentricity, and drollery of all kinds, were embodied by him with the ease and freedom of habitude. His plastic physiognomy seemed only to become fixed in the mould of another man's character.

Mathews's career as an actor left no stain on his character as a man and a gentleman. He was respected in private life as well as applauded in public. He was twice married, and has left a widow, and one son who has evinced talent both as a dramatist and an architect.—*The Spectator.*

We have to-day to record the death of an individual who has for many years attracted a considerable share of public attention, and from whose peculiar talents and abilities the laughter-loving portion of our countrymen have derived much varied pleasure and amusement. Mathews, the versatile inimitable Mathews, died at Plymouth on Sunday morning, the 28th instant, after a length-

ened illness full of pain and suffering. He returned to England from America ill and debilitated, and never recovered sufficiently to reach London; but removed from Liverpool, where he landed, to Devonport, the air of the West of England, upon the recommendation of his physicians.

Mr. Mathews (whose father was a most exemplary man, and respectable bookseller in the Strand) was born on the 28th of June 1776; so that dying past midnight on Saturday, he quitted this world on the fifty-ninth anniversary of his birth.

Whatever merits Mathews possessed as an actor *on* the stage, his qualities of description, imitation, or rather illustration, *off* the stage, far transcended them: in the one he shared the talents and success of many; in the other, he stood alone and unrivalled. His was not the mere mimicry of voice or manner, he possessed the peculiar power of copying the minds of the persons he imitated; and his greatest efforts were produced by imagining conversation between men which had never taken place, but in which he illustrated with a master-hand their qualities, their minds, their characters, and their dispositions.

This power, added to a copious store of anecdote, the quickest possible perception of the ridiculous, an unequalled talent for singing comic songs of a school which he himself originated, in which speaking is combined with singing, and the most gentlemanly manners and feelings, naturally rendered him a popular member of private society, sought and courted by all classes. It does not appear wonderful, therefore, that when the thousands who had only heard of his various accomplishments, and had only seen him as an actor in public, were permitted to

participate in the gratification which had been before confined to his personal friends, they should eagerly avail themselves of the opportunity of witnessing an exhibition combining all the strength of his various and varied resources.

We have already expressed our opinions of his extraordinary merits as a public performer. Those who knew him in private life will not need to be told that, although hasty in temper, and nervously irritable, he was essentially one of the kindest-hearted men in existence. In worldly matters, he frequently became the victim of his own liberality and confidence, or of the artifices and speculations of others, and that to an extent which, we fear, he seriously felt. He was an affectionate husband and an excellent parent; and he has left behind him a son inheriting all his genius and talent, as well as all those sociable and honourable qualities and characteristics which established the reputation and respectability of his father.

The remains of this respected man were interred on Friday in the vestibule of St. Andrew's Church, Plymouth, where a vault had been prepared for their reception.—*John Bull.*

The genius of Mr. Mathews was of a peculiar kind; his powers of mimicry were perfectly unrivalled. The rapidity with which he seized upon all prominent and eccentric points of character, and the felicity with which he portrayed them, were wonderful. His field of observation was human nature in all its endless variety, and no man ever observed it to greater advantage. The designs for all his "At Homes" were given by himself, although written by others: hence, perhaps, in a great measure, the spirit of his performance, as, in this respect,

Mathews might be compared to a great musician playing his own music. There never was a greater mistake made than that Mathews was a mere imitator. He was, indeed, an imitator, but he kept his powers of mimicry in due subjection; he made use of them as accessaries towards effecting his main object. He has also been called a caricaturist. This is not true: the caricaturist exaggerates and distorts; Mathews, on the contrary, was always natural. He was a faithful portrait-painter, though he was fond of painting odd and extraordinary faces. He was the satirist and the rebuker,—a gentle and an amusing one,—of the vices, the follies, and the extravagancies of the day. He did not distort his characters, but his incidents. He chose those circumstances under which the peculiarities of his characters could be best displayed—a privilege which every novelist and dramatist has claimed from time immemorial; and within these bounds he was always true to nature. The finish of his sketches was as surprising as their vigour, and his extreme versatility more extraordinary than both. No man, since Garrick, ever went through such a range of characters, whilst his occasional touches of exquisite tenderness and pathos mingled with his rich comic humour in strange yet harmonious combination. Mathews was the only man in our day who could suffuse the eye with tears of emotion, and convulse the features with laughter, at one and the same moment. Peace be to his ashes! He has left behind him a reputation which will live. His professional brethren will deplore his death, the loss of one of their ablest and most eloquent advocates; his friends will mourn for one whose high honour, social virtues, and moral worth, won the esteem of all who knew him; whilst the British public will long regret the loss of one who may be reckoned amongst the

brightest ornaments of the stage, and whose place, we fear, we shall in vain endeavour to supply.—*The Observer.*

Mathews was less understood, and more frequently misrepresented than any actor in our time. He has been termed mountebank and mimic, and his pretensions to the legitimate drama ridiculed. He had the misfortune to do too many things well; had he been less versatile, he would have been better appreciated. He was, on the stage, what Hogarth was on canvass — a moral satirist: he did not imitate, he conceived and created characters, each one of which was recognised as a specimen of a class. Nothing could exceed the correctness of his ear; he spoke all the dialects of Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, with a fidelity perfectly miraculous. He could discriminate between the pronunciation of the different ridings of Yorkshire, and speak French with the Parisian accent, — the *patois* of the South, or the guttural tone of the Flemish. His powers in this way had no limit. His knowledge of human character was no less remarkable.

Though his performances professed to be representations of manners and peculiarities, they really abounded in fine analysations of character. Mathews did not occupy the highest place in the drama; but he was indisputably, and by the united suffrage of France, England, and America, the first in his peculiar walk. A host of imitators have followed his footsteps, but no one who could make even a pretension to rivalry has yet appeared. For seventeen years he, by his single exertions, delighted all England — "alone he did it!" If we turn from the actor to the man, we shall find fresh cause for admiration.

The subject of our memoir was not one of those who

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EDWARD DU BOIS, ESQRE

From a Picture in the possession of Thomas Hill, Esq.

London, Published by Richard Bentley 1839

think, if the mendicant obtains bread and water, he should rejoice; he did not expect poverty to make man faultless. One of his pensioners, an old blind piper in Edinburgh, received from him a weekly allowance of whisky and snuff — two luxuries the poor fellow could not afford to purchase. Meeting old John Winter (Tate Wilkinson's wardrobe-keeper) about seven years since; and finding that the ancient servant had but a scanty income from his savings, Mathews increased it by an allowance of ten shillings per week. The number of persons who tasted of his unostentatious bounty was indeed great. Lee Sugg said, "To meet Mathews in the street at any time was as good as a guinea" to him. To the theatrical funds of this country and America he was a generous donor, and was equally an honour to his art and to human nature.

Mr. Mathews enjoyed the friendship of Sir Walter Scott (by whom he was introduced to Byron), Moore, Rogers, and all the literati of his day. With the great *artistes* of other countries he was also intimate, particularly with Talma and Potier. He had a taste for the fine arts, and collected a gallery of dramatic portraits, admirable as likenesses. He did all in his power to raise the character of his profession. John Kemble and Mathews were received as guests by George the Fourth.

As a companion he was delightful, as a friend sincere, as a husband and father exemplary, and, as an actor, he had no competitor, and will, we fear, never have a successor. His benevolence prevented him from dying a wealthy man, though, Kean alone excepted, he made more money than any performer of his time.—*Sunday Times.*

We have the melancholy office of recording the death of one who has contributed largely to our enjoyments.

Our Yorick is gone — Charles Mathews is no more! The best of mimics,—he was much more than mimic,—he was a man of the quickest and nicest observation, and a fine satirist. Upon the best joke the common remark is "that is very good, but it is odd that it never occurred before." The same observation was made upon the peculiarities of character as they were drawn out by Mathews. The truth was recognised, but it would not have struck without his help.

With a great deal of ready wit, and much constitutional irritability, Mathews was always the gentleman, in the best sense of the word. We never heard him spoken of but with regard and respect by those who knew him; and to have met him in society was an event in any man's days to be marked with a white stone. Honour to Charles Mathews, who has made millions of hearts dance with mirth, and never touched one with pain, unless, indeed, in the fine natural tragedy of *Monsieur Mallet.*

The disease of which he died was ossification of the heart, under which he had laboured for years, and which accounted for the nervous irritability of his temperament during his life time.—*Examiner.*

What I have here published from the journals is but a part of the eulogistic notices on the death of my husband.

The following contributions require no recommendation to the reader's attention beyond their respective signatures. The able pens of the writers will justify the interest their names impart, independently of the subject to which they are dedicated. Gratified, as I have been, to find

such general and spontaneous agreement to do justice to my husband's merits, it was still my wish, at the close of this poor record, to assemble, as it might be, *around his tomb*, a friendly circle of his valued literary contemporaries; men not less distinguished for moral than for intellectual excellence. They have gratified my ambition by the promptest acquiescence,—some, by permitting me to publish their letters and remarks not written for publication,—others, by addressing to me their opinions that they might be recorded amongst other honourable tributes to my husband's character and genius contained in this work. Their gifted hands have dropped a green leaf, with here and there a flower, upon his tomb, which will altogether form a graceful *coronal* to the fame of him who, while he lived, gloried in paying honourable meed to living and departed merit; while he was himself one of the most unassuming possessors of genius that ever graced it with a life of undeviating rectitude and goodness.

These contributions may be considered a summary of my husband's public and private character. The authors of them were well acquainted with both, and eminently capable of judging and pronouncing upon them. Some, during an unbroken intimacy of thirty years, found opportunities of observing that portion of their friend's

disposition best estimated by a familiar knowledge of it. Such opportunities have enabled these accomplished writers to add to their critical notices, many personally interesting reminiscences and amusing traits and anecdotes not touched upon in the preceding pages.

The manifest kindness of these friends in thus assisting my feeble effort, claims my perpetual gratitude, as well for the praise they give to him by whom, in my mind, all praise was merited. They have, at the same time, enabled me, by their aid, to make compensation for the defects of my own weak and unpractised style throughout this somewhat irregular specimen of biography, for which time has been allowed only for truth, to the utter neglect of method. If, therefore, — as assuredly they must, — these pages lack the interest which *his* mind and memory would have given to them, had Mr. Mathews's valued life been spared till the completion of the task he so well begun, let the circumstance that induced my undertaking be my apology for it. In deprecating, moreover, the severity I may have incurred, let me urge a similar claim to forbearance with the solitary piece of earth in the Persian apologue, which, when found in the place where the rose had bloomed, answered a reproach by pleading in extenuation of its present presumption that, "although not the flower itself, it had long dwelt near the flower," and had preserved in its withered

leaves some portion of their former fragrance which it was willing to impart.

In like manner, let me humbly hope that if I may be found by long companionship with excellence to have preserved, however faintly, a portion of its rare properties, I may escape the censure of offering a faded remembrance of *what has been*, and *may not be again*.

Preceding these letters is one addressed two years ago to my son, when he contemplated the task which necessity caused him to resign into other hands. This I place as an introduction to the series, which I shall give in the order they reached me as to dates. Had the gifted author of this friendly letter longer outlived him of whom he writes, his pen might further have enriched these pages: but, short as the communication is, it is worthy of preservation in this place. The reference to my husband's first engagement in London, and the uninterrupted term of mutual good understanding,—the friendship and esteem which this charming man preserved for his friend to the last moment of his own life, is sufficient to give interest to a letter, manifestly not written for publication.

TO CHARLES JAMES MATHEWS, ESQ.

My dear Charles, Rose Hill, 18th July, 1835.

Your letter reached me here yesterday, and it would afford me a sincere, though a melancholy pleasure if, in

the forthcoming Work I could in any way manifest my regard and respect for the memory of my late dear friend, your father; but I have preserved no letters or notes of his, except one or two (of late years) upon trifling occasions, and those are now so jumbled among a confused heap of papers at Brompton, that it would be difficult to find them.

His letter to me in 1802 or 3, after I had engaged him for the Haymarket theatre, and before I had ever seen him, was somewhat curious, and would be interesting to general readers, as descriptive of his own person and style of acting; but this, in my usual careless way, I destroyed or lost long ago.

He first appeared in the Haymarket under my management in 1803 with much success; how that success "has increased," and never "diminished," till the lamented hour of his death, is well known to the public. The public, however, is only aware of his genius; I and his intimate friends know also his private worth; and, if I may mix up one of his private good qualities with his public talents, I can assert that I never knew a man more scrupulously, but unaffectedly, honourable and honest in all his theatrical dealings with me, and his engagements with me were merely verbal.

I need not wish success to your Work, — your father's documents and your own additions to them will insure it; and, coming from such a quarter, no catchpenny biographer can, I think, venture to show his spurious head in competition with you.

I beg to express my best and kindest regards to dear Mrs. Mathews. Accept them too on your own account, and Believe me, my dear Charles,

most truly yours,

G. COLMAN.

TO ———, Bath.

London, June 30th, 1835.

Mathews is dead! and I may say of him as Varro said or sung of the loss of a great comic genius of the Roman stage—

> Comœdia luget, scena est deserta;
> Deinde risus, ludus, jocusque, et numeri
> Innumeri simul omnes collacrymârunt.

I cannot strictly vouch that the world could have "better spared a better man," for he does not deserve the sarcasm. I knew him well; I knew him long; but the latter knowledge was not necessary to the former, for he wore his heart on his sleeve, and was thoroughly known and greatly prized on a very short acquaintance.

Fanciful he certainly was; indeed, he was the child of fancy; and he was irritable and fidgetty to the last degree; in him this disposition might be considered as a natural infirmity, but the results were delightful. The public benefited in no small degree by this restlessness, and in private it often made him more amusing and entertaining to his friends than probably anything that flashed from him in meditated attempts to excite their mirth and merriment.

He had a fund of wit and humour and variety in him which seemed inexhaustible. He was always new, and would have been himself more bored and annoyed in uttering stale jokes and witticisms, in their usual form, than even his hearers; and when he indulged in such he had a tact and manner (all sorts of manners) that fashioned him into the mill we have heard of, which grinds all things new.

As an imitator he had a research, a delicacy and refinement of perception perfectly marvellous. There is one very fair mimic of Incledon,—he was, it is true, always his imitator: well I have seen and heard Mathews imitate Incledon, and then *imitate* Mr. Taylor's *imitation* of Incledon. They were both admirable for their distinct character, nice discrimination, and truth. To imitate an imitation, and that not a bad one, is rising to the *acme* of the art. You, who, as I know, never saw Mathews but in connection with fellow-actors in the scene, may imagine that he was like other professors in the line, and such abound, who only imitate the form, and that principally of some defect or peculiarity so striking as not to be missed by the veriest bungler; if so, you are egregiously mistaken; his representations of men were like Landseer's of dogs—not merely the form, but the life.*

It is difficult to speak of his "At Homes;" the sobriety of criticism rejects such compositions altogether. In their case it may be safely affirmed, (not to speak it profanely,) "the letter killeth but the spirit giveth life," and that spirit was Mathews himself. Unless he infused his soul into them they were dead bodies—literary *Frankensteins*—cold, disjointed, incongruous and absurd till set in motion and made interesting by his alchymy. Did anybody ever attempt to read or put one in action?—impossible; but we all know to what an extraordinary purpose *his* talent moulded the materials, and with what de-

* The following curious anagrams on the name of *Mathews*, completely illustrative of *his own peculiar power of identifying himself with the subjects of his imitations*, appeared after my husband's death:—

Mathews - - - *saw* them.
Mathews - - - *was* them.

A. M.

lightful uses he invested them. Imitators we have plenty —too many; but has any other ever ventured to employ his vehicles? never: none but Ulysses could draw his bow; and if I, in treating of this storehouse of fun and quibble, and likening it to a bow, may be allowed to play upon words, I should say none but himself could, to borrow a theatrical term, hope to make it DRAW. Let any other actor try one of his "At Homes," and he will soon find himself *all abroad.*

Admirable as a mimic he was equally estimable as a man; and if his death "impoverished the public stock of harmless pleasure," it also plucked a charm out of the heart of the society of his private friends. The star which made our evenings so brilliant and gay has shot from its sphere, and though we can no more recall his jocund spirit, than we can our joyous youth, still

Non omnia terræ
Obruta——meminisse juvabit.

EDWARD DUBOIS.

TO MRS. MATHEWS.

DEAR MRS. MATHEWS, Brighton, 2nd October 1837.

I am both sorry and ashamed to confess that of the many letters received at various times from the friend whose loss I shall never cease to deplore, I do not retain a single line in my possession.

I am sorry, because it prevents my complying with your request; and ashamed, because my conscience now reproaches me with not having attached sufficient importance to his ever pleasant communications. It is some consolation to know that I have not served him worse

than others; the fact being, that I have always been glad to get rid of letters as fast as I could. While unanswered I contemplate them as accusing angels; I hate them afterwards for the compunctious visitings they awakened before I could summon resolution to reply to them; and with this feeling, veiled under an affected dislike to the accumulation of papers, I commit them to the flames as soon as I can. For my offence in this instance I ought to stand in the pillory with the never-sufficiently-to-be-anathematized cook, who lighted her kitchen fire for several months with *unique* old plays, taken from a trunk in her master's library.

"Alas, poor Yorick! . . . a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy...Where be your gambols now? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table in a roar?" By how many thousands has this hackneyed quotation been uttered with reference to Mathews; but, alas! how few can feel it so deeply, so poignantly, so irrecoverably as those who were of his own immediate circle, and could therefore appreciate the charms of his society, whether in his moods of inexhaustible sprightliness, or when the rich stores of his penetrating mind were suffered to flow forth in rational and instructive conversation never long unembellished with some amusing anecdote.

Not only do I find it impossible even now to reconcile myself to his loss; but at times, strange as it may sound, I can hardly believe in its reality. He was not of an age to justify any anticipation of such an event; he seemed so well in health and was so full of glorious glee when I last saw him; it is so difficult to imagine that he who was all vitality, who was, as it were, the very life of life, should be snatched from the convivial circle and consigned to the cold dumb grave, that one may well be pardoned for

striving, even against conviction, to avoid the pang of so heart-withering a thought! and when it forces itself upon one's belief, it brings with it the aggravating reflection that the loss is utterly irreparable. There was but one Charles Mathews in the world,—there never can be such another! mimics, buffoons, jesters, wags, and even admirable comedians, we shall never want; but what are the best of them compared to *him?* Hyperion to a satyr! He was the only *original* imitator I have ever encountered; for while others satisfied themselves with endeavouring to *embody* their originals, he made it his study to *mentalize* them. I am obliged to coin a word, but my meaning is, that while he surpassed all competitors in the mere mimicry of externals, he was *unique* in the subtlety, acuteness, and truth with which he could copy the *mind* of his prototype; extemporising his moods of thought with all those finer shadings of the head and heart that constitute the niceties of individual character. As this intellectual portraiture demands a much higher order of talent than corporeal mimicry, so it is enjoyed with a much more exquisite zest by those who can appreciate its difficulty. Others might produce the image, and elaborate a faithful likeness, but Mathews alone held the Promethean torch that could vivify and animate it. You and I know full well that in this manner his own suggestions, creations, and mental mockeries, were the very soul of his entertainments at the Strand theatre, although they were written and methodised by others. For this the public gave him little credit, any more than for the extraordinary powers of memory evinced in those unrivalled performances, with their numerous songs, and the *ad libitum* patter between the verses, very often varied with each *encore*. I remember his telling me that in a single week at Edinburgh he had given as many, I think,

as four *different* "At Homes," and all without book, note, or memorandum;—an effort of memory which I apprehend to be totally without parallel.

A propos to his performances in "Auld Reekie," which I visited some years ago. I recollect Sir Walter Scott mentioned them to me in terms of the highest admiration, adding expressions of sincere respect and friendship for the individual, apart from all public and professional claims. Perhaps there has never been a comedian who, while he lived in the full roar of popularity on the stage, was so universally and so thoroughly respected in private life, as Mr. Mathews. This it is that has made his loss so deeply and so widely felt. What numerous friends he possessed in England, Scotland, Ireland, America, to say nothing of the community at large, and how truly we may affirm that in his instance, even more extensively than in that of Garrick, his death "has diminished the public stock of harmless pleasure and eclipsed the gaiety of nations."

Tragedians, it has been observed, are generally sprightly and jocose, while comedians and professional jesters not unfrequently sink into dejection or even confirmed hypochondria; a tendency which may easily be explained upon the principle of action and re-action, for the efforts of both classes are very exhausting; and they can only unbend by taking an opposite direction to that which has fatigued them. We may sit in one posture until, like the tailor in the pit of the Dublin theatre, we are glad to stand up to rest ourselves. Our minds like our bodies seek relief in contraries,—a fact which is exemplified in nations as well as individuals. The habitually vivacious French find relaxation in cold, stern, unimpassioned classical tragedies; the taciturn melancholy Englishman is

solaced by fun, farce, and foolery. I don't think Charles Mathews exhibited in any marked degree this professional bent of mind; but when severed from home and his usual resources, he certainly did seem to require pretty constant excitement to keep him from stagnating, as he called it, though I myself liked his quiet moods not less than his joyous and hilarious triumphs. It was only the difference between still and sparkling champagne. Some like the effervescence more than the flavour of the wine, others the reverse; and Mathews, in his various moods, could charm and gratify every taste. But if I run on with the list of his various and high qualifications, I shall never have done; and I must, therefore, devote the slip of paper that remains to the assurance that I am, with sincere regard, dear Mrs. Mathews,

Your's, faithfully,

HORATIO SMITH.

TO MRS. MATHEWS.

MY DEAR MADAM, Gower-street, 30th Oct. 1837.

After a long delay, for which I can easily account, but which without my doing so, I am sure you will readily forgive, I sit down to fulfil the promise which I made so long ago.

I am not aware that my recollections of my deceased friend can contribute in any way to the elucidation of his character or the delineation of his merits, but yet I have great satisfaction in recording the impressions which he made on me, both in his public display and in the more interesting moments of social intercourse.

You may remember that my acquaintance with Mathews

commenced very soon after his regular establishment in London, and was rendered more close and intimate from the accident of his residing in the same house with my brother. At that period Mathews was struggling into fame—his genius unfettered, his spirits unabated, his efforts in private were not damped by repetition; but everything which memory could supply, or imagination suggest, was brought forth in unbounded profusion and with ever-varying whim and humour.

A morning visit to him was always rewarded with some trait of invention or some theatrical anecdote in which his power of personation naturally and unaffectedly displayed formed a rich and never surfeiting treat.

When I have had the happiness of his company at dinner, or been his invited guest, his exquisite vivacity and his admirable invention of comic and burlesque narratives and situations produced continued and increasing pleasure. With what delight I have heard him relate his introduction to Tate Wilkinson! or in moments of sport and whim supposing Kemble and Cooke playing Vapour and Dicky Gossip, or Suett acting Octavian. Sometimes in the dusk of the evening he has dressed two walking sticks with great coats and hats, and lying down between them, has feigned an angry dialogue, ending in a hostile conflict between the two great leaders in tragedy. Of two of his exquisite dumb shows, the idiot and the drunken man, I shall not attempt any notice; the latter I avoid more particularly, because I have often seen you assist in it by personating some one to whom he had taken a dislike, and considered as his enemy, while to another he exhibited the feebleness of drunken affection. In some other of these plays I have enjoyed the pleasure of seeing you assist in, and give effect to the scene.

His talent for mimicry was displayed with irresistible force when he represented an imaginary after-dinner conversation at Mr. Kemble's house, in which that gentleman, Cooke, Incledon, Munden, Braham, Pope, Suett, Blanchard, and several others took their part, each reproaching the other for the faults, which in himself were most conspicuous; for example, Cooke accusing Kemble for not walking the stage with dignity and grace; Incledon telling Munden of the vulgarity of swearing; and Munden charging Blanchard with being redundant in his humorous characters. This discussion produced an allusion to the Beggar's Opera, of which Mr. Kemble asserted that he had bought an ancient copy "upon a stall for sixpence," which had convinced him that the songs were not written to be sung but to be recited; a proposal is made to rehearse "How happy could I be with either;" all the party assent; and, with incredible quickness, Mathews pronounced in the peculiar tone and manner of each, the words "so will I," each enunciation being perfectly distinct and characteristic. The recitation was commenced by Kemble and given with humour and effect, and he concluded it by saying, "As to the tol de rol lol lol toddy, you may give that just as you please." Towards the close of these joyous evenings Mathews would sometimes darken the room, and placing himself behind a high screen covered with a tablecloth to assist in the allusion, represent the scene of a Frenchman coming to his home at three o'clock in the morning overheated with liquor, and in such a humour that he not only quarrelled with his wife and child, but with the watchman for crying the hour, and even the very cat for daring to kitten in his apartment. This scene, comprising so many imitations, the husband, the wife, the boy, the watchman and his rattle, the dog, the cat, the

kittens, the bedstead and the furniture, &c. &c. always produced a delightful effect.

When we were out together his amusing inventions and talent as a ventriloquist produced infinite entertainment. Sometimes, when ladies were walking arm in arm, so as to cross the whole pavement, he would counterfeit the voice of a child begging to go by, and when they had made way to accommodate him, his voice was at the other end of their line, repeating the same request, to their great surprise and confusion. At other times he would engage in unintelligible quarrels with the watchmen; such as drove them beyond their patience, and yet afforded no pretence for springing their rattles or taking him into custody.

Such is the sample which my memory furnishes in those days when an extended acquaintance, always requiring fresh displays, and the complicated duties of his professional life, had not diminished the freshness of his fancy, nor made him desirous to be spared those efforts, which repetition, although it could never tire his friends, occasionally made wearisome to him. At no time in his life did he fail to produce pleasure and surprise; but I pique myself upon remembering the period when everything he did appeared like a sudden inspiration of genius and frolic, an essay on our taste and understanding, and not an appeal to our judgment.

Of his theatrical progress I can say nothing that is not already felt and acknowledged by the whole public. Without dwelling, therefore, on those effusions in which he made the fair, the race-course, the prize-ring, and all their attendant circumstances so vividly present to our imagination, I shall speak of him only in those characters where a local or foreign dialect presented him in a new or

peculiar light. Our brother Jonathan, in his pure and transatlantic garb, first became known to us through his personation. In his Scotch characters he presented every shade of humour, from the flinty-hearted, iron-fisted son of mammon, Mr. Mac Sillergrip, to the talkative, polite and benevolent widow of the Domine, whose likeness was recognized by every inhabitant of Edinburgh. His Irishmen were not borrowed from any preceding player; he was neither Major O'Flaherty, Dennis Brulgruddery, nor Looney MacTwolter. He was the dry, arch, complaisant, selfish, sarcastic son of Hibernia,—so true to nature, so seldom seen in representation. From the Irish porter, who carries his trunk when he travels, to the blunt swaggering captain at the card-party, he always bestowed on his pictures a due portion of light and shade. But Frenchmen were altogether and peculiarly his own, his perversions of the idioms of the two languages, his misapplication of words, and his irregularities of expression gave a peculiar turn and zest to these parts. He knew how to discriminate all the passions and humour of that nation, the bluntness and overbearing self-sufficiency of Monsieur Peremptoire, the querulous criticism of the French tutor, who wakes his feverish English friend in the night to enumerate his solecisms. The sensitive indignation of Monsieur Morbleu, when treated in a manner unworthy of his birth and original prospects, and the exquisite and affecting sensibility of Monsieur Mallet, were all shown by Mathews in a manner which placed the French character in a light entirely new, differing entirely from all we had been used to see before, from Dr. Caius down to Monsieur Bagatelle. It may be said that all this was derived from the authors; but I have ever considered that the genius of Mathews stamped the real character

on the part. The author and the performer stood in the situation of those two ancient artists, whose story is so happily rhymed by Matt. Prior,—one called at the other's dwelling in his absence, and left instead of his name a perfect, well-defined, elegant outline; the other filled up the space with "such obvious light and easy shade," that the sketch became a finished piece.

Accept with kindness, my dear madam, this limited attempt to describe a small portion of my recollections of my departed friend. To exhaust my memory would be to anticipate the work you have in hand, and from the completion of which I expect so much gratification; but I present this unimportant tribute, as well from regard to him as from a desire to show how truly I am,

My dear madam,

Your sincere friend and humble servant,

JOHN ADOLPHUS.

TO MRS. MATHEWS.

MY DEAR MRS. MATHEWS, 27, Craven-street, 1837.

I have looked among my letters for any papers I might have retained of your departed and lamented husband. I have only been able to find one, which he sent to me from America.* I forward it with this. I have forborn to intrude upon you with condolences on account of your bereavement, looking, as I do, upon such tributes as useless. You must permit me, however, upon this occasion, to dilate a little upon this subject.

* This letter will be found in the Third Volume.—A. M.

Charles Mathews was one of my first theatrical acquaintances and, (without disparagement to his brethren of the sock and buskin), I will add, one of my most valued friends. He was really what the poet (perhaps a little to warmly) denominates "The noblest work of God," an honest man. Whatever character he might be called upon to assume on the stage, he never lost sight of his own; this circumstance was properly appreciated by the world. He moved in the best circles of society, and was valued, not less for the originality of his talents than for the excellence of his moral character. His public admirers and his private friends are equal sufferers from his premature departure.

Believe me to remain,

Yours with great esteem,

JAMES SMITH.

Vicarage House, Kentish Town,

MY DEAR MADAM, October 23rd, 1837.

I have just heard, with much satisfaction, that the task of writing the biography of my esteemed friend has at length devolved upon yourself; for aware, as I am, that the effort will be painful to your feelings, I yet trust and believe that the very excitement of the labour will prove healthful and consolatory in the end; restoring your mind to its tone, and reconciling it in tranquillity to your loss. Your friends and the public will likewise more gladly welcome the narrative, as coming from the individual the best qualified,—by a thorough acquaintance with the inmost mind and the private sentiments of the individual recorded,—to stamp it with authenticity, and to give it the full force of a work of the heart;

nor will it be the least recommendation, though it may be matter of regret, that the pen is dipped in ink occasionally diluted with tears.

I speak this with the view of contributing towards the banishment of any distrust in yourself which you may feel; though, I doubt not, that other friends have used the same arguments.

The memoir will be peculiarly acceptable to myself, who viewed Mr. Mathews's character in a more serious light, and, perhaps, remember him with deeper associations of mind than might be expected from many others: for while to the world at large his memory is connected with all their mirthful and unbending moments,—which will no doubt increase the interest of recollection by contrast,—and while his many friends (though well acquainted with his high honour and sterling worth) must combine with their esteem a remembrance of his character as "the Soul of Wit, the Spirit of Variety," my own recollection, on several accounts, must be much more twined with a cypress wreath of seriousness. My memory often fixes itself on the pew by the wall, which with so strong a feeling of propriety he selected in the most remote part of my chapel, and shaded with high curtains, that he, on whom all eyes were fixed during the week, might attract none on the day of his private devotion: a lesson to all public characters!—It recurs to those evenings of the Christmas holidays, when, through his friendship, I enjoyed the twofold pleasure of the entertainment, delightful in itself and again heightened by reflection, in the joy of my family, now so terribly thinned. My dear Maria was buried on the day Mr. Mathews died: and if there were no other cause for solemn recollection, the one object would always call up the other. She was the

loudest in her joy when He was most in his element Silent is the voice of the mirth, and silent the voice that excited the mirth!

At this moment I have him before me distinctly, in one of his irresistible moods; and *her* in that private box in a paroxysm of exhilaration. *Now* the vision has passed away: and I see only the dismal pall at Plymouth, and poor Maria in her *winding-sheet.*

I cannot alter this tone on a sudden, otherwise I should offer you my warmest congratulations on the well-merited success of Charles; and on what to me is not less pleasing, his not being in the least spoiled by his new profession, or altered in respect of that simplicity of manners, amiableness of character, and filial devotedness which I so highly admired in his earliest youth.

Believe me, dear Mrs. Mathews,

Your ever sincere friend,

JOHNSON GRANT.

P. S. — I shall accept the pocket prayer-book* with much gratification, and put it by the side of my "Thomson's pocket Bible." Both are uniques; but I only prize the one as a curiosity,—I knew the owner of the other.

J. G.

* It had belonged to Thomson the poet, and was much valued by my husband.—A. M.

The world will speak of thee, respected friend,
And speak with truth, as of that gifted mind
Which round the laden heart could Joyance wind
'Till it forgot its sorrows,—or unbend
With blushless jests, which angels might attend,
The plodding sons of care, who having pined
Through the dull hours of needful toil, might find
Mirth in what Humour told,—what Wit had penn'd.
But I must speak of thee behind the scene,
At Ivy Cottage, where the golden mean,
Thy rule of life, was by the Ibis* shown
But not thy worth or genius. There alone
While all the Artist's tools aside were laid
Remains these inborn graces of the shade.

J. G.†

TO MRS. MATHEWS.

5, Park-place, Dec. 4th, 1837.

My dear Mrs. Mathews,

You do me no more than justice in remembering me among those friends of your husband who the most sincerely feel and regret his loss. But, when you desire me to send you any recollections of him which may be likely to add to the interest of your intended Biography, I hardly know how to fulfil your wish, for I have nothing to relate of him in the way of anecdote or adventure, and can only record the impressions which he made on me as an artist and a friend.

His public career, and the distinguishing features of his acting are well remembered by all who take an interest in the drama. He was a genuine disciple of the

* The motto over the porch, "*Medio tutissimus Ibes.*"

† These lines were sent to me in 1835, in a letter of condolence from Mr. Grant, and I feel them worthy of a place here.—A. M.

old school,—whether he had to depict a brisk valet or a shrewd countryman, or an elderly gentleman, he always preserved the family features of the class without extravagance or mummery, developing the proper qualities of the character, but never overlaying it with extraneous attributes, heightening its natural comedy, not lowering it into lawless farce. His great forte, to my thinking, was his representation of elderly gentlemen. With him they exhibited ease in their most fidgetty moods, a good breeding, which added prodigiously to their popularity with the audience. But, whatever he played he played like an artist. Among the fine arts, at the period when he formed himself, the drama had its due rank, and its professors studied, and cherished, and took pride in it accordingly. They were not, indeed, always proof against the temptation of a broad effect in the wrong place; but, for the most part, their movements were planned and disciplined, and conducted with a view not simply to the prominence of the individual performer, but to the general scope of the scene. The time had not arrived when reading actors could disregard all considerations but those of their own popularity with the "groundlings," or persuade themselves that a round of applause or a roar of laughter is the only tests of excellence upon the stage. The eminent members of the profession were content to sacrifice something of momentary and individual effect for the sake of maintaining the general tone and character and heightening the aggregate impression of the play, and, instead of straining for extreme results, preferred to let their audience feel they had power to have gone further. There was no canon of the art which I have so often heard Mrs. Siddons enlarge upon and enforce, as Hamlet's direction to the player, "That, in the very torrent, tempest, and whirlwind of his passion he must acquire and beget

a temperance that may give it smoothness." The principle on which that instruction is founded is quite as applicable and quite as indispensable to comedy as to tragedy, and it was one of Mr. Mathews's excellencies that he never lost sight of it. He indulged in none of the flighty habits of those modern actors who leave their effects to chance, and call it "trusting to their genius." He well knew that the faithful representation of nature can be reached only by dint of long observation, careful comparison, judicious selection, and diligent study; and he calculated each character with reference not only to the peculiar lights and shadows of which it was capable, but to its bearing on the entire piece. Thus, while some of his amusing successors have been merely what the French call *drôles*, he deservedly enjoyed the reputation of an *artist*.

No doubt his dramatic celebrity was still exceeded by that of his imitations;—not that the merit of these was higher, perhaps not properly so high,—but it was of a kind attractive and intelligible to a larger class of spectators. The extraordinary variety of these performances, the range and versatility which they exhibited, the wonderfully rapid changes of voice, countenance, and even dress, were suited to captivate and astonish crowds of persons not usually interesting themselves in dramatic representations, and to turn the stream of the actor's fame into a collateral channel less deep, perhaps, but wider and quite as fructifying. Thus it happened, that while as an actor he stood among the highest, as an imitator he stood absolutely alone.

But those who beheld his imitations only at the English Opera-House and the Adelphi, where for so many successive and successful seasons he announced himself to be "At Home," had but imperfect means of estimating his

real talents. Striking as were his *professional exhibitions*, in private society, he was still more admirable when sitting at table and following the turn of the conversation as it chanced to roll along; he threw himself extempore into the mind and manner of a dozen people, whose names had been casually mentioned, and brought them before his company in a phantasmagoria of his own. For his perception of character, as you know, was so intuitive, that he caught not only the voice and demeanour of remarkable persons, but their very turn of thought: and thus we got from him precisely what the absent man would have said, as well as the tone and gesture with which he would have said it.

The fine organization necessary for apprehending and giving out these infinite niceties and varieties of mind and manner was obviously a cause of occasional pain to its possessor. Trifles, which would not have so much as scratched a thicker skin, were serious annoyances to his keen sensations. But though I have often observed him nervous and distressed at small occurrences, I never remember, in any instance, to have seen his inherent good-nature ruffled by them into rudeness. What fretted him most was to be made a "Lion" among strangers. If the party with whom he was dining would refrain from forcing him he always brightened, and shone as the evening advanced. But he liked that the story or song, or portrait that he had to give, should be suggested by the occasion, and not wrung from him with the clumsy request, "Now pray, Mr. Mathews, do something." If we wished for any particular exhibition of his powers, we found that the true way to get it, and at its best, was to prepare his humour by leading the conversation in the direction of the desired subject, so as to let it lie, as it were accidentally, across

his path. That being quietly managed, he took it freely as he came up, and was sure, like a generous courser, to give the leap; whereas, when he was heavily dragged to his point, the chances were that he would glance aside and balk it altogether,—for there was nothing mechanical in his performances—they wholly depended on his mind and spirits. If these were chilled, the lamp they fed would give out no lustre; and if they were warm and flowed freely, the light would burn with the utmost brightness, and for many successive hours. I always thought, as indeed was naturally to be supposed, that you understood the trimming of him better than any other person, and, accordingly, he always appeared to his greatest advantage, —(and, I am sure, to the greatest gratification of his friends as well as himself), when you were of the party.

Believe me always, my dear Mrs. Mathews,

Your very faithful servant,

HORACE TWISS.

TO MRS. MATHEWS.

MY DEAR MRS. MATHEWS, Chelsea, Dec. 7th, 1837.

Pray be under no apprehensions of not doing justice to your husband's biography. The writer, it is true, whom you have missed, was the one, perhaps, of all others qualified to give best effect to the comic part of it; but, in the first place, you will have numerous points and testimonies on that score from others; and, secondly, the public have such a lively recollection of Mathews on the stage, that their imaginations will easily help out whatever you may think fit to add to them from your own womanly and less venturous pen; and last, not least, there is a great taste in England for *conjugality* and domestic

reminiscences; and the reader, I am certain, will see a new and touching interest in the life of such a man written by his wife. People are particularly curious about the private lives and every-day habits of public men; they want to know whether they had the same customs, mixed characters, and, above all, affections as themselves; whether, in short, they were "good fellows," not above humanity in its infirmities, nor below the best of it in point of heart, and when they hear all this told of a man by his wife, and in the gentle and unaffected manner in which you will tell it, depend upon it the honest moisture will come into the eyes of John Bull, and the more you tell him of your friend, the more he will be delighted to hear.

I have collected from my own writings, according to the wish you have been good enough to intimate, such criticisms as convey my liveliest impressions of his rare and admirable power, and regret on one account to find they have anticipated the greater portion of what I should have otherwise have said of him here, in a theatrical point of view.* But Mathews was a peculiar and interesting

* Mr. Mathews's principal excellence is in the representation of officious valets and humorous old men, two species of character that with most actors are merely buffoons in liveries, and buffoons with walking-sticks. His attention to correctness, however, by no means lessens his vivacity; but, it is the vivacity of the world—not of the stage. It seems rather his nature than his art, and, though I dare say all actors have their hours of disgust, and, perhaps, more than most men,—he has not the air of one who elevates his sensations the moment he enters the stage, and drops them the instant he departs. There is scarcely a character in low comedy which Mr. Mathews cannot attempt with success; his simple rustics are superior to those of every actor, whose professed walk is not rusticity, and his characters decidedly and sensually vulgar,

subject of contemplation in whatever point of view he was regarded, and though I had the pleasure of being in company with him but at rare and long intervals, he made quite as strong an impression upon us in private as in public,—yet always in such a way that his theatrical and personal character fused together in my idea of him, with an amalgamation that assuredly could not have been realised in that of any of his contemporaries. During my first know-

as the drunken Quaker in "Honest Thieves," and the Cobler in the "Mogul Tale," dispute the honour of villanous degradation with the buffoons of Munden. From all this, he however can turn to a very unaffected seriousness, which is another talent in which he resembles Bannister, and excels the generality of low comedians. His simple and serious earnestness in the morality of the Quaker in the "School for Friends," form a most amusing contrast with his stiff and bashful gallantry.

The old age of Mr. Mathews is like the rest of his excellencies, perfectly unaffected and correct. The appearance of years he manages so well, that many of his admirers, who have never seen him off the stage, insist that he is an elderly man, and the reason of this deception is evident,—most of our comedians in their representation of age, either make no alteration of their voice, and, like antiquarian cheats, palm a walking-stick or a hat upon us for something very ancient, or sink into so unnatural an imbecility that they are apt on occasion to forget their tottering knees and bent shoulder, and, like *Vertumnus* in the poet, are young and old in the turn of a minute. Mathews never appears to wish to be old, — Time seems to have come to him, not he to Time; and as he never, where he can avoid it, makes that show of feebleness which the vanity of age would always avoid,—so he never forgets that general appearance of years which the feebleness of age could not help.

Our old men of the stage are in general of one unvarying age in all their characters.—*From Mr. Leigh Hunt's Early Criticisms.**

* Other criticisms, by the same able pen, have been inserted in former portions of this work.—A. M.

ledge of him on the stage, my impression was, that he was not so great an actor as imitator. I subsequently changed this opinion upon seeing him in the part of Sir Fretful Plagiary; but, upon knowing him more intimately, that very part convinced me that my first impression was the right one. Do not be startled, or fancy that I am going to be so absurd as to think of levelling your husband with ordinary performers,—*one half of Mathews would have sufficed to make a good actor*,—but what I mean is, that the other half was of a constitutional irritability so excessive, and demanding so strong a sensation every minute in order to counteract the pain of the sensibility, that unless the part given him in a play was of the like intensity, the whole man had a tendency to withdraw into regions and characters of his own, which he could have all to himself and cram full of the requisite excitement, and hence those admirable "At Homes," which, year after year, drew everybody to see "*a whole play in the person of one man*," and which for the richness and variety of his humour were, in fact, as good as half a dozen plays distilled.

Very striking it was to witness the little evidences of his irritability that escaped him in private,—to see how alive it made him to everything that was going forward, how his natural benignity struggled through it, into smiles of unaffected courtesy and grateful goodwill, and how settled as well as animated his look became, and full of the self-possession of conscious power, when he was about to give some favourite imitation to an audience which he liked. That nervous tendency, or whatever it was, which (from an early period, I believe,) had slightly affected his mouth, and latterly contracted one of his legs,*

* Mr. Leigh Hunt has forgotten the *accident*, which was alone the cause of his lameness.—A. M.

occasioning him a good deal of suffering, bodily as well as mental, had nevertheless in other respects a good manly frame to help him to support it. The character of the face was of the same mixed aspect of strength and uneasiness; and you, my dear madam, of all people, need not to be told that he had both brain and heart, to philosophise on his infirmities, and to enable him to turn to account the numerous "goods" the "gods" had provided him. I speak of him at the time when I had the pleasure of visiting him in his charming cottage at Highgate,—it was delightful to see with what child-like earnestness the man who had been entertaining the public over night with his pictures of artificial life, enjoyed his flowers and his birds. Far be from a lover of the domesticities the anticlimax of poor jovial Dignum, who (in our friend's excellent imitation of him) expressed his delight at the hospitalities of the Duke of R. in rapturous exclamations upon his Grace's having "such a beautiful wife and such a quantity of game;" but when I sat by your husband's side at dinner, and thought of the house and garden round about us, and his gallery of portraits, and his celebrity, and the delight he was constantly giving to his fellow-creatures, and saw the gentle eyes that affectionately watched him from the other end of the table, I could not help being struck with the doctrine of compensations; and this feeling was assuredly not diminished by what you said to me the other day, while looking at his bust over your mantel-piece. "Ah! his temper was much tried, and sometimes gave way; but nobody knew how very good a man he was."

I can add from my own experience, that I knew him to be a man who could take occasion to show a handsome and unlooked-for sense of his regard, a disposition which he shared with his brother comedian, dear John Bannister

of delightful memory; but I need not add who it was that also shared it; and that doubled its gracefulness by the way in which she became its medium.

Congratulating you, dear madam, on the tenderness and respect which everybody has so justly shown you during your bereavement, and on the success of that son, who so happily resembles you both.

I am ever,
Your obliged and affectionate servant,
LEIGH HUNT.

TO MRS. MATHEWS.

MY DEAR MADAM, January 12, 1838.

I had not forgotten the sort of promise which I made, but a great press of business, and some illness, had prevented me from redeeming it.

I know not that I have anything to say worthy of being published. My opinion, however, such as its worth may be, is at your service.

I always considered Mr. Mathews as the most accomplished comedian of his time. His acting was not like that of even the best of his contemporaries, a mere representation of some striking peculiarities of character, but it was a complete and perfect identification. Garrick said of Hippesly (I believe) that excellent as his imitation of a drunken man was, it had one defect, — the legs were not drunk. I never saw your husband's acting deficient in even the minutest point; and yet, elaborate as the effort must have been, the art was never apparent. The execution was easy and flowing, destitute of all exaggeration

or coarseness, and characterized sound judgment of the best taste.

I need not to you, who knew and appreciated his personal merits, dwell upon his private character, but I cannot deny myself the gratification of stating that there was no man superior to him in the sterling qualities of sincerity, benevolence, integrity, and honour. These excellencies were set off by a modest unassuming demeanour. He deserved, and obtained, the respect of all who knew him.

It has given me great pleasure to write this trifling tribute to his public and private merits. I wish I had time to do more justice to the subject.

Yours very faithfully,

J. BARNES.

THE LIFE AND DEATH.

BY HORATIO SMITH, ESQ.

THE LIFE.

Hath Momus descended, — the god of Mirth, —
To glad the world with his triumphs thus?
Or is it a mortal, who tastes on earth
An apotheosis rapturous!
While his worshippers hail him with choral cries,
And Laughter's reverberant ecstasies!

He moves like a mental sun, whose light
Scatters around an electric ray,
Which every eye that beholds, is bright,
And every bosom that feels, is gay, —
A sun (it is own'd by a nation's lips)
That hath ne'er been dimm'd, — ne'er known eclipse!

As this Spirit sits on his throne elate,
They render him homage from every sphere:
From the rich, the noble, the wise, the great,—
Nay, even the King is a courtier here;
And, vassal-like, makes his crown submit
To the majesty of sceptred Wit.

They press him with flattering words and wiles
To honour and grace their lordly halls;
And impart by his mirth, and songs, and smiles,
A glory and zest to their festivals.
For they know that his presence can banish gloom,
And give light and life to the banquet-room.

On what aching hearts hath he gladness pour'd!
In scenes unnumber'd, what countless throngs,
From the public stage to the festive board,
Have enraptured hung on his mirthful songs!
At his wit's incessantly flashing light,
What shouts have startled the ear of night!

Ask you the name of the gifted man,
Whose genius thus could enchant the world;
Whose fame through both the hemispheres ran—
Whose flag of triumph was never furl'd?—
You ask it not, for you know that none
But MATHEWS alone has such trophies won!

THE DEATH.

Hark to the toll of the passing bell,
Which "swinging slow with sullen roar,"
Carries the dismal funeral knell
O'er the thrilling waves of the Plymouth shore;
And is borne afar by the shuddering breeze,
From Wembury's cliffs to Mount-Edgecumbe's trees.

Nature appears to have thrown a pall
  Over that landscape so rich and fair,
For a withering gloom and sadness fall
  Alike upon ocean, earth, and air.
And the darkling heights in the distance show
Like spectral mourners, grim with woe.

The bittern's wail, and the sea-mew's cry,
  Seem to share the deep and wide distress,
As their wings they spread, and seaward fly
  Away from that scene of wretchedness:
And the booming moan of the distant surge
Falls on the ear like a doleful dirge.

Hark! 'tis a female cry—'tis the sound
  Of a widow's heart with anguish torn;
A groan succeeds, and the sob profound
  Of a sireless son, aghast, forlorn!
And, oh! how loving and loved they were,
Their own 'reft hearts can alone declare.

Behold! from St. Andrew's Church appears
  A funeral train in its sad array,
Whose mourners, blind from their staunchless tears,
  With faltering footsteps feel their way
To the bones and mould thrown up in a heap
Beside a sepulchre dark and deep.

The coffin is sunk, the prayer is pour'd—
  "Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust."
They sprinkle earth on the rattling board;
  And they whose heads o'er the grave were thrust,
Draw back at the sound with a shuddering start,
For its awful echoes thrill their heart.

As if it were sent to reveal and bless,
  A ray through the lurid vapour beams,—
Pierces the sepulchre's ghastliness,
  And, lo! on the coffin's plate it gleams.

Th' inscription now may be plainly read —
" *Charles Mathews*" — *that's* the name of the dead.

God! can it be? — is that breath resign'd
Which render'd the brightest joy more bright?
Does that life of life, and mind of mind,
The circle's soul, and the world's delight,
Lie stretch'd in the coffin's silence, dark,
Cold — lifeless — ghastly — stiff and stark?

What proofs of his friendship, wit and worth,
On memory crowd, and recall past years!
But I cannot give to their record birth,
For my heart and my eyes are both in tears.
Let me drop the pen, — let me quit the lay,
And rush from my own sad thoughts away.

In conclusion: I append some tributary lines delivered by Mr. Wilkinson, in the character of " *Memory*," upon the Adelphi stage, in 1836, in a scene introducing a series of *tableaux*, the first of which, embodied by Mr. Yates, represented,

" *Mathews at Home.*"

" The first is fraught with melancholy! 'Tis the memory of one who had no precursor; who, living, knew no rival, and can never have a successor. Who has not laughed at *Longbow*—melted at *Mallet?* All manners, all tones, all idioms were at his command. He was the mighty mimic of mankind. He had the key of a nation's mirth, — a nation's tears, and unlocked the casket at his pleasure. There was but *one thing* beyond his power to imitate, — a base or unkind action.—

" *Peace be with him!*"

APPENDIX.

MINUTES OF EVIDENCE

Before a Select Committee of the House of Commons, on Dramatic Literature, 2d July 1832, EDWARD LYTTON BULWER, Esq., in the Chair.

Mr. Mathews's Evidence.

(A.)

Q. HAVE you a share in any theatre now?—*A.* I am half proprietor of the Adelphi.

Q. Have you ever been a proprietor of any of the large theatres?—*A.* Never.

Q. How many years have you been on the stage?—*A.* Thirty-seven; twenty-eight on the London stage.

Q. From your experience, what do you consider would be the consequence to the drama generally, if the legitimate drama were allowed to be performed at other theatres, besides the two patent theatres and the Haymarket?—*A.* I think it would, in the course of a very short time, brutalise the regular drama; I think it would be a very great injury to the drama.

Q. Why do you think so?—*A.* Because the actors at the minor theatres, generally speaking, are inferior, talent being better paid at the large theatres; and, therefore, if the regular drama were open to the public, and if you were to see the plays of Shakspeare very badly acted, in time, that would bring disrepute on the stage generally.

Q. Your objection seems to refer to the plays of Shakspeare?—*A.* Not at all exclusively to the plays of Shakspeare. Every man speaks according to his own interest of course; but I should say, for God's sake protect me* from the regular drama; do not compel us to let the public expect the regular drama.

* The proprietor of a minor theatre.—A. M.

Q. Do you not call "Victorine" the regular drama?—*A.* That comes, perhaps, nearer to it. If the Lord Chamberlain chooses to allow us to play a piece infringing on the regular drama, we do not object, of course; but I should say, protect us from the regular drama. We act nothing but what is licensed from the Lord Chamberlain; and I should be very sorry if we had an opportunity of acting the "Heir-at-Law."

Q. How would you define the regular drama?—*A.* Decidedly the works of our greatest poets or dramatists: Shakspeare, Otway, Rowe; and, in modern times, in comedies, Sheridan, Colman, and others.

Q. That is an illustration; I do not consider an illustration a definition. How do you define the regular drama? What is it? Does it consist of three, four, or five acts, or what does it consist of?—*A.* It does not consist of any number of acts; it is the legitimate tragedy, comedy, and farce. I should illustrate it by the Théâtre Français; there they act the legitimate drama, they act the plays of Racine, Molière, and so on, and very few modern pieces at all; and by having one theatre allowed to perform, and confined in its performances to the legitimate drama, it is a standard for language and taste.

Q. Is not the regular drama a term of criticism?—*A.* No, I should think not. I should say, that the Théâtre Français never had acted anything to equal our Christmas Pantomimes.

Q. Do you consider tragedy and comedy the legitimate drama? —*A.* That was at one time the legitimate property of the patent theatres, and I think it ought always to have remained so.

Q. You think that many of the plays of Shakspeare are the regular drama?—*A.* It is not for me to say what I think, but I am speaking of what is termed the regular drama.

Q. You refer to old plays, and you say very few new plays are acted at the French theatre. Do you think it to the advantage of national theatres that very few new plays should be acted?—*A.* I think it would be a great advantage to have new plays, if we had talent to supply us; and I recollect the time when we were regularly supplied. About twenty-five or thirty years ago,

Covent Garden and Drury Lane were almost regularly supplied every season with two or three comedies, and sometimes tragedies, and a great number of legitimate farces.

Q. You consider that the legitimate drama has declined since that time: from what causes do you think?—*A.* I think one of the great causes is the great number of theatres that are open.

Q. Do you know how many theatres were open in Shakspeare's time?—*A.* I should think altogether not more than seven. There were, at times, seven open; not more than seven ever.

Q. Do you not consider there were then too many theatres for the population? —*A.* They might be exceedingly small; the Globe Theatre would not hold anything like what any minor theatre holds now.

Q. By referring to that time, it would appear that a good many theatres, which were small, were as productive of good dramas as the two large theatres, which are now open, with several small ones?—*A.* I should say, as far as my reading bears me out, they were, for the population, better supported.

Q. There being seven small theatres?—*A.* Yes; for the population, I should say so.

Q. I think you admit that you violate at your theatre the Lord Chamberlain's licence?—*A.* No, we do not; because we send a piece for his approval, and he approves of the piece, and writes his permission, which is in these terms: "I hereby permit you to play the piece you have sent to me, under the title of "Victorine," or whatever it may be.

Q. Then, the Lord Chamberlain violates his own licence, does he not?—*A.* His licence is to Charles Mathews, to perform Burlettas, Music, and Dancing, with Spectacle and Pantomime.

Q. "Victorine" does not come under either of those denominations?—*A.* No, it does not.

Q. Then it is not you who violate your licence, but it is the Lord Chamberlain who violates his own licence?—*A.* I purchased into the theatre under the faith of the licence, for which I consider I paid a very large sum, and before I came into it, pieces of that description had been licensed by the Lord Chamberlain, and they have been licensed since by three several Lords Chamberlain.

Q. You admit your licence does not permit you to play those pieces; they are not burlettas?—*A.* It does not express what is, or what is not a burletta. It is a difficult thing to define; it is much more difficult than the legitimate drama.

Q. You think it is more difficult to define than the legitimate drama?—*A.* Much more so.

Q. Would you call "Victorine" a burletta?—*A.* We call any pieces burlettas with a certain number of pieces of music, which constitute, in the opinion of the Lords Chamberlain for the last twenty or thirty years, a burletta.

Q. How many pieces of music are there in "Victorine?"—*A.* I should say, seven.

Q. Is there any dancing?—*A.* Yes; there are always songs and duetts, or something to constitute the number of pieces of music, and without that they would not be licensed.

Q. And they are performed, are they?—*A.* Yes.

Q. In "Victorine?"—*A.* Yes.

Q. What injury do you conceive your theatre does to the annual receipts of the patent theatres?—*A.* I cannot undertake to say; I think there are a great number of visiters to smaller theatres, in consequence of their being at a small price. I think there are a great number of persons who will pay four shillings, but who would not pay seven shillings.

Q. Would you put it at 4000*l.* a-year?—*A.* Decidedly not.

Q. Would you put the injury you do to the annual receipts of the two great theatres at 3000*l.*?—*A.* No, I would not admit the injury; for in the first place, I do not know how it is to be proved, and in the next place I disbelieve it. It is almost impossible to ascertain what is the Adelphi audience. There are certain followers of these theatres, who do not go to the larger theatres, perhaps on account of the price.

Q. Do you think you do them injury to the amount of 1000*l.* a-year?—*A.* It is impossible to say. I should be sorry to do any injury to them.

Q. It has been stated to the Committee, that the Adelphi alone does an injury of 4000*l.* a-year to the receipts of Covent Garden

and Drury Lane?—*A.* We only perform for six months, and 4000*l.* is a very large sum to take.

Q. Do you consider that the Coburg does any injury to you?—*A.* I cannot ascertain; but I should say, no. I am quite certain that the Strand Theatre has done an injury to us; for, I have been four seasons there, and we have had an evident falling off of half-price at the Adelphi Theatre from the time the Strand Theatre has opened, and "though they do no good to themselves, they do much harm unto us—Hal."

Q. Therefore, you would like the Strand Theatre to be shut up?—*A.* Very much, indeed.

Q. By exactly the same rule, the Haymarket would like you to be shut up?—*A.* I dare say they would; but I should say, I would have the same feeling towards the large theatres, as I should wish, if this were to be settled by law, they should have towards us. I should wish to see them established in their own legitimate rights; and the minor theatres only allowed to act certain pieces belonging to themselves. But I am in the same situation as Covent Garden and Drury Lane. If I do not say I wish their rights to be protected, how can I ask for mine to be protected?

Q. Then you consider, that if the legitimate drama were allowed at minor theatres, it would be against your own interest?—*A.* I think it would injure the drama altogether, and the love of it.

Q. Do you consider it to be the legitimate right of the great theatres to play French plays?—*A.* Entirely in the French language?

Q. Yes.—*A.* I should say not.

Q. You consider that the drama would be brutalised in consequence of the bad representation of great plays at minor theatres, if they were allowed to be acted there: has Shakspeare been very often acted at the great theatres, do you know, of late years? *A.* I should say, it has.

Q. In proportion to other performances of the illegitimate drama?—*A.* I am quite convinced that the disposition of the proprietors of both theatres is to play Shakspeare, and act the classical authors, if the public would follow them.

Q. Do you happen to know how many of the plays of Shak-

speare were acted at Drury Lane during Kean's time?—*A.* I do not know how many; but there was a disposition to perform them always, only the public neglected them.

Q. I understand you, then, that the public have neglected Shakspeare's plays, when they have been performed at the large theatres?—*A.* Unquestionably.

Q. Have you ever performed at the great theatres?—*A.* I was at all the theatres. I went to the Haymarket, I went to Drury Lane, and then to Covent Garden, where I remained till my accident drove me from it.

Q. Do you consider that you play as effectively at the large theatres, at Drury Lane or Covent Garden, as at a minor theatre? —*A.* I cannot say so effectively; but when I returned to Drury Lane, after having been used to small theatres for so many years, I cannot say I felt any inconvenience in acting there. I played *Sir Fretful Plagiary*, and other parts; but I could not say, "I am neither seen nor heard here."

Q. You did not act less effectively, but rather more so on a small stage? — *A.* There is, certainly, one convenience about a small stage, that it shows the features better than a large one.

Q. And it allows the voice to be better heard?—*A.* I recollect when Colman was proprietor of the Haymarket, that they played alternately there, and at the Opera House; and it was much easier to speak in the Old Opera House than in the Haymarket. And with respect to the size of the theatres, if I may be allowed to quote an opinion, I will state the opinion of John Kemble, which I think I can do in his own words:—I never can repeat a conversation without I do it in the tone of the person who gave it:—"It is a common complaint to speak about the size of the theatres; the public tell you they like small theatres: Sir, they lie; they like large theatres. They go to the Opera House because it is a large theatre; and when my sister, and myself, and Mr. Cooke acted in 'Henry the Eighth,' (and we all remember how the play was done,) when we acted at the King's Theatre, we played to 600*l.*; and when we went over to the theatre opposite, we never got 200*l.* to the same play."

Q How do you attribute the failure which at present exists, or

the ruin which has occurred to the great theatres, if the public are so much more attached to the great theatres than they are to the minors?—*A.* It is not my opinion that they are attached. I am only giving the opinion of a proprietor of a theatre at the time.

Q. Then you do not concur with Mr. Kemble?—*A.* I am only stating what his opinion was.

Q. Do you coincide with that opinion?—*A.* Yes, I do.

Q. Then how do you account for the ruin which has occurred to the great theatres?—*A.* From a certain failure. I cannot tell exactly why, but I think the Italian Opera has done more mischief to the drama than any falling off of the taste for it. I do not think that the feeling is dead at all; it is only scotched, not killed, as is shown in the case of the "Hunchback." Nothing could be more simple or legitimate than the means by which that play has been produced, or by which the public have been pleased. They see no objection to the theatre when it is the fashion to go there; but I look upon the encouragement of the Italian Opera and French acting, which is now given, to be one of the greatest causes of the decline of the drama.

Q. You think a good play has a power of reviving, as it were, the taste for the drama?—*A.* No doubt of it.

Q. Do you conceive that the licenser's licence of a particular play does more than state that there is nothing immoral or improper to be acted in it; do you think the licenser's licence is at all granted with reference to the licence under which you act; suppose you were to produce a play, which exceeded the terms of your annual licence from the Lord Chamberlain, do you think that proof of the play, having been licensed by the censor, would defend you against any action or information for a penalty in having exceeded the terms of your annual licence?—*A.* Certainly I do.

Q. My opinion is, that the censor's licence only extends to the immorality of the piece: he says, there is nothing improper in it, with reference to the provisions of the licence under which it is to be acted?—*A.* I conceive the licenser's leave to act

the pieces we send him, is perfectly legal, and warrants us in acting the piece in every possible way.

Q. And it would be a defence to you, for acting a tragedy or any other piece not included in your patent?—*A.* I have always considered that was his power.

Q. Have you ever acted anything which had not been submitted to the licenser?—*A.* Certainly not; I speak of since the time I have been in the Adelphi myself, and I can say, certainly not in one instance, unquestionably.

Q. Have you had pieces refused by the licenser?—*A.* I do not recollect one.

Q. Have you any general suggestions to throw out to the committee?—*A.* No, I do not know that I have. I should certainly very much like to have the minor theatres restricted to their own performances, and that property should be protected. That is,—which I think would be an advantage to large theatres,—that minor theatres should not be allowed to do what they now do, which is literally to steal the pieces belonging to the great theatres; for when they are performed, they send short-hand writers to take them down, and then they act them without any ceremony. That, of course, is very hard upon the managers of the theatres where those pieces are produced, who pay authors for original pieces, and pay them for their copyright, which is sometimes a very serious sum.

Q. That is the charge you make against the minor theatres?—*A.* Yes.

Q. Did not the large theatres once take "Black-eyed Susan" from a minor theatre?—*A.* I do not recollect an instance of their doing so: it did not belong to us. I do not think they have even done that without permission, or without it has been published.

Q. Do you think the superintendence of the theatre can be better placed than in the hands of the Lord Chamberlain?—*A.* The minor theatres?

Q. Yes, and those under his licence.—*A.* I should say not, if his power were defined; but if, as in the case of the Strand, which

is an outrage on all former usage, they are allowed to act without any licence, it is rendering his power null and void.

Q. Why have you not laid an information against the Strand Theatre?—*A.* That is a question every one asks another. I recollect hearing of a mad bull getting abroad, and three or four thousand people cried out, "Turn him round," but everybody said, "Who is to do it?" To lay an information is an unpopular act. I have been inquiring every day why they have not been stopped.

Q. Do you consider the magistrates have the power of stopping them if you lay an information against them?—*A.* I have been told not.

Q. Do you conceive that the present law, giving a penalty for performing without a licence, can be made effectual?—*A.* There is not a question that it could; but it would be a very unpopular act for the proprietor of one minor theatre to attack another. I have given 10,000*l.* for the licence of the Adelphi theatre; I look upon that as a part of the purchase-money, it being granted on the faith of the Lord Chamberlain having the power of giving us a licence, which he would not deprive us of, without we were guilty of some outrage; yet I find they are keeping that theatre open in the very same street with myself.

Q. Did you ever take any proceedings against them for the recovery of the penalty?—*A.* No.

Q. Are you at all aware of the difficulty of proof there is?—*A.* Yes, I have heard of the difficulty of proof.

Q. You object to minor theatres acting the regular drama. You know if any law were to be passed, it would be necessary to define what is the regular drama. You might say Shakspeare's and Otway's plays were the regular drama — would you object to the proprietors of minor theatres purchasing tragedies or comedies from any new author; would you allow them to do that?—*A.* My own favourite plan always has been that the London theatres should be on the same plan as the Parisian. There should be the regular drama allowed at the two great theatres, as at the Théâtre Français; it might be divided be-

tween Drury Lane and Covent Garden, and all the other theatres might play Vaudevilles or Variétés.

Q. Did you ever consider whether any plan could be adopted to give authors more remuneration, without injuring the managers of theatres, by taking away the right of acting plays without the consent of the author?—*A.* I think the right of authors ought to be protected; and it would be one of the best sources of reviving the taste for the drama—for more pains would be taken by authors whose property was protected; and they ought not to be allowed to play them in a country theatre without a small remuneration, as in the French theatres, where every author receives something.* A very considerable sum is paid to an author, 2000*l.* 3000*l.* or 4000*l.* for writing a play; that ought to be protected. For instance, I have paid, in conjunction with my partner, a certain sum for a piece, called the "Wreck Ashore," and I saw it advertised to be acted at the Queen's Theatre, *sans cérémonie.* It is true, I sent a remonstrance to them by a lawyer, and that particular piece was stopped; but that very night a piece of ours was played, called the "Bold Dragoons," which was acted under the title of the "Dragoons of Normandy." They send short-hand writers into the pit of a theatre now; and instead of the Prompter getting that which was formerly considered his perquisite, they steal it without any ceremony at all, and it has become a kind of property among booksellers and adventurers.

Q. Do you conceive that giving dramatic authors a right of action would be a sufficient protection?—*A.* I think it would.

Q. Do you think they would be able to recover from other managers much recompense?—*A.* There are some, of course, who are more come-at-able than others; I should say, such places as Bath, Edinburgh, and Liverpool, and so on.

Q. I believe in the French theatre an author is entitled to so much of the receipts every night a play is acted?—*A.* Yes; we have no protection whatever now, for there are four instances before the town of pieces that I have purchased the copy-

* The "Authors' Society" is now established for the protection of theatrical literature.—A. M.

rights of, that are acted at Sadler's Wells and the Queen's Theatre.

Q. How many months is your theatre open?—*A.* Six months, from the 1st of October to the night before Passion Week.

Q. Do you open at other times for some other entertainments of your own?—*A.* It is open now with entertainments of my own.

Q. Under what authority?—*A.* Under the authority of the Lord Chamberlain's licence.

Q. But you are only licensed for six months?—*A.* I have a special licence for these performances, and a magistrate's licence also. The performance I am doing now does not come within any possible act.

Q. Is it not burletta?—*A.* No, it is not an entertainment of the stage, and could not be stopped by any process or enactment.

Q. But you have applied to the Lord Chamberlain for his licence as for an entertainment of the stage?—*A.* That has been only within two or three years.

Q. Why do you do that?—*A.* Because the Duke of Montrose particularly requested I would send a copy of it.

Q. Do you apply to Mr. Colman for the licence?—*A.* Yes, I do.

Q. Does he examine it?—*A.* Yes, he does; but he did not till within the last four or five years.

Q. But you are not compelled by law to do it?—*A.* It was not a vexatious thing at all on the part of the Duke of Montrose, but he requested I would send a copy of it. I had never been subjected to it before; but he said his reason was, that there were a number of small theatres, and by and by, if I was going on without his licence, there might be indecency and political allusions. He only made it a sort of request that I would comply with it.

Q. That looks as if he thought it was within his power?—*A.* No, everything was done by Drury Lane, to try and stop it if they could.

Q. Do you play during Lent?—*A.* I did not perform. The theatre was open in Lent; not on Wednesdays and Fridays.

Q. Did you not attempt to open it?—*A.* Yes, Mr. Yates opened it.

Q. Was it not stopped?—*A.* Yes, Mr. Mash said, by order of his Majesty; it was in Passion Week, and Mr. Mash came and saw the bills up, and said, "You must take down those bills; you are not allowed to perform to-morrow." Mr. Yates said, "Why, I had the express licence of the Duke of Devonshire to allow these performances during Lent, and the four nights in Passion Week are expressly mentioned." Mr. Mash said, "I have nothing to do with the Duke of Devonshire, but it is the express command of his Majesty that you close the theatre to-night."

Q. Did he produce a written order?—*A.* No. He came to the box-office and said: "Take down those bills." Mr. Yates said: "This is a very extraordinary proceeding, for I have a special licence to perform;" on which Mr. Mash said: "Never mind the licence; I have the express command of his Majesty himself."

Q. Did not Mr. Dibdin carry on entertainments something similar to yours?—*A.* Yes; for many years.

Q. Without any licence?—*A.* Yes; but if I may be allowed to speak on that subject, I mean to say, when I was considered a rebel originally at the English Opera House, the committee came to ascertain whether I had changed a scene or not, and proceedings were instituted against Mr. Arnold and myself for keeping open this theatre on a magistrate's licence only, and the present Lord Hertford endeavoured to prove dialogues, inasmuch as I spoke to myself in one voice, and answered myself in another; but they could not go on with the proceedings. I was once refused permission by the mayor of a town; but by legal advice I put his authority at defiance, and he found he could not stop me. It does not come within any description whatever of the sort.

Q. You said that Mr. Kemble had told you he and Mrs. Siddons attracted less at a small theatre than at a large one. Do you not consider that actors of such extraordinary powers as they were, appear to more advantage at a large theatre than at a small one?—*A.* I should say the magnificence of the style of the late John Kemble and his sister were seen to as great effect in a large theatre as in a smaller one; but there are a great number of persons whose countenance alone carries them to a small

theatre, for they cannot be seen to the same advantage in a large theatre as in a small one. But I never heard that objection stated during a fashion to run after anything attractive. I never heard any people say they could not see Miss O'Neill; she was a beautiful actress, and everybody admired her. They did not say theatres were too large then; but when they do not go to the theatres, they say they are too large. I find all the people who go in with orders say the theatres are too large; but those who pay for their admission are good-tempered.

Q. There are some great actors who play equally well in spite of the size of the theatre, but it is not a general rule?—*A.* No; those very actors who prefer a large theatre to a small one; I am not speaking for myself, for I cannot be said to be interested—but I never heard any objection formerly to the size of the theatres, and I did not feel any objection myself. When I played originally *Sir Fretful Plagiary*, I thought it depended on the expression of the face; but I did not find it was at all less at Drury Lane. I played it for twenty-five nights, and I never heard anybody say he could not enjoy the performance, because the theatre was too large.

Q. Have you ever studied the patents of the great theatres?—*A.* No.

Q. Do you not consider the representation of Shakspeare's plays is generally better at large theatres?—*A.* I should say Coriolanus and those classical plays are seen to greater advantage at large theatres, and I do not think there ever was an objection to the size of the theatre when there was great attraction.

Q. Do you think morning concerts and evening parties injure the theatres much?—*A.* I think morning concerts have done more injury to the theatres than anything you can mention.

Q. Taking place at theatres?—*A.* Sometimes at theatres, and sometimes in rooms; and people who go there, are so fatigued that they will not go to the theatres afterwards.

Q. Do you think minor theatres, generally, have been useful in the metropolis as a school for actors at the larger theatres?—*A.* Yes; there is not a question of it. That could be illustrated by many instances.

Q. Do you think they are such good schools as the provincial theatres used to be?—*A.* Decidedly, I do.

Q. Do you not think there would be a better chance of good pieces being brought out at the regular theatres when they were allowed at minor theatres also?—*A.* If the rights of authors were sufficiently protected; but that is a *sine quâ non.* I should say they must be protected.

Q. But if they were protected, then you think the theatres of the metropolis would have the effect of producing a great number of good pieces?—*A.* Yes.

Q. If you had a licence to act anything you liked, should you act regular tragedy or comedy in preference to the representations which you now act?—*A.* Decidedly not. Before I came here, I was not aware of the nature of the proceedings; I was not aware what I should have to say: I thought I was only to answer questions; but I said: all my creed is this—protect the legitimate drama, and protect me from being compelled to act it. It is all wrapped up in that. I should say protect the property of authors; and when I pay an author for a piece, do not let it be stolen by others; let the legitimate drama be confined to the two theatres, but do not give me permission to act it.

Q. So far as you know, is that the opinion of the proprietors of minor theatres, generally?—*A.* I really do not know the proprietor of another minor theatre to speak to.

Q. Is that Mr. Yates's opinion?—*A.* I do not think Mr. Yates, if I may be allowed to speak for my partner, has so strong an attachment to the drama as I have. I am a sincere admirer of it, and as long as I had a leg to stand on I supported it—I only left because I became a lame actor.

Q. If the minor theatres acted the legitimate drama, would there not be more encouragement to authors?—*A.* If minor theatres were confined to certain pieces of their own, to vaudevilles, operettas, and things of that sort, it would afford equal encouragement to the persons who supplied Drury Lane and Covent Garden with regular comedies. There would be no objection to their supply-

ing the Théâtres des Variétés with minor pieces, such as they were authorised to act.

Q. Still the superior regular drama would go to the larger theatres, if the permission to act was thrown open: is that your opinion?—*A.* I think the public would benefit by each theatre being confined to its own particular class of pieces.

Q. You would give greater encouragement, then, to authors to produce small than great pieces; you would give the option of performing small pieces to a great number of minor theatres, and you would confine the larger and more regular drama to the two patent theatres?—*A.* No; because minor theatres could not afford to give a man more than £100, whereas a comedy has produced £800 or £1000 at Covent Garden or Drury Lane.

Q. Suppose the minor theatres could represent them, they could afford to pay actors and authors?—*A.* To a certain extent a few of them could; but they are much exaggerated as to their receipts and profits, for the Adelphi theatre will not hold one-fifth the audience that Covent Garden and Drury Lane will; therefore they cannot pay for talent in that way.

Q. But the expenses of scenery, and so on, could not be so great in a small theatre; they might pay a few actors just as well, but they would not employ so many actors, and it would not be necessary to have such expensive scenery. They might still be able to afford to pay well a few actors, and still to pay well the authors for a popular piece for a few nights or for a whole season?—*A.* Certainly.

Q. Can you name any actor who has played at a minor theatre who has afterwards been engaged at a patent theatre?—*A.* Mr. Keeley is one instance; he is now a great favourite with the public; he is at Covent Garden. He was known only through the medium of the Adelphi. Mr. Reeve was another; and though accidental circumstances have removed Mr. Reeve once more to the Adelphi, still they were accidental circumstances; and under more auspicious circumstances he might have been a flourishing actor at Covent Garden. He also was only known to the great theatres through the Adelphi.

Q. Are there many other instances?—*A.* Many others.

Q. Do you consider that if minor theatres were allowed to play the legitimate drama—if it was badly acted—it is an evil that would cure itself; that when they saw they could not perform the legitimate drama, they would fall again into those vaudevilles, without any law to compel them to do so?—*A.* That is a very extensive question, and not a very easy one to answer; but I should say there are very few readers of Shakspeare; they know him only through the medium of the drama, and it is quite possible a person might go to see one of Shakspeare's plays for the first time at a minor theatre; and it would damp his desire for the drama if he saw it badly acted.

Q. My question is, suppose a small theatre was allowed to play Shakspeare; suppose you found you could not get up Shakspeare so well as you could get up your little pieces, do you not think you would adhere to those small pieces which you had found more attractive to the public?—*A.* We should adhere to those we found most attractive.

Q. Consequently, if you found small pieces most attractive, you would act them in preference to Shakspeare; and he would not suffer that degradation which he would suffer if his plays were badly acted at a minor theatre?—*A.* I think there is a large class of persons who frequent the Adelphi theatre, in particular, who perhaps would never follow the regular drama anywhere, but would prefer those kind of pieces which come more within their understandings. And those persons who have no taste for the regular drama have recourse to excuses. Those who do not go, will tell you they dine too late, or the theatre is too large, or what you please; but they are all excuses.

Q. Does it not a good deal more depend on fashion whether people go to the theatre or not?—*A.* No. I think a fashion is very often created where there is a good piece, as in the case of "The Hunchback." I believe fashion is most fatal to the drama. I meet young gentlemen now, who formerly used to think it almost a crime not to go to the theatre, but now they ask, "Whereabouts is Covent Garden theatre?" although the same people

would faint away if you thought they had not been to the Italian Opera. If they are asked whether they have seen Kean or not lately, they will say, "Kean? Kean? No; where does he act? I have not been there these three years." Formerly it was the fashion to go to the theatre; but now a lady cannot show her face at table next day, and say she has been at the theatre. If they are asked whether they have been at Covent Garden or Drury Lane, they say: "Oh dear no, I never go there — it is too low!"

Q. When was it the fashion not to go to the theatre?—*A.* I think it has increased very much. I think I can remember when it was not the fashion to the extent it is now. I remember the time when it was no shame to go to see the legitimate drama; but it is now.

Q. Do you not think that may be the result of the acting not being sufficiently good? I want to know when the actors have not been sufficiently good for them.—*A.* There is no demand for a time, and then it becomes the fashion again. It was the fashion to go and see Miss O'Neil for a season, and Mr. Kean for a season; if they were real and sincere admirers of those actors, they would follow them; but we find theatres at which they act drop down from £600 to £100.

Q. Have you ever seen any indifference on the part of people of fashion to go to Covent Garden or Drury Lane when the performances were good—such as "The Hunchback?"—*A.* No; I have been contending for that. I made use of the expression—"it is scotched, but not killed." I do not believe the taste is at all extinct. I believe it is to be revived; but it would have a much better chance if it were thrown open, in my opinion.

Q. Do you not think that fashion has not induced people to go to Covent Garden and Drury Lane because the legitimate drama has not been played, but because those pageants and beasts have been substituted for the legitimate drama?—*A.* That makes me wish they should be confined; they should not act pantomime at Drury Lane and Covent Garden. I think only one theatre in London should be allowed to act pantomime.

Q. Then you think, in point of fact, the public taste has not made

any great mistake in not attending Drury Lane this year?—*A.* I cannot go so far as that quite, seeing so many of them here; and seeing that my observations are put down, I am afraid I shall be unpopular with some parties: but I speak from what I think; I cannot take upon myself to say anybody is right in not going to the theatre.

Q. You would not go to Drury Lane only for the purpose of seeing the lions?—*A.* If they had played them for forty years, I would not have entered the building where such a performance was produced.

Q. You never would go if the character of the pieces were such as have been latterly given?—*A.* I will not say as have latterly been given unless I had the bills to refer to. I am speaking of such pieces as the lions. I say that is *infra dig.* completely. I would not sanction by my presence such a performance.

Q. But do you not think it would be more *infra dig.* for Mr. Yates or Mr. Reeve to personate those very lions?—*A.* I am not afraid to say that was done without my consent; I was not present; I was making a tour in the country, and was not properly attending to my own business; but it should not have been done if I had been present: it was not done with my sanction.

(B.)

MATHEWS'S MONUMENT.

(*From a Plymouth Paper, August 4th,* 1838.)

We cannot but unite with our local contemporaries, in alluding with much gratification to the monumental tablet which has been recently erected in the vestibule of St. Andrew's Church to the memory of the great comedian. To the celebrity of the deceased we must of course attribute the peculiar interest which attaches to the "marble marked with his name," whatever may be due to Mr. Wightwick, its designer, or to Mr. Brown who has so creditably executed it.

It is in the Gothic style (as all monuments in Gothic churches ought to be), and derives no small portion of its good effect from the admirable position which has been awarded to it by the Rev. Vicar and the Churchwarden, Mr. Bone. The inscription on the tablet is as follows, and we are informed that the poetical part is from the pen of Horatio Smith, Esq., an old and much valued friend of Matthews, and one of the accomplished twain whose "Rejected Addresses" have met with such unbounded *acceptance* from the public:—

Near this spot are deposited the honoured remains of
Charles Mathews,
Comedian;
Born 28th June, 1776.
Died 28th June, 1835.

Not to commemorate that genius which his country acknowledged and rewarded, and men of every nation confessed; nor to record the worth which secured the respect and attachment of his many admirers and friends; but as an humble tribute to his devoted unvarying affection and indulgence, as a husband and father, this tablet is erected in sorrowing love and grateful remembrance by his bereaved wife and son.

BY A FRIEND.*

All England mourned when her comedian died,
A public loss that ne'er might be supply'd;
For who could hope such various gifts to find,
All rare and exquisite, in one combined?
The private virtues that adorn'd his breast,
Crowds of admiring friends, with tears confess'd.
Only to thee, O God! the grief was known
Of those who rear this monumental stone,—
The son and widow, who with bosoms torn,
The best of fathers and of husbands mourn.
Of all this public, social, private woe
Here lies the cause,—CHARLES MATHEWS sleeps below!

* Horatio Smith, Esq. A. M.

(C.)

LIST OF CHARACTERS,

Performed by Mr. Mathews in the course of his dramatic career.

Those followed by a star (*) were those which he performed in London; the (†) signify the characters of which he was the original actor.

(A.)

"As You Like It." *Corin, William, Jaques, and Touchstone.*
"Alexander the Great." *Thessalous.*
"All For Love." *A Roman.*
"Artaxerxes." *The Guard.*
"Abroad and At Home." *Sir Simon Flourish.*
"Americans." *Dabble.*†
"Agreeable Surprise." *Lingo,** and *Thomas.*
"All the World 's a Stage." *Waiter,* and *Diggory.*
"Anatomist." *Old Gerald.**
"At Home." *Romeo Rantall.*†
"Actor of All Work." *Multiple.*†
"Animal Magnetism." *Doctor.**
"All 's not Gold that Glitters." *Macgee.*†
"Apprentice." *Simon.*
"Adopted Child." *Record.**
"Absent Son." ———†
"Africans." *Mug.*

(B.)

"Belles' Stratagem." *Dick, Doricourt, Flutter, Hardy.**
"Beggars' Opera." *Jem, Wat-dreary, Filch,* Macheath.**
"Beaux' Stratagem." *Sullen, Scrub.*
"Busy-Body." *Whisper, Sir Jealous Traffic, Sir Francis Gripe.**
"Birth Day." *Captain Bertram.*
"Brookes's." *Skiff, Jonathan, Sir Benjamin Dove.*

"Bold Stroke for a Wife." *Periwinkle,* Col. Feignwell.**
"Bold Stroke for a Husband." *Don Cæsar.*
"Battle of Hexham." *Fifer, Fool, Gregory Gubbins.**
"Bank Note." *M'Hall.*
"Brave Irishman." *Sergeant.*
"Britain's Jubilee." (Name of character forgotten.)
"Barnaby Brittle." *Barnaby Brittle.*
"Black Forest." *Abbé Belcœur,*
"Bombastes Furioso." *Artaxomines.* †*
"Beehive." *Mingle.* †*
"Bon Ton." *Davy.*
"Blue Beard." *Shaccabac, Ibrahim.**
"Before Breakfast." *Trefoil.* †*
"Bashful Man." *Mr. Blushington.* †*
"Boarding-House." *Peter Fidget.*

(C.)

"Chapter of Accidents." *Jacob Gawky, Governor Harcourt.**
"Castle Spectre." *Gabriel, Mottley.*
"Columbus." *Priest, Doctor Dolores.*
"Cure for the Heart-ache." *Frank Oatland, Old Rapid.**
"Cato." *A Citizen.*
"Child of Nature." *Peasant, Duke Marcia, Granada.*
"Castle of Andalusia." *Raguno, Sanguino, Pedrillo.**
"Catharine and Petruchio." *Tailor, Nathaniel, Grumio.*
"Clandestine Marriage." *Lord Ogleby.**
"Countess of Salisbury." *Peasant, Lord Roches, Sir Ardolph.*
"Coriolanus." *Volscian Officer.*
"Cabinet." *Marquis de Grand Château,* Whimsiculo.*
"Curfew." *Conrad.* †*
"Conscious Lovers." *Cymberton.*
"Confederacy." *Gripe.*
"Count of Burgundy." *Chev. Walter von Blaney.*
"Cymbeline." *Cloten.*
"Chip of the Old Block." *Chip.* †*

"Children in the Wood." *Gabriel, Apathy.*

"Chest of Enchantment." *2nd. Fisherman.*

"Critic." *Governor, Sir Fretful Plagiary,* Puff,** (on one occasion both these characters in one night).

"Catch Him Who Can." *Philip.* †*

"Come and See." (Character forgotten.)

"Controversy." *Robin.*

"Civilian." *Cymon.*

"Camp." *Gage.*

"Cooper." *Martin.*

"Citizen." *Beaufort, Sir Jaspar Wilding, Old Philpot.**

"Comus." *Bacchanal.*

"Crotchet Lodge." *Doctor Chronic.*

"Cross Purposes." *Mr. Grab.*

"Chrononhotonthologos." *Rigdum Funnidos.*

"Cymon." *Shepherd.*

"Child of Chance." *Tony Luff.*

(D.)

"Delays and Blunders." *Paul Postpone.*

"Duenna." *Starved Friar, Don Jerome.**

"Double Gallant." *Sir Solomon Sadlife.*

"Dramatist." *Ennui,* Vapid.**

"Distressed Mother." *Phœnix.*

"Deaf and Dumb." *Dominique.**

"Devil is in Him." *Prattle.*

"Deserted Daughter." *Item.*

"Duplicity." *Timid.*

"Doldrum." *Septimus.*

"Devil to Pay." *Jobson.*

"Darkness Visible." *Mr. Jenkins.**

"Doctor and Apothecary." *Doctor Bilioso.*

"Don Juan." *Scaramouch,** (for Mr. Elliston's benefit, who played *Don Juan*, in the pantomime of that name.")

"Dead Alive." *Motley.**

" Deserter." *Soldier, Simpkin, Henry, Skirmish.**
" Doctor Last." *Doctor Last.*
" Divorce." *Sambo, Qui Tam.*
" Deaf Lover." *Captain Meadows.**

(E.)

" Every One has his Fault." *Servant, Porter, Placid, Mr. Harmony, Solus.**
" Education." *Sir Guy Staunch.** †
" Every Man in his Humour." *Master Matthew.*

(F.)

" Fontainbleau." *Post Boy, Ap Shenkin.*
" Fashionable Lover." *Doctor Druid.*
" False and True." *Count Beriene.*
" Five Miles Off." *Spriggins,** † *Kalender.**
" Folly as it Flies." *Post Obit., Shenkin.*
" Farmer's Wife." *Doctor Pother.** †
" False Alarms." *Plod.** †
" Fortress." ———.* †
" First Love." *Billy Buskin.*
" False Impressions." *Screw.*
" Five Thousand a Year." *Sir Matthew Maxim.*
" Funeral." *Counsellor Puzzle.*
" Family Quarrels." *Proteus.*
" First of June." *Sailor.*
" Farce Writer." *Scrapeall.** †
" First Come, First Served." *Twist.** †
" Farm House." *Shakle figure.*
" Forty Thieves." *Mustapha.** †
" Fortune of War." *Fat Uncle.** †
" Fortune's Frolic." *Robin Rough-head.*
" Farmer." *Rundy, Jemmy Jumps.**
" Flitch of Bacon." *Putty, Major Benbow, Tipple.*

(G.)

" Grecian Daughter." *Caliphus.*
" Gamester." *Bates, Dawson.*
" Guilty, or not Guilty." *Triangle.** †
" Good-natured Man." *Croaker.**
" Grieving's a Folly." *Joe Thresher.**†
" Guardian." *Sir Charles Clackit.*
" George Barnwell." *Blunt.*
" Gay Deceiver." *Nehemiah Flam.** †
" Ghost." *Sir Jeffery Constant.*
" First of August." *Old Peasant.*
" Generous Tar." *Billy Roupee.*
" Gentle Shepherd." *Bauldy.*
" Gamesters." *Nephew.*
" Grandmother." *Dicky Gossip.**
" Gretna Green." *Rory.*
" Great Unknown."* †

(H.)

" Heigho! for a Husband." *Edward, William.*
" Hamlet." *Guildenstern, Polonius.**
" Heiress." *Prompt, Mr. Alscrip.*
" Heir-at-Law." *Zekiel Homespun, Kenrick, Pangloss, Lo*
*Duberly.**
" Honey Moon." *Lampedo.** †
" Hypocrite." *Mawworm.**
" Henry IV. Part 1st." *Carrier.*
" Henry IV. Part 2nd." *Falstaff.**
" Henry V." *Fluellen, Pistol.*
" Haunted Tower." *Lewis, Baron of Oakland.*
" Honest Thieves." *Abel,* Obadiah.*
" He Would be a Soldier." *Caleb.*
" Henry VIII." *Bishop Gardiner, Sir Thomas Lovel.*
" How to Grow Rich." *Heppy.*
" He Would be in Love." *Waiter.*

" House and the Widow." *Ferret.*
" Hit or Miss." *Dick Cypher.** †
" Hob in the Well." *Hob.*
" Haunted Inn." *Corporal Trot.** †
" Harlequin, Hocus Pocus." *Harlequin.** †
" Honest Yorkshireman." *Gaylove, Sapskull.**
" Hunter of the Alps." (Name of character forgotten.)*
" Hartford Bridge." *Peregrine Forrester.*
" Hunchback." *(Little) Baboac, Cross-legs.*
" High Life Below Stairs." *Robert, Lovel.**
" Hotel." *Ferdinand.*"
" Highland Reel." *Berien, M'Gilpin, Shelty,* Charley.*
" Inconstant." *2nd Bravo, Old Mirabel.**
" Isabella." *Pedro, Sampson.*
" Incle and Yarico." *Captain Campley, Trudge.**
" Iron Chest." *Sampson Rawbold.**
" Italian Monk." *Paullo.*
" Irishman in London." *Mr. Colloony, Cymon, Murtoch Delaney.*
" In and Out of Town." (Name of character forgotten.)
" Is He a Prince?" *Baron Coakenberg.**
" Il Bonducana." *Cadi.*
" Jane Shore." *Earl of Derby.*
" Jew." *Waiter, Jabel.**
" Jealous Wife." *John, William, Sir Harry Beagle, Captain O'Cutter.*
" John Bull." *Dan,* Sir Simon, Rochdale,* Tom Shuffleton.*
" Invisible Bridegroom." *Smirk.** †
" Irish Schoolmaster." *O'Toole.*
" Irish Widow." *Thomas, Kecksey.**
" Jew and Doctor." *Old Bromley.**
" Jonathan in England." *Jonathan.** †

(K.)

" Know Your Own Mind." *William, Sir Harry Lovewit.*
" King Lear." *Albany, Kent.*

" Kais." (Name of character forgotten.)* †
" Knave or Not." *Sir Job Ferment.*
" King and Miller." *Joe.*
" Killing no Murder." *Buskin.** †

(L.)

" Love for Love." *Foresight.**
" London Hermit." *Barebones, Old Pranks.**
" Lionel and Clarissa." *Antoine, Col. Oldboy.*
" Lovers' Vows." *Verdun.**
" Love in a Village." *Footman, Justice Woodcock.**
" Land we Live in." (Name of character forgotten.)* †
" Liberal Opinions." *John Grouse, Old Liberal.**
" Lord of the Manor." *La Nippe.**
" Love and Gout." *Old Ardent.** †
" Love Makes a Man." *Don Lewis.*
" Laugh When You Can." *Bonus.*
" Life." *Gabriel Lackbrain.*
" Look at Home." *La Tour.** †
" Living in London." *Sergeant Motley* † †
" Lying Valet." *Beau Trippet, Sharp.**
" Lovers' Quarrels. *San*
" Lodoiska." *Verbel.**
" Love in Limbo." (Name of character forgotten.)* †
" Love, Law, and Physic." *Flexible.** †
" Love Laughs at Locksmiths." *Risk.** †
" Lock and Key." *Ralph,* Brummagem.**
" Liar." *Waiter, Papillon.**

(M.)

" Man of the World." *Sir Pertinax Mac Sycophant.*
" Mountaineers." *Goatherd's Son, Kilmallock, Muleteer, Lope Topo,* Sadi.*
" Maid of Normandy." *Captain of Guard.*
" Much Ado About Nothing." *Conrad, Verges, Dogberry.*

"Measure for Measure." *Froth.*
"Macbeth." *Speaking Witch, Singing Witch, Hecate.*
"Maniac." *Fisherman.** †
"Merry Wife of Lantrissant." *Justice.*
"Merry Wives of Windsor." *Falstaff.*
"Merchant of Venice." *Tubal, Gratiano, Launcelot.**
"Miser." *Lovegold.*
"Maid of Bristol." *Cranium.*
"Marriage Promise." *Consols.*
"Married Life." *Coddle.*
"Mayor of Garratt." *Jerry Sneak.*
"Mogul Tale." *Doctor, Johnny Atkins.**
"May Queen." *Caleb Pipkin.** †
"Mrs. Wiggins." *Old Wiggins.** †
"Matrimony." *Baron Limberg.*
"Mad Guardian." *Doctor Scarcrow.*
"Mock Doctor." *Gregory.**
"Merry Mourners." *Old Cockletop,* Joey.**
"Midnight Hour." *General,* Nicholas,* Sebastian.**
"Manager in Distress." *Spouting Irishman.*
"Midas." *Jupiter, Midas.**
"Mons. Mallet." *Mallet.** †
"Misanthrope." *The Misanthrope.** †
"Mourning Bride." *Selim.*
"Management." *Mist.*
"Maid of the Mill." *Sir Harry Sycamore.*
"Music Mad." *Sir Matthew.** †
"Minor." *Mrs. Cole.**
"Man and Wife." *Ponder.** †
"My Wife, What Wife?" *Governor Hurricane.** †

(N.)

"Next-Door Neighbour." *Mr. Lucre, Bluntly.*
"National Courage." *Slender.*
"Not at Home." *Spectre.** †
"Naval Pillar." *Habakkuk.*

"Nicodemus." *Nicodemus.** †
"Netley Abbey." *Mr Scrape, Jeffrey.*
"No Song, No Supper." *William, Endless.**

(O.)

"Oroonoko." *Jack Stanmore.*
"Othello." *Rodrigo, Othello.*
"Of Age To-morrow." *Baron Pifflcberg,* Frederick.**
"Old Maid." *Captain Cape.**

(P.)

"Pizarro." *Sentinel.*
"Point of Honour." *Steinberg.*
"Provoked Husband." *James, Squire Richard, Moody.**
"Peeping Tom." *Count Lewis, Crazy, Peeping Tom.**
"Prize." *Label, Lenitive.**
"Purse." *Edmund.*
"Poor Soldier." *Bagatelle, Darby.**
"Padlock." *Scholar, Mungo.**
"Prior Claim." *Old Stock, Robin.*
"Poor Gentleman." *Sir Robert Bramble, Stephen Harrowby, Ollapod.**
"Prisoner at Large." *Father Frank, Old Dowdle,* Muns.**
"Poor Sailor." *Captain Battledore, Freakish.*
"Paul and Virginia." *Dominique.**
"Plot and Counterplot." *Hermandez,** † *Fabio.*
"Poor Vulcan."
"Portfolio." (Name of character forgotten.)* †
"Pilot." *Captain Boroughcliff.**
"Partners." *Actor.** †

(R.)

"Richard the Third." *Norfolk, Lieutenant of the Tower, Lord Mayor.*

"Robin Hood." *Will Scarlet, Rattlekin.**

"Romeo and Juliet." *Paris, Starved Apothecary.*

"Rule a Wife and Have a Wife." *Sanchio, Lorenzo.*

"Road to Ruin." *Mr. Smith, Jacob, Silky,* Old Dornton, Goldfinch.**

"Rivals." *Sir Anthony Absolute,* David, Acres.*

"Recruiting Officer." *Worthy, Thomas Appletree, Coster, Pearmain, Kite.**

"Ranah Droog." *Chilingoe.*

"Rob Roy." *Baillie Nichol Jarvie.*

"Romp." *Captain Sightly, Old Barnacle.*

"Rosina." *William.*

"Rival Soldiers." *Sinclair, Nipperkin.**

"Review." *Caleb Quotem,* John Lump.* (On one occasion both characters in one night.)

"Raising the Wind." *Sam.*

(S.)

"She Would, and She Would Not." *Don Manuel.**

"Suspicious Husband." *Servant, Testy, Jack Meggot.*

"Such Things are." 1*st Prisoner, Sir Luke Tremor, Twineall.**

"School for Scandal." *Crabtree, Sir Peter Teazle.**

"She Stoops to Conquer." *Jack Slang, Hardcastle, Diggory, Tony Lumpkin.*

"Siege of Belgrade." *Yuseph,* Leopold.*

"School for Friends." *Matthew Daw.** †

"Sighs." *Von Snarl,* Tilman Totum.*

"School for Reform." *General Tarragon.*

"Surrender of Calais." 1*st Carpenter,* La Gloire.*

"Secrets Worth Knowing." *Nicholas Rue.*

"Secret." *Ralph.*

"Speed the Plough." *Farmer Ashfield, Sir Abel Handy.*

"Stranger." *Mr. Solomon, Peter.**

"Spanish Barber." *Doctor Bartolo.**

"Soldier's Daughter." *Timothy Quaint.*

" Singing Bailiff." *Bailiff.** †
" Stout Gentleman." ———* †
" Sleep-walker." *Somno.** †
" Sylvester Daggerwood." *Fustian, Silvester Daggerwood.*
" Sixty-third Letter." *Dulcet.*
" Scheming Lieutenant." *Justice Credulous.*
" Sleeping Beauty." *Launcelot.** †
" Spoiled Child." *Old Pickle,* Tag.**
" Son-in-Law." *Arionelli, Bowkit, Orator Mum, Cranky.**
" St. David's Day." *Owen.*
" Schneiderkins." *Schneiderkins.** †
" Scapin (Cheats of)." *Scapin.*
" Students of Salamanca." ———
" Shipwreck." *Stave.**
" Something To Do." ———
" Sudden Arrivals." ———

(T.)

" Tancred and Sigismunda." *Rodolpho.*
" Tempest." *Trinculo,* Stephano.*
" Teazing made Easy." *Gammon.** †
" Time's a Tell-tale." ——
" Travellers." *Delve.** †
" Two Strings to your Bow." *Lazzerillo.*
" Two Seconds." —— * †
" Too Friendly by Half." ——
" Two Misers." *Hunks.*
" Two Doctor Stobbs's." *Scotch Apothecary.** †
" Turnpike Gate." *Crack.**
" Transformation," *Chameleon.** †
" Three-Fingered Jack." *Obi Woman.*
" Trip to Scotland." *Griskin.*
" Tekeli," *Bras-de-fer.** †
" Three and the Deuce." *Humphrey Grizzle.*
" Tailors." *Abrahamides.**

"Tom Thumb." *King,* Lord Grizzle.**
"Three Weeks after Marriage." *Servant, Drugget.**

(V.)

"Venice Preserved." *Spinosa, Renault.*‡
"Vindictive Man." *Sir Mark Blunt.** †
"Village." (Name of character forgotten.)
"Votary of Wealth." *Old Visorly.*
"Virgin Unmasked." *Blister.*
"Village Lawyer." *Charles, Snarl, Sheepface, Scout.**

(W.)

"Wild Oats." *Lamp, Landlord, John Dory, Ephraim Smooth,* Rover.**
"Wonder." *Vasquez, Lissardo, Don Pedro.**
"Wheel of Fortune." *Cook, Sir David Daw, Weazel,* Mr. Tempest.*
"Woodman." *Filbert, Sir Walter Waring.*
"Will for the Deed." *Old Harebrain.*
"Way to get Married." *Shoe-maker, M'Query, Toby Alspice.*
"Will." *Sir Solomon Cynic, Veritas, Realize.*
"West Indian." *Varland.*
"Way to Win Her." *Money-trap.*
"Where to find a Friend." (Name of character forgotten.)
"Who wants a Guinea." *Solomon Gundy,* Jonathan Old-skirt.**
"World in a Village." *Doctor Grigsby.*
"Wise Man of the East." *Tim Starch.*
"What is He?" *Sir Caustic Old-style.*
"Wandering Jew." *Swallow.*
"Who 's Who?" *Endall.*
"Wicklow Mountains." (Name of character forgotten.)
"Waterman." *Robin.*
"Who 's the Dupe?" *Gradus, Old Doyley.**

‡ With Mrs. Siddons's *Belvidera*, at York.

" Winter's Tale." *Autolycus.*
" Wicklow Gold Mines." *Billy O'Rourke.*
" Ways and Means." *Paul Peary, Sir David Dunder.**
" We Fly by Night." *General Bastion.*
" Weather-cock." *Briefwit.** †
" Who 's Afraid." (Name of character forgotten.)

(Y.)

" Young Quaker." *Lounge, Twig, Clod,* Chronicle.**
" Yes or No." *Corporal Barrel.** †

(Z.)

" Zara." *Melidor.*
" Zorinski." *Witski, Amalekite.*

Number of Characters named, 665.

Numerous Pantomime and Ballet Characters.

N.B.—This List does not include any part of the " At Homes."

THE END.

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